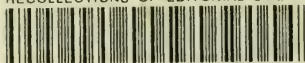




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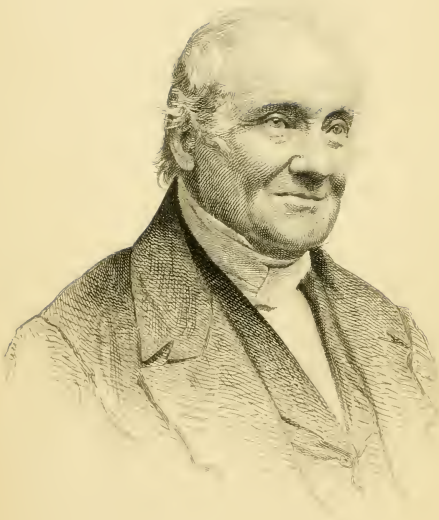












Jos. T. Buckingham.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS OF EDITORIAL LIFE.

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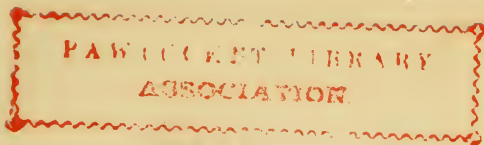
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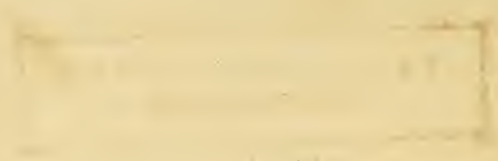
It is a hard and a nice subject for a man to write of himself. It pains his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of my offending him in that kind ; neither my mind nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity.

COWLEY.

Grateful, as I am, to the GRACIOUS BEING, without whom I and my faculties are nothing, I feel no disposition to affront his bounty by assuming the language of *hypocritical* humility. Venerating TRUTH above all earthly things, I can think and speak of myself as well as of other men, without malice and without extenuation. I will never incur a *real* imputation of dissimulation and ingratitude, by adopting a silly affectation to avoid the mere *appearance* of conceit.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

9/9/66  
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call,  
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all :  
But if the purchase cost so dear a price  
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice, —  
*If pen and press* must flatter lawless Sway,  
And follow still where Fortune leads the way, —  
Or, if no basis bear my rising name  
But the fallen ruins of another's fame, —  
Then, teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays ;  
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;  
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ;  
O grant me honest Fame, or grant me none ! POPE.



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## PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

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I AM about to commit what may, by some, be called an act of folly. Wiser and more learned men have been guilty of a like indiscretion, and have been forgiven. *In the estimation of the world*, their example will be no apology for this display of egotism. The fact is referred to merely to remind those, who may smile at the vanity or sneer at the impertinence of my performance, that one, who sins in company with the learned and the wise, may enjoy, *in himself*, the consolation which arises from the hope that his punishment may be inflicted with a gentler hand than if he had stood alone in his guilt. I lay this "flattering unction" to my soul, and leave the consequence to the justice and the mercy of the reader.

Some of my friends, who have read and kindly approved my "Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences," claim the fulfilment of a conditional pledge, made

in the preface of that work, and exact, as a prelude to another volume, a personal memoir of its author.

I do not like the office ;  
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,  
Pricked to it by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on.

If the reader has ever been at Plymouth and visited Pilgrim Hall, he may have noticed, on the paling which encloses a fragment of the rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed, the names of those who came passengers in the Mayflower, and among those names he may have observed that of THOMAS TINKER. If he will then look into Prince's New-England Chronology, (pages 38 and 39 — Boston edition, 1826,) he will perceive that the said Thomas Tinker brought with him a wife and two children, and that he died a short time after his arrival. From this humble and short-lived pilgrim, I claim to be descended. I have no heraldic or other documentary evidence to substantiate the claim ; but such was the tradition communicated to me in early childhood. From sundry records, existing in Massachusetts and Connecticut, circumstantial testimony may be adduced in support of the tradition ; but as it involves no improbability, and, as neither the world nor I care the value of a pin whether it be true or fabulous, let it pass for what it is worth. How many generations separate me from this ancestor, (if ancestor he was,) is unknown to me, and I have never taken the trouble to trace the connection. If my friends of the Historic and Genealogical Society should think it worth their pains to make an investigation concerning my ancestry, they can take the tradition as a

starting point, and pursue their work unimpeded by any intermeddling on my part.

My father's name was Nehemiah Tinker. He was born at Mansfield, Conn. in 1740, — of parents not in very affluent circumstances, it may be presumed, for he, and a younger brother, were apprenticed to a shoemaker. Before he was twenty-one years old, he set up the business of shoemaking, on his own account, in the adjoining town of Windham, then the shire town of Windham county. I have it from undoubted testimony, that he was *an excellent shoemaker* — that he carried on a "*large business*" — and acquired a "*handsome property*." That he possessed some share of the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, I infer from the fact, that, for several years, he was a deputy-sheriff, the gaoler of the county, and a captain in the militia. This rank he held at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. In March, 1776, when the militia from various parts of New-England were offering their services to strengthen the army that was besieging Boston, the company under his command volunteered in the cause, and, with such equipments and provisions as the town could furnish, marched as far as Pomfret on their way to join the patriot army. At Pomfret they received intelligence of the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, and returned home.

Not long after this, my father relinquished the business of shoemaking, and kept a tavern, — one of the only two public houses in the town. He sold a valuable real estate in the centre of the village, consisting of a large house, a shop, and garden, — the

hard-earned product of twenty years of industry and economy. His zeal for the success of the colonies in their struggle for independence, and his confidence in the responsibility and good faith of the continental Congress, induced him to lay out his whole property, and even to pledge his credit, in the purchase of supplies for the army. He received his pay in bills of the "Continental Currency," and kept them in his desk till a hundred dollars would not purchase a dinner for his family. He died on the 17th of March, 1783, at the age of forty-three, (after seven days of severe suffering by what was then termed a bilious colic,) leaving a widow and ten children,—several thousand dollars of paper-money, that would hardly pay for his winding-sheet and coffin,—and a considerable amount of debt, growing out of the purchases he had made on credit for the use of the army.

My mother's name was Mary Huntington. She was the daughter of Solomon Huntington, of Windham, who was one of a numerous family, the head of which emigrated from England, with the early settlers of the eastern part of Connecticut. She was married at the age of eighteen, being about two years younger than my father. The name of her mother (my maternal grandmother) was Buckingham. She was a descendant (the daughter, I believe) of the first minister of Saybrook, and had several brothers whose offspring are found in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New-York, Ohio, and probably in other states.

Here end the "short and simple annals" of my ancestry.

I was born on the twenty-first day of December, 1779, and was the tenth in numerical order in a family of eight sons and two daughters. One of the sons, and a daughter, born two years after me, died in infancy. By request of a relative and intimate friend of my mother's, I was baptized by the name of Joseph Buckingham.\*

At the time of my father's death, my eldest brother was at sea in a merchant vessel, and my eldest sister was married. My mother, with eight children, continued to occupy the tavern; but the income afforded slender means for the support and education of so numerous a family; and this income, insufficient as it was, was diminished by the expenses of an unsuccessful law-suit, which the administrator on my father's estate prosecuted against one of the individuals who had reaped the benefit of his transactions as a contractor of supplies for the army.

I have no other recollection of my father *living*, than an indistinct idea of sitting on his knee, and hearing him sing for my diversion; but, of the father *dead*, the picture is fresh and vivid. The sensation that I felt, when carried into the room where the body was laid out in its shroud, I shall never forget. The room was darkened; whether by the closing of window curtains or by a cloudy atmosphere, I cannot tell. The body lay on a smooth board, which was placed on a table. The closed eye and the pale lip, even the plaits on the stock around the neck, (such as were

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\* By an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, June 1804, I was authorized to take the surname of Buckingham.

then worn by men and buckled on the back of the neck,) now form as perfect an image in my memory, as the fold in the sheet of paper on which I am writing. Of the funeral, too, my recollection is almost as distinct as the remembrance of the events of the last week. The bier is standing before the door. The coffin is placed on it and covered with a black pall. A procession is formed and goes to the meeting-house. The bell tolls. The funeral prayer is said. The procession is again formed, and proceeds to the burying-ground. The family crowd around the grave. The coffin is laid in its appointed place. Mr. Huntington, my mother's brother, takes me in his arms and holds me over it, so that I may see the coffin. The earth is thrown upon it. I hear the rattling of the gravel upon its lid. I feel now, as I have always felt, when I have called up the remembrance of this scene, the chill which then curdled my blood, and the fluttering of the heart, that then almost suspended the power to breathe.

The death of my father, under the circumstances I have related, was, of course, but the prelude to further domestic calamity. My mother was naturally of a delicate constitution, and had been broken down by frequent and severe attacks of rheumatic fever. She continued, however, to keep the tavern for some months—perhaps a year. At length, the establishment was abandoned, and the family necessarily dispersed. The second son went to sea; the next was apprenticed to a saddler; the third to a shoemaker; and for the next two, places were provided, at which they were supplied with food and clothing for such



services as they were able to perform, till they should be of an age suitable to go out as apprentices. The furniture of the tavern was sold to pay off debts ; and my mother, with a few articles, indispensable in housekeeping, and with two young children, me and a sister two years older, hired a couple of rooms in the house which her husband had built in the days of his prosperity, and which she had once expected to call her own for life. Here amidst occasional sickness, and constant destitution and sorrow, she supported her two remaining children, by the labor of her hands, chiefly needle-work.

But the depth of her destitution and distress she had not yet reached. There were still some demands against her late husband's estate pressing for payment. How long she continued with us in this house, I cannot tell, but I think I could not have been more than four years and a half old, when another portion of her scanty stock of furniture was taken from her by an officer of the law. With one bed, a case of drawers, two or three chairs, and a few cooking utensils, she left the rooms she had occupied and took refuge in the adjoining building, which my father had erected some twenty years before for a workshop. She held me and my sister by the hand, while a constable sold, at the door, the only andirons, shovel and tongs, chairs, beds, table, &c. which she had reserved when she left the tavern ;—leaving her one bed, one table, three chairs, the old case of drawers, a frying-pan and tea-kettle, and probably the articles absolutely necessary to enable a woman and two children to eat their food with decency ;—but of this I am not posi-

tive. I went to a wheelwright's shop on the opposite side of the street, and gathered some chips to build a fire in our new habitation. The place of andirons was supplied with stones, taken from the street, and the service of shovel and tongs was performed by a spoke from a broken wheel,—the gift of our neighbor the wheelwright.

At this time we had no dependence for subsistence but the labor of my mother. She was often sick and unable to work. When in a condition to labor, she was employed in sewing for a neighbor who was a tailor, or in "*binding and closing*" women's shoes, which were then made principally of cloth, for another neighbor. This was a business in which she was expert, having done much of it when her husband carried on the manufacture. I was sometimes employed in sticking card-teeth, for a manufacturer of cards. But, with all these poor resources, we must have suffered with cold and hunger but for the charity of a few friends.

I have no recollection of any time when I could not read. Probably I had attended a school in the summer after my father's death, but of this I have no remembrance. While we were living in this state of abject poverty, some one gave me a few coppers on a training day, with which I bought a New-England Primer, and no speculator who makes his thousands by a dash of the pen ever felt richer than I did with my purchase. To my mother I was indebted for constant daily instruction, and I may say, without boasting, that her pupil repaid her attention, and at this moment feels an emotion of gratitude, which time has not



destroyed or enfeebled. My elder brothers, when they came home to see us, (Heavens, what a home!) sometimes brought me a picture-book, and I was the owner of Robinson Crusoe, Goody Two-shoes, Tom Thumb, and perhaps half-a-dozen other books of a similar character. I have a confused idea of going to a woman's school in the summer after I was four years old; but, as the district schools were then kept but two months in the winter and two in the summer, two months was the longest term that I could have attended, and probably I was not there half of the time.

In December, 1784, the month in which I was five years old, I went to a master's school, and, on being asked if I could read, I said I could read in the Bible. The master placed me on his chair and presented a Bible opened at the fifth chapter of Acts. I read the story of Ananias and Sapphira falling down dead for telling a lie. He patted me on the head and commended my reading. It was that winter, I believe, that Noah Webster's Spelling Book was first introduced into the schools. I could not read with the class, to which I properly belonged, because they read from that book; *mine* was an old Dilworth, and my mother had not the means to buy a Webster.

But the instruction of my mother was not confined alone to teaching me to read. She was a firm believer in the doctrines of the Puritans, and she took pains to impress on my young mind the principles of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism,—the whole of which I could repeat, probably before I had read it. It was her constant practice to pray with us daily. In

the morning before we ate our breakfast, we (my sister and I) read each a chapter (or a part of one) in the Bible, and she always followed the reading with a prayer. In the evening, after she had placed us in the bed, (we had but one, and I was placed at the foot,) she knelt at the bed-side and poured out her heart to the widow's God — sometimes in thankfulness for unlooked-for favors, and, at others, in supplicating agonies for relief, which almost prevented utterance.

Once, on a Saturday evening, after I had gone over the customary exercise of repeating the catechism and certain hymns, and while my mother was on her knees at the side of the bed, there was a knocking at the door. She rose and opened it. The deacon of the church\* had sent by his servant the crust of several loaves of bread which were prepared for the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper that was to be observed the next day, — a small quantity of tea and sugar, and some other articles of food, and as much wood as could be placed on a small sled.

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\* The name of this gentleman was SAMUEL GRAY. I think he was, at that time, the clerk of the courts in Windham county, — an office which, I am quite sure, has been held by more than one of his descendants. He was a truly benevolent man, and, I presume, his charity was not exercised exclusively in our favor. It was not manifested in the cheap and grudgingly-stinted gifts of the fragments that are sometimes wasted in the kitchen; but, frequently, by the presentment of a generous portion of the substantial provision for his own table, — and presented, too, by his servant, while he and his family were at their meal. Like an almoner of Heaven's bounty, he carved for the widow and orphan as well as for his family and his guests. He died when I was about eight years old. If a grateful acknowledgement of his kindness could "provoke the silent dust," I would, now, make a pilgrimage to his grave, and lay upon it the incense of a heart, which, I trust, has never been insensible to the obligations of gratitude.

Having taken these articles and dismissed the servant, she again fell upon her knees, exclaiming with rapture,—

Though friends and kindred, near and dear,  
Leave me to want or die,  
My God will make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.  
My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
Had not my soul believed,  
To see thy grace provide relief,  
Nor was my hope deceived.

In her devotional exercises, my mother often introduced passages from Watts and Doddridge. One of them now occurs to me, as having been so often repeated as to become almost a part of her daily devotion : —

How slowly doth his wrath arise !  
On swifter wings salvation flies ;  
And when he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn !

I could fill a volume with reminiscences of this sort, which are now more familiar than the events of later years ; but it would be unprofitable to place them on paper.

Necessity at length compelled my mother to ask assistance of the selectmen of the town ; and, but for the aid obtained from them and the charity of friends, both she and her two children might have perished in the winter of 1785–6. I was without stockings or shoes through that winter, and otherwise but thinly clad. A load of wood had been dropped and cut up at the door by order of the selectmen, and I went out, barefooted, in the snow to pick up the chips. This

and other similar exposures produced chilblains, that were most grievously painful, and probably planted in my physical system the seeds, which later years ripened into rheumatism. The *staple* of our subsistence, for the greater part of the winter, was bread and molasses. Thus we lived till the summer, when a relative at Worthington, Mass. adopted my sister as one of his family, and a place was provided for me by the selectmen. I was put into the family of a respectable farmer, three miles from the principal village, and, by their authority, bound by indenture to live with him, till I should become sixteen years old.

Thus relieved from an oppressive weight of labor and solicitude, my mother was offered an asylum in the house and family of a Mr. Lathrop,—an offer that was gladly accepted. Her bed, and the few other almost worthless articles of furniture that she possessed, were removed to a room in his house, which was appropriated especially to her use. Here she remained several years, earning something by needlework, but charged nothing for food or house-room beyond what assistance she might be able to render to the family.

I feel it to be a pleasure as well as a duty, to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude to this gentleman and Christian and his family. BENJAMIN LATHROP was a plain honest farmer and a blacksmith,—a man of powerful intellect,—and much given to theological controversy. Some years before my remembrance he had seceded from the Congregational church, and held separate religious services, with a small party of

friends, — sometimes alternately at the dwelling-house of each, and sometimes in a school-house. This little society, to which Mr. Lathrop constantly preached on Sundays, while, during the rest of the week, he labored on his farm or at the anvil and forge, were called *Separates*, and the term was considered as a by-word and reproach. In process of time they adopted the distinguishing tenets of the Baptists, and Mr. Lathrop was ordained, by ministers of that denomination from other towns, over the little flock to which he was attached. The ordination services were performed under the shade of a large and beautiful oak, in a pasture near his dwelling.

An intimacy had for several years subsisted between the family of this worthy gentleman and my elder brothers. His children were near the same age. He and his wife had frequently visited my mother in her days of sickness, poverty and affliction. He was not in affluent circumstances, and was dependent entirely on the product of his farm and an occasional job of work at his anvil for a living ; — for it was a fundamental principle, on which he and his associates had separated from their fellow-worshippers at the church, that a preacher of the gospel should not *preach for hire*, and that all *taxes* for the support of preaching were illegal and antichristian. Yet my mother kept her room and sat at his table, gratuitously ; and her children, whenever they visited her, were welcomed with cheerfulness and affection. Mr. Lathrop and his wife were, to her, as brother and sister, friend and physician. They have, long since, gone to receive their reward, where, I trust, the widow's thanksgiving

and the orphan's gratitude will be accepted and acknowledged as testimonials of their obedience to the precepts of Him, who has invited those that feed the hungry, visit the sick, and receive the stranger to their dwelling, to sit at his right hand and partake of the glories of his kingdom.

The place provided for me was the family of one of the most respectable farmers of the town. His name was JOHN WELSH. He lived about three miles from the village, or *the town*, as that part where the meeting-house, court-house, taverns, and stores were situated, was called by way of distinction. To this good old man I was, as I have said, bound by the selectmen, acting in their capacity as overseers of the poor, to live till I should be sixteen years of age. It was on the eleventh day of July, 1786,—a day that has seldom been unnoticed in my retrospect of almost seventy anniversaries,—that I was prepared for separation from my only parent. The small parcel of clothing which I did not wear was tied up in a handkerchief. With admonitions, blessings, and tears, my mother bade me farewell and placed me in the care of my brother,—the apprentice to the saddler,—to be conducted to my new abode. The pang of separation was soothed by the novelty of the prospect, and the idea of having a permanent home, where I anticipated plenty and comfort, gave me inexpressible delight. A part of the road was new to me. The meadows and the forests, which we passed, were never before so green, the sun never shone with such brilliancy, the sky was never so blue and clear, and the beautiful yellow butterflies, that sported round the wet places by the way-side,



never before looked so gay and happy. Alas! I knew not then how soon my dream of happiness might be dissipated, nor how fatal to my anticipations, would be the parting from my brother when I should be left among strangers. When that moment arrived, I felt an unutterable aversion to his departure without me, and the separation was not effected without force. The indulgence and tenderness, with which I was treated, soon produced forgetfulness of my grief, and I became perfectly contented and happy.

This family consisted of Mr. Welsh and his wife, both of whom were over sixty years of age; two daughters, past thirty; and a son about twenty-five. I was immediately instructed in the performance of such labors as were suitable to my age and strength, but was never taxed beyond that capacity. During the whole term that I lived with them, from the age of six and a half to sixteen, I felt not the loss of parents. When my mother came to see me, which was three or four times a year, it is true that the parting was accompanied with a sigh or a tear, but the emotion of sorrow soon passed away. To this period of my life I never look back but with feelings of gratitude. Though never suffered to be idle, no hardship was ever imposed; and I am not sure that I was not treated, in some respects, with more indulgence than if I had been a grand-child of the worthy old couple.

From my earliest recollection I was fond of books, and my propensity to reading was indulged to as great an extent as circumstances admitted. At that time, a farmer in Connecticut was not expected to keep much of a library. The Bible and Dr. Watts's Psalms and

Hymns were indispensable in every family, and ours was not without them. There were, also, on the "book shelf," a volume or two of Sermons, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," and a very few other books and pamphlets, chiefly of a religious character. For a number of years, and until the old lady died, I read every day, at least one chapter, and often two or three chapters in the Bible. This was a daily exercise immediately after dinner, when the good old couple sat down to smoke their pipe. They probably thought it their *duty* to demand this of me; but I believe it was a pleasure to them to hear me, as I am sure it was to me to be permitted to read. I have no doubt that I read the Bible through *in course* at least a dozen times before I was sixteen years old, with no other omissions than the jaw-breaking chapters of the Chronicles. The historical parts I had read much oftener, and the incidents and the language became almost as familiar as the grace which the old gentleman said before and after meals, — neither of which ever varied a word during the nine years and a half that I lived with him.

It has often been a question in my mind in later years, whether this reading the Bible *through in course*, is a profitable or proper exercise for children. There are many portions which no child can understand; and those portions can do him no good. Other parts are objectionable, not only on account of their obscurity, but because they excite unnecessary and painful apprehensions and cause great unhappiness. I speak particularly of the Apocalypse, or Revelation of St. John. Some of the visions described in this book made *me* a



coward. What agonies have I not felt, after reading the description of the opening of the seals, the pouring out of the seven vials, with the sounding of the trumpets! — when, if alone, in the evening I dared not turn my eyes to look behind me, lest I should see the pale horse with death, and hell following, or the dragon vomiting a flood to drown the woman clothed with the sun, or the locusts ascending from the bottomless pit. Many are the hours I passed in bed, with my head enveloped in the covering, not daring to have so much of an opening as to get a breath of fresh air. Now, what I have felt, I have no doubt thousands beside have felt. The passages referred to, and indeed almost every chapter of the book, is adapted to fill the mind of a child with terror, and it is, in my humble judgment, a piece of gratuitous and unprofitable cruelty (as all cruelty is unprofitable) to place before him any thing to inspire terror or produce affright. Why should children be made to read what they cannot comprehend? — what even the greatest biblical scholars do not pretend to understand, — before their minds have attained sufficient maturity to discriminate between the figurative and the literal, the allegorical and the narrative. Let me not be charged with an attempt to discourage the reading of the Bible, at a proper time and with proper explanations. Far from it; for if I deserve a tithe of the credit which some of my too partial friends have bestowed upon some of my productions, I attribute it, in a great measure, to my early familiarity with the language, style and phraseology of the Bible.

At the period of which I am writing, the district

schools in Connecticut were kept no more than four months in a year—two in the winter by a man, and two in the summer by a woman. That which was taught by the female was for girls and for children of both sexes, who were just learning the alphabet and the first lessons in spelling. I had outgrown this school both in age and acquirement, and never went to a female school or teacher, after I left my mother. The school-house in our district was more than a mile from our house, and during the winter term, the weather was often cold and boisterous. I went to school only in pleasant weather, and never more than half a day at a time till the winter when I attained my fourteenth year. Admitting that I went half a day on every alternate day for the two months, which is a calculation that I know exceeds the truth, it would amount to no more than twelve days in a year. When I was fourteen I began to *cipher*, and during that and the next winter, my attendance at the school was more constant,—amounting in the aggregate, perhaps, to a couple of months. And there ended my *education*, as far as *schooling* was concerned. But I had the good fortune to live with a family, where reading and writing were not deemed unimportant, and where I learned nearly as much as boys of my age who were more constantly at school. Nothing but reading, writing and arithmetic were then taught as branches of common-school education. Of geography I knew but little, and of English grammar nothing, till after I began my apprenticeship. It was a blessing that I had a disposition for reading, and that I had the *privilege* of indulging it, though the means were scanty.

The family was a religious one. No labor, except works of absolute necessity, was ever performed on Saturday evening, after sunset. My last exercise on this evening of preparation for the Sabbath was the repeating of the Westminster Catechism, and such Psalms or Hymns as I might have committed to memory in the course of the week. There was a time when I could recite Watts's version of the Psalms from beginning to end, together with many of his Hymns and Lyric Poems. Among these, the *Indian Philosopher*, *Few Happy Matches*, *True Riches*, and *Happy Frailty*, were my favorite recitations. The poem entitled *God's Dominion and Decrees* excited me very much. It contained this stanza, —

Chained to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by the eternal pen.

I was greatly puzzled to make out the picture of this volume in my imagination, and was anxious to know how Dr. Watts could have found out what it contained, since he afterwards said, —

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives,  
Nor dares the favorite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.

But I was still more rapt in astonishment, on reading the famous poem by the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, entitled *The Day of Doom*. The representation, in that poem, of the crowd of infants pleading for relief from punishment for Adam's transgression, caused me many an hour of intense mental agony. But I had

access, for amusement, (not on Sunday or Saturday night,) to another set of works, such as I have never seen since, and to which I was indebted for much useful instruction. We had on our book-shelf a regular file of *Almanacks*, for near or quite fifty years. Some of them were dated as far back as 1720, and some were made by "Nathaniel Ames, *Philomath*." These periodicals I read often, and with never-relaxing interest. They contained many fragments of history, scraps of poetry, anecdotes, epigrams, &c. One of them had a long poetical account of Braddock's Defeat. Others contained accounts of events which led to the Revolutionary War. One in particular made a deep impression on my mind. The title page had on it a large picture of a female, representing America, in a recumbent position, held down by men representing members of the British ministry, while Lord North was pouring Tea down her throat from an immense teapot. From his pocket was represented as falling out a roll of parchment, labeled "Boston Port Bill." The Articles of Confederation between the colonies, Petitions to the King, the Declaration of Independence, and many other papers connected with the history and politics of the country, were preserved in these useful annuals, and afforded me ample food for study. But what excited my especial wonder was the calculations of the eclipses, and prognostications concerning the weather. To me these old periodicals were sources of delight and instruction. I would now give more for that file of old almanacks, than for the most splendid of the *souvenirs* that modern taste and skill can produce — merely to enjoy the reminiscences and associations which they would awaken.

In the beginning of the year 1793, a printer by the name of Byrne, set up a printing office in Windham, and published a newspaper, called *The Phenix*, or *Windham Herald*. Printing offices and newspapers were not then so plentiful in Connecticut as they are now; probably there were not more than five or six in the state, and this event was a memorable epoch in our village history. In the general opinion it seemed to add much dignity and importance to the town. For several weeks I was greatly exercised with a desire to see the operation of printing. At length, when an opportunity to gratify my curiosity was presented, I stood in one position, I believe, for an hour, to see a compositor work at his case, and another hour was spent with intense interest watching the operation of the press. I went home determined to be a printer.

I pass over several years of monotonous, but not unhappy or unprofitable life. My physical wants were provided for; there was no lack of moral instruction; and no labor was imposed beyond what the formation of industrious habits required. It was a part of my duty as well as my privilege to go to meeting on Sundays, and generally to visit my mother during the intermission between the morning and evening services.

About this time, my brother Alexander completed his apprenticeship, and set up the business of shoe-making in Windham. He hired a part of a house in which he and our mother went to house-keeping. Thanksgiving day came soon after, and presented an opportunity to indulge in its peculiar enjoyments. The

two younger sons, of which I of course was one, who lived at a distance from each other, *went home to keep Thanksgiving*. WENT HOME! what thrilling sensations of rapture does that thought communicate to the heart! The festive preparations were completed; the table was spread; around it stood a mother and three sons, who had not been assembled together before within the remembrance of the youngest of the group. The grateful and pious mother lifted her soul and voice to the widow's God, and uttered a blessing on that kindness, which had not broken the bruised reed, and which had known all her sorrows, and permitted her once more to see so many of her orphan children assembled around her. Her expressions of gratitude were not finished when the sentiment of affection and thanksgiving, which swelled in her heart, overpowered her strength; her bosom heaved, as if in strong convulsion; her utterance was choked; the lips could not relieve with words the soul-felt emotion; she faltered, and would have fallen, had not the elder son caught her in his arms. Tears at length came to her relief, and her agitation was succeeded by those grateful and affectionate sensations, which find no parallel but in a mother's heart. It is now near sixty years since this incident took place. The scene is as bright and life-like in my imagination as it was at the moment of its occurrence. Eternity cannot obliterate the impression from my memory; and if it could, I would not willingly accept of eternal life on such condition; for, I would never forget that that widow was MY MOTHER. She has long since put off her mortal clothing, and has, I trust, joined that innumerable company



that are clad in white raiment, and receive palms in their hands from HIM whom they have confessed in the world.

In 1794, my literary treasure was augmented by the addition of Gulliver's Travels, the History of the Pirates, and a larger edition of Robinson Crusoe, a present from my eldest brother, the captain of a merchant vessel, trading from Philadelphia to the West-Indies; and again by a present from another brother, a sailor, consisting of the Vicar of Wakefield, Tristram Shandy, Tom Jones, the Letters of Junius, the eighth volume of the Spectator, and the Book of Common Prayer. My library now consisted of nearly twenty volumes; and though it may raise a smile when I say that *these books* were an invaluable treasure to a boy of fourteen, yet such was the fact. I cannot say that I read Junius with as much pleasure as I did the Vicar of Wakefield, yet I am vain enough to think that I imbibed even from Junius some ideas that have not been without influence in later life. As the Book of Common Prayer had no credit in our family, or in any other family in the town, it was exchanged with a peddler for two pamphlets, — Addison's Cato, and a New-Year's Sermon.

While in the family of Mr. Welsh, — trained as I was to simple and economical habits, — I knew nothing of expensive pleasures; and, thus happily ignorant, I felt not the want of the means of indulgence. My visits to my mother, and the amusements of the class of persons with whom I associated, required no expenditure of money. Of what are called "perquisites," I had none before I was fourteen years old. *Then* I

was allowed the privilege of selling to a brush-maker the bristles that came from the swine as they were slaughtered. For a small bunch of these I received ninepence, (the eighth of a dollar,) and this was the first bit of silver that I could call mine. It was kept for years as a *pocket-piece*, and, when parted with, it was'to pay the postage of a letter to my mother. At the same time, the privilege was granted to me of selling a certain quantity of walnuts, of which the woods and pastures afforded a plentiful supply. A bushel or two, in the autumn of 1794, produced a sum sufficient to enable me to buy a slate and pencil, Dilworth's Arithmetic, and the Second and Third Parts of Noah Webster's "American Institute," — the Grammar and the Selection of Reading Lessons. Grammar was not then a study in the district schools; but I had conceived an idea that the knowledge of it was a desirable accomplishment. I therefore undertook to study it, *by myself*. But my ambition soon received a check. After a number of evenings spent in committing twenty or thirty pages to memory, and confusing my head with numbers and cases, modes and tenses, declensions and conjugations, I discovered that my attempt to learn, without an instructor, was vain and useless, and my Grammar was thrown aside as a seven-sealed book.

In December, 1795, my term of service with Mr. Welsh expired. I had formed a resolution to learn the trade of a printer. Through the agency of my brother, whom I looked upon as a sort of guardian, a place for me was provided in the office of David



Carlisle, at Walpole, N. H. and there I was initiated in the mystery of type-setting. My apprenticeship began on the 5th of March, 1796, and owing to a difficulty in accommodating myself, with the "steady habits" in which I had been educated in Connecticut, to the less economical propensities of some of the other and older apprentices, my service there was closed about the beginning of September following. During these six months, I never spent a happy day. Two hours had not elapsed after my entrance into the office, before I was called upon "to treat." I resisted the call for several days, but was at length overcome by the daily and almost hourly annoyance, and more than half of the small amount of money I possessed was expended for brandy, wine, sugar, eggs, crackers, cheese, &c. &c. Till then my lips had never been in contact with either of those liquors. Now, I was literally *compelled* to swallow them, distasteful and nauseous though they were. I say *compelled*, for what boy of sixteen could stand up against the sneers and ribaldry of eight or ten older ones, who laughed at his scruples and reproached him for his lack of honor and manhood in having never been drunk? After having "treated," as I was the youngest apprentice, I was not called upon for change to buy the wine and eggs, which were taken by my seniors three or four mornings in a week; but it was my lot to go to the store for these articles, and to be on the watch to see if they were not likely to be disturbed by the appearance of Carlisle. How it happened that I did not acquire an appetite for intoxicating liquors, during this period, I cannot tell; for the most irresistible

argument to overturn the resolution of a young mind, namely RIDICULE, was constantly applied. Whether I should have come off victorious, if I had continued longer in the place, is more than I would undertake now to assert. Of the paper published by Carlisle, and of those who were his assistants in conducting it, I have elsewhere written.\*

A few days after leaving Walpole, I found myself in the office of Thomas Dickman, publisher of the Greenfield Gazette, at Greenfield, Mass. The terms, on which I here commenced anew my apprenticeship, were such as would have contented me, if the business had been more extensive. It was agreed that I should be paid five dollars a year, to supply me with shoes, (!) and that I should be paid a certain fixed price for all the work done over the prescribed daily task. The difficulty was, that when the stint was done there was no more work to do. Of course I could earn nothing for myself, and before the first winter expired, my wardrobe was in a most degenerate condition. The apprentices (there were two beside me) had the privilege of printing such small jobs as they might obtain, without interfering with the regular business of the office, — and, as we clubbed our labors, we not unfrequently gathered a few shillings by printing ballads and small pamphlets for peddlers, who, at that time, were tolerably good customers to country printers.†

Being the youngest apprentice, it was a part of my duty, on publication days, to distribute the Gazette to the subscribers living in the village, the number of

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\* See "Specimens of Newspaper Literature," Vol. ii. pp. 174–220.

† See "Specimens of Newspaper Literature," Vol. ii. pp. 318–325.

which amounted to no more than thirty or thirty-five. According to time-indefinite custom, I had a New-Year's Address, with which to salute my customers. It was written by an acquaintance, about my own age, and a clerk in a store at Guilford, Vt.\* It consisted of five stanzas of six lines each ; but, though short, it was rich in patriotic sentiment, and expressions of regard for the patrons of the Gazette. O Cræsus ! how mean and insignificant was thy grandeur, how poor and unenvied thy treasures, when I compared (or might have compared) thy lot with mine ! when, on the evening of the first day of January, 1797, I counted my wealth, — SIX DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, — all in quarters and eighths of a dollar, — and locked it in my chest ! Never before had I been the owner of so much money, — never before so rich. Yet I was sadly puzzled to decide how I should employ my cash ; for my wants were so numerous that the amount, *large as it was*, was altogether inadequate to supply them. The first appropriation was for a new hat. The purchase of a pocket-handkerchief, a cravat, and a pair of stockings soon followed, and occasioned, in my treasury, a deficit of a shilling or two, for which the shopkeeper civilly gave me a short credit. This was the first debt I had contracted. How supremely happy might I have been, had it been the last !

In the course of the first year of my apprenticeship at Greenfield, my attempt to form an acquaintance with English grammar was renewed. I foresaw that it

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\* The late Samuel Elliot, of Brattleboro'.

would be useful to me, as a printer, but indispensable as an editor, — a profession, to which I looked forward as the consummation of my ambition. I still had my Webster, and chance threw in my way a small treatise by Caleb Alexander. Curiosity induced me to read a page or two of one and then a page or two of the other, to see if they differed, and if so, wherein the difference consisted. While thus engaged, a gleam of light broke through the dark cloud that had hitherto enveloped this intricate science. For some months, most of my leisure hours were spent in study; but, as I had no instructor, my progress was not very rapid. It was my usual practice, after I had obtained some general notion of what grammar was, to compare the copy I had to put in type with the rules, and to correct it, if it was wrong. Shortly after I adopted this exercise, it became pleasant and even fascinating. No romance was ever more interesting than this practice of comparing Noah Webster and Caleb Alexander, — noting their differences, — and forming a system of my own, which I had the vanity to think was better than either! To this day, no species of literary composition has interested me more than works of philology and criticism.

In the spring of 1798, my mother was rapidly declining in a consumption. I visited her, and stayed two or three weeks; a great portion of this time, I sat beside her, watching her sleeping, or reading to her when awake, to beguile her pain or cheer her affliction. Affliction! that is not the proper word. She was never happier than during the last six weeks of her life. She well knew that that life was near its

close, and she looked for its end with entire resignation and cheerfulness. If she expressed any impatience, it was that the wheels of time moved so slowly. One evening in June I sat beside her while I supposed her to be asleep. Perceiving that her lips moved, I leaned over her and heard her repeat, with great emphasis and emotion, though in a whisper, —

How long, dear Savior, O how long  
Shall the bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

In the intervals of suffering, when strength revived, she labored to impress on my mind the necessity of faith in the Christian religion, according to the Calvinistic interpretation, — admonished me to be faithful to my employer, — and charged me, by all the love she bore me, to stay with him till I should be twenty-one years old, whatever inconvenience and destitution I might endure, or whatever sacrifice it cost me. The fear that I might grow unsteady and fall into bad habits, seemed to be the only thought that produced the slightest anxiety. When the term for which I had obtained leave of absence expired, she pressed my hand, and, for a moment, seemed convulsed with affectionate emotion, but soon recovered her accustomed calmness, and bade me farewell for ever. I returned to Greenfield. In about three weeks I was summoned to attend her funeral. . . . . On a beautiful eminence in the town of Guilford, her remains were deposited. There she sleeps, without a stone, or memorial of any kind, to distinguish the hillock that presses her bosom, from those which lie with equal

weight upon her nameless companions in the mysterious kingdom of the "Great Proprietor of all."

Soon after this event, — in August, 1798, — Dickman sold his entire printing establishment, to Francis Barker, a young man, who had served an apprenticeship in the office of Messrs. Thomas & Andrews, Boston. Not being an indented apprentice, I was at liberty to seek my fortune where I would, but was content to remain with Barker on the liberal terms which he offered. Barker became dissatisfied with his position, and, in June, 1799, he resold the establishment to Dickman. Following his advice, I resolved to seek a place in Boston, where I could obtain a more thorough knowledge of the business of book-printing, and to avail myself of advantages not attainable in a small country office. I left Greenfield on the fourth of July, 1799, with my wardrobe tied up in a handkerchief, and with about forty cents in my pocket, and walked to Northampton. I sought and obtained employment for a few months in the printing-office of Andrew Wright, and afterwards, for a few months more, in the office of William Butler. Having obtained the means of supplying some necessary wants, I started for Boston, and pursuing my way, partly on foot, and sometimes in sleighs, when invited by wayfarers to ride, I completed my journey in three days and a half. On the fourth day, which was Saturday, the eighth of February, 1800, I arrived in Boston, and immediately sought employment. It was obtained, before one o'clock, in the office of Manning & Loring, who were then the principal book-printers in the town.



They were men of strong religious tendencies, and conscientious observers of all religious times and services. They were at this time much pressed with work,—orations, sermons, and other tracts, occasioned by the death of General Washington, and all hands worked, as requested, till twelve o'clock, but were not permitted to hold a *composing-stick* in their hands after the clock struck that hour.

The reminiscences of a journeyman printer will not be esteemed as very valuable contributions to the literature of the present day. If written out in full, *mine* would be a volume composed chiefly of notices of hard-laboring cotemporaries,—of privations and sufferings that the world knew nothing of,—of physical and mental toil by day and by night, which brought neither wealth nor reputation to the laborer, though it transformed many an illiterate production into a shape fit for the public eye, which would otherwise have been cast aside as discreditable to its author. Many persons, who condescend to illumine the dark world with the sparklings of their genius through the columns of a newspaper, and others who publish sermons and tracts, religious, moral and political, little think of the labor of the printer, who (perhaps nearly suffocated with the smoke of a lamp, and with an aching head, and eyes inflamed and enfeebled from intense application,) sits up till midnight, or till day-light, to correct his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuation. I have seen the arguments of lawyers, who stood in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own hand-writing,—chirography which would defy the sagacity of the most inveterate investigator

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of ancient hieroglyphics, — abounding with technical and foreign terms abbreviated, words misspelled, and few (or no) points, and those few entirely misplaced. I have seen sermons of eminent scholars and “divines” sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the division of sentences, — sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would be a disgrace to any apprentice if he were the author. Some writers use no points whatever; some use a comma for all occasions; some prefer the dash, and use it in place of all other points. I once saw the manuscript of a sermon in the hands of a printer, which was entirely without points, and every line began with a capital letter, as if it had been poetry. Suppose these productions had been printed as they were written. The disgrace would have fallen upon the printer. He would have been called an illiterate blockhead, better fitted for a wood-sawyer than a printer, and the author would still enjoy his reputation as a scholar, and receive the sympathy of his readers as a man injured by the printer’s ignorance. Nobody would believe that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the carelessness of the author; and no one, but a practical printer, knows how many hours a compositor, — and, after him, a proof-reader, — is compelled to spend in reducing, to a readable condition, manuscripts which the writers themselves would be puzzled to read with propriety.

After an experience of more than fifty years, I “hold this truth to be self-evident,” that there is no class of workingmen so poorly paid as printers. For *one* who makes himself rich by printing, disconnected

with the business of publishing, *fifty* barely live above poverty, and die in the possession of little more than enough to pay the joiner for a coffin and the sexton for a grave. This is,—or *was*,—peculiarly the lot of journeymen. There are probably not many in the large towns, who have not been called on, some time in the course of their lives, to contribute a portion of their earnings for the relief of a sick brother and his family, or to pay the expenses of his funeral. I know it may be said,—for it has often been said,—that journeymen printers are improvident, addicted to expensive pleasures, and indulge in hurtful and destructive habits. I do not deny that they have their faults, and are subject to the same propensities as other men. Let it be admitted that individual cases of poverty and sickness have been produced by improper and even vicious indulgence;—still I deny that, as a class, they are obnoxious to the reproachful charge. They *were not*, forty or fifty years ago, nor do I believe they are now. Yet, forty or fifty years ago, indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks was much more prevalent than it is at the present day. It was not then discreditable,—even to men of much higher pretensions to notoriety than journeymen printers,—to be a little *mellow*; and they were known to take bitters in the morning before breakfast, flip or punch at eleven o'clock, brandy before dinner, and wine after it, and repeated till bed time, as taste, habit, or opportunity could authorize. Such *liberality* no printer, especially no journeyman, could afford to practise. If, hereafter, I should relate the downward career and melancholy end of two or three printers, let their

characters and fate be taken as *exceptions* to the general character and practice of the men of that period. Ordinarily, they were temperate, industrious, prudent, and ambitious to acquire and sustain a good reputation; and devoted to the maintenance of the honor of the profession. I should be sorry if I supposed that there is any degeneracy among their successors.

But enough of this digression. In the office of Manning & Loring, where I was now placed, there were three journeymen (beside myself) and three apprentices,—whose lives and characters exemplify and illustrate the varieties—the dark spots and the illuminated shadows—in the life of man.

First among the journeymen was ENSIGN LINCOLN,—not, by any means, a military man, or one whose temper and habits were designated by the word which his parents had given him for a name; for he was one of the most serious, amiable, peace-loving creatures that ever breathed. He was a native of Hingham, and had served a regular apprenticeship with Mr. Manning at the office of Thomas & Andrews. He was but little past the age of twenty-one, and he did not long continue in the capacity of a journeyman. In the latter part of the year 1800, he gathered the materials necessary to carry on the business of book-printing, which he began by issuing, in two duodecimo volumes, the Poems of William Cowper, illustrated with engravings by Samuel Hill, who was then the only engraver of any note or talent in Boston. This was the first American edition of the works of Cowper. The mechanical execution was creditable to the

printer. Before he was of age, Mr. Lincoln was a member of a Baptist church; and if all church members were as conscientiously true to their professions as he was, the millennial year would be rapidly approaching. He was zealous but not illiberal in the advocacy of his opinions. He was a constant attendant on lectures, conferences, and prayer-meetings, and an acceptable and celebrated speaker on such occasions. He at length became a licensed preacher, and was a diligent laborer in the cause of the sect to which he belonged. He died of a consumption, (brought on, most likely, by his incessant labors as a preacher and a man of business,) in December, 1832, leaving a competent pecuniary legacy to his children,—universally respected for his activity and uprightness in business, and lamented by a numerous acquaintance, who loved him for his blameless life, the purity of his heart, and the energy of his unaffected virtues.

EDWARD GRAY, another journeyman in the office, was the son of Edward Gray, a printer at Suffield, Conn. He was then about twenty-three years old,—a good and faithful hand, both as a compositor and a pressman. A man was not then entitled to the character or name of a printer, who was not thoroughly educated and skilful in both these branches of the art. Gray would pick up types from the *case* and place them in the *composing-stick* faster than any man I ever knew. Though I thought myself not wanting in expertness in the fingering of types, I have stood with a feeling little less than astonishment to see the nimble movement of Gray's fingers. The rapidity with which he *distributed* his *matter* was truly wonderful; yet he

always had a *clean case*. At this time, so far as I knew, his morals were unblemished and his habits unexceptionable; but he afterwards became addicted to vices that destroyed reputation and life. In 1806, he was in a rapid consumption—unable to work—and with no provision for sickness, nor with any means of procuring necessary medicine, but what was contributed by journeymen. In the last stages of his disease, a subscription was raised among the master-printers for his relief. But all aid was unavailing. He died at a boarding-house in Lindall-street, and was buried at the expense of those with whom and by whom he had been employed.

Our third journeyman was HENRY EMMONS, who is now (the summer of the year 1852) living, and has been long well known in Boston, from the eccentricities of his character and the singularity of his appearance. He, too, was then a Baptist by profession, a member of the Rev. Dr. Stillman's church, and, for aught I ever knew to the contrary, was honest and sincere in his professions. He had peculiarities, which subjected him to the ridicule and sport of his fellow-workmen. Sometimes he would assume the office of a monitor, and give them a severe lecture if he heard a word bordering on profanity or lewdness,—for which act of virtuous indignation he would frequently be repaid with an antic trick or imposition. It is said that Mr. Emmons was not always constant in his adherence to religious opinions;—sometimes affecting those of one sect, and sometimes those of another. At a time when every man in Massachusetts between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was obliged to perform military



duty, or suffer the penalty of refusal, he suffered imprisonment for his obstinacy, and in order to escape further annoyance for a similar cause, he assumed the dress and probably adopted the doctrines of the Friends. With all his peculiarities I am not aware that he ever committed any act that should deprive him of that regard, which should ever be paid to honesty, however depressed, and in whatever costume it may appear. It has been recently affirmed that Mr. Emmons had adopted the doctrines of the celebrated Miller, and was watching with intense anxiety for the Second Advent.

Of the three apprentices then in the office, the eldest, who was near twenty-one years of age, was JOHN PICKENS. He was the son of a respectable but not very wealthy gentleman of New-Bedford. He worked in the office a few months as a journeyman, and a few months more in the same capacity at Newburyport. Afterward he returned to Boston, and served as a clerk in the employment of an importing merchant. He then kept a retail shop of dry goods in Cornhill, (now Washington-street,) which, not answering his hopes, he abandoned, and again entered a printing-office as a journeyman. But his second term of employment in this capacity was of short continuance. He succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in a bank; a clerkship of a higher rank in another; the office of cashier in another; and at length became the president of another, which had been mainly indebted to his agency for its charter. He is now (1852) a bachelor of more than seventy years of age; and, if report speaks truth, the owner of more than that

number of thousands of dollars. His education,—except that part of it which was obtained in the printing-office and his own study, was derived from the common school. He is well read in all the branches of a polite education. He is one of the most sagacious critics, — fastidious and severe in taste, and sometimes rigidly exact, if not inexorable, in decision. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers have been indebted to his pen for many articles on poetry, theology, politics, finance, and morals, from the date of his majority to the present day.

JOHN ORCUTT, the second apprentice in order of seniority, was the son of a dealer in fish in the Boston market,—an exceedingly mild and amiable young man. After his apprenticeship expired, he worked as a journeyman in various offices, till the day of his death, which happened many years ago.

The third and youngest apprentice was SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG. He was a native of Dorchester,—the son of John Armstrong, who had been an officer (I believe a captain) in the continental army during the war of the revolution,—was then about sixteen years old, and an orphan. His duty (like that of all youngest apprentices) was to kindle the fires, sweep the floor, pick up the scattered types, distribute *pi*, and *tread the pelts*,—an operation exceedingly filthy and disgusting, which the improvements of later days have rendered entirely obsolete. Having passed through this state of tribulation, and finished his time of service, he began business as a printer in State-street, at the corner of Flag-alley,—a locality which has since been dignified by the name of Exchange avenue,—in con-



nection with Joshua Belcher, a graduate from the office of the Independent Chronicle. When this partnership was dissolved, Mr. Armstrong removed to Charlestown, where, under the patronage of the Rev. Dr. Morse, he published the *Panoplist*, — a religious periodical, and some other works of a sectarian character, which laid the foundation of a prosperous career as a publisher and bookseller. This business he afterwards and for many years pursued in Boston. His industry was untiring, his friends wealthy and willing to aid in all his projects, his publications popular with a large and zealous religious sect, and his profits sure and always increasing. He could not be otherwise than rich, and he retired from active business, when, comparatively, a young man, with a property worth near two hundred thousand dollars. He served the city of Boston, once or twice, as a representative in the Legislature — and was once a senator from the county of Suffolk. He was several times elected Lieutenant-Governor of the commonwealth, and during ten months of the year 1835, was the acting chief magistrate, — Governor Davis having resigned the chair of state, on account of having been elected a senator in Congress. Mr. Armstrong was next year elected mayor of the city of Boston, and served one year, but declined a re-election. This was the close of his public life. But he was ever an active agent in the prosecution of missionary enterprises, and a liberal contributor to the funds of the charitable institutions of Calvinistic sectarianism. He visited Europe twice, and spent some years in London, Paris, Rome and other celebrated cities. On the 26th of March, 1850, he attended a business meet-

ing of one of the numerous societies of which he was a member, and returned to his home about seven in the evening. He sat down by the window, and, without any known symptom of mortality, without a struggle, almost without a gasp, expired. What a contrast do the early and the maturer years of this gentleman exhibit! And what a contrast between his condition and that of some who were his cotemporaries in boyhood and gray-headed age! His wealth and honors were honorably acquired. They contributed to his happiness, and seemed to promise still more enjoyment, and to strengthen attachment to life and to enliven and beautify the prospect of old age. Surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could purchase, and cheered by the intercourse of friends and relatives, he was thus suddenly removed from the scene of his labor and his pleasures;—the drudging laborer, the sick, the poor, the despised ones of the earth, lived on,—and still live, to contemplate the magnificent monument placed over his dust by an affectionate and childless widow.

After three or four weeks, the hurry of transient work being over, I was transferred to the office of Thomas & Andrews, which was then supposed to be the largest printing establishment in America. Five presses were kept continually in operation, which employed ten persons, and there were several apprentices and journeymen, who worked at *case* and *press*, as circumstances might demand. The whole business was conducted by William Manning, of the firm of Manning & Loring.

Among the apprentices in this office was HOSEA

SPRAGUE, — a person, who, in later years, was well known to most of the printers in Boston. When his apprenticeship expired, the event was celebrated, according to general custom, by a “treat,” at which some irregularities occurred, in consequence of a too bountiful supply of brandy, punch, and wine. But this was not an uncommon *finis* to “freedom treats.” Sprague was a native of Hingham. He was one of the simplest and most inoffensive beings. He was small in stature, but would work off his *twelve tokens* a day at press with perfect ease. He was a tolerably swift compositor, and correct, so far as unvarying adherence to copy merits that epithet; but his literary accomplishments were hardly equal to what are indispensable to constitute a good compositor. He could never, for example, understand the difference between the verbs *to lay* and *to lie*.\* The *plural number* and the *possessive case* were one and the same to him, and he never could be made to comprehend the reason why one should be printed with an apostrophe and the other without one. He continued in the office as a journeyman a few weeks, and then opened a small office in Marlboro'-street, (now Washington) opposite to the end of Bromfield-street. Here he printed a few numbers of a monthly magazine, the contents of which were selected chiefly from the newspapers. He also published, in a duodecimo volume, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, which was his text book in politics, re-

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\* In this matter Sprague's deficiency was no more conspicuous than the ignorance of many who make large pretensions to scholarship. The indiscriminate use of *lay* and *lie*, and the participles *laid* and *lain*, is of daily occurrence in newspapers, and may be found in some popular Reviews.

ligion, morals, and philosophy. His political principles were of the ultra republican school, and federal politics were, to him, an utter abomination. His business was not very extensive. He neither employed nor needed apprentices or journeymen, but executed every thing with his own hands. He was never guilty of that ambition, which tempts its votaries to large expenditures in the hope of rich returns; and, consequently, he never felt the pangs of disappointed expectation, nor encountered the mortification that follows bankruptcy. When tired of his magazine and job work in Marlboro'-street, Sprague opened a shop in West-street, and sold paper and quills to the pupils of Master Webb's school. He was afterwards employed by the well-remembered William S. Shaw, as assistant librarian in the Boston Athenæum. His manners were a little uncouth, though not offensive to visitors at that institution. He was a pattern of meekness, and submitted with unaccountable passiveness to be snubbed outrageously by Mr. Shaw, when that gentleman was in the surly mood. Sprague's next removal was to his native place, where he took with him his old press and worn-out types, which he used in printing small jobs for his neighbors, and such other trifles as he supposed might be useful and entertaining, and productive of a small profit. He published several numbers of a paper, — on a sheet of fool's-cap, — a miscellany of the most heterogeneous and incongruous matters that could be comprised in so small a compass. He used to visit Boston four or five times a year, (perhaps oftener) bringing with him a quantity of his papers, which he sold at the rate of six cents each, whenever he could find a purchaser. He also

usually brought at each visit a lot of printer's *furniture* — *reglet, gutter-sticks, side-sticks, quoins, &c.* which generally met with a sale, until some of those articles were made to order at the letter-founderies. Toward the latter part of his life, his personal appearance gave unmistakable indications of poverty. I believe that he and a younger brother lived together several years, with no other person in their habitation, — which was not a splendid one, — performing for themselves all the necessary operations of cooking, washing, &c. He has been dead some six or seven years; and, if he has not left any evidences of great mental or physical energy, I am quite sure that he has left no enemy to speak evil of his name, or to breathe a word of reproach upon his grave.

Next in seniority was THOMAS EDMANDS, a native of Charlestown, whose term of service expired in the beginning of the year 1801. He remained in the office a year or two, and acted as deputy-overseer, when Manning was absent, — as he frequently was, to attend to the business of his partnership. The prospect of doing business as a printer, for himself, was not very encouraging, and, in connection with his father, he opened a grocery store in Charlestown, near the Navy Yard. Whether from dissatisfaction with this employment, or from an unconquerable affection for the clicking of types and the clattering of the press, it is not material to inquire; but he was not destined to spend his days in retailing tea and sugar, molasses and rum. (Every grocer then sold rum and its kindred poisons in any required quantity.) He formed a partnership with Ensign Lincoln, (of whom a

notice has already been given,) which lasted thirty years, and was discontinued by the death of Mr. Lincoln, in 1832. The house of Lincoln & Edmands, during all this period, was well known and highly respected for the upright and liberal character of the individuals composing it, no less than for the usefulness and popularity of its publications. Mr. Edmands superintended the printing department, and there he might always be found, laboring with unwearied industry. So far as his personal comfort or convenience was concerned, the "ten-hour system" was no favorite doctrine with him. While there was a *proof* to be read or revised, whatever might be the hour, it was not neglected, nor left to trespass on the duties of the next day. Such constant attention to business, aided by scrupulous economy, could hardly fail to result in the acquisition of a competent provision for the future. After the death of his senior partner, Mr. Edmands retired to a farm at Newton, and enjoyed for several years the rural and domestic comforts to which he was richly entitled. But he was troubled with a disease of some of the vital organs, which disabled him during the latter years of his life from the practice of any laborious physical exertion. His last sickness was of short duration. He died at his residence in Newton, in January, 1850, having nearly completed the seventy-first year of his age. He was never ambitious of public notoriety. His virtues were not of an ostentatious character; but were such as secured to him unbounded respect and confidence. His services were freely given to the public, as an active member of the school-committee, and he was several times elected a



representative to the Legislature from the city of Boston. In his numerous virtues he left a legacy to his children, richer than the gold which "frets to dust," brighter than the diamond which "Time rots" and dissolves.

His part he played : and, though it were too short,  
He did it well. The peace of happy souls  
Go after him.

The last among the apprentices in this establishment, whom I shall here notice, was JOSEPH CUSHING, another lad from Hingham. He was nearly a year the junior of Edmands. Immediately after the expiration of his apprenticeship he went to Amherst, N. H. and began the publication of the Farmer's Cabinet. A man of high moral principle and a real working-man — a man of intelligence and sagacity — he acquired, in a few years, a handsome property. He was greatly esteemed for his industry, enterprize, and economy, and gained the entire confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. Imprudently venturing too far on the sea of speculation, he was overtaken by unexpected embarrassments, which rendered it necessary that he should dispose of his property in Amherst. This he did, and, without delay, commenced the business of printing and bookselling in Baltimore. Here he not only recovered from his embarrassments, but acquired an independent fortune, which he still (1852) lives to enjoy. The character he acquired at Amherst attended him to Baltimore. He has held some important public offices in that city, but ambition never tempted him to covet political distinction. He was a professor of religion in one of the Baptist churches of



Boston, while yet a boy, and what he then professed he has continued scrupulously to practise as a man.

During the three or four years, of which I am writing, a number of journeymen were employed in the office, some of whom are entitled to a notice in these personal memoirs.

EPHRAIM W. ALLEN had served his apprenticeship, in part, with Manning. He was not long there as a journeyman, but in the latter part of the year 1800 he went to Newburyport and purchased the office and subscription list of the Newburyport Herald, which he published for more than thirty years, (I believe) and retired from business with a handsome property.

HOWARD S. ROBINSON was a native of Attleboro' in the county of Bristol, and had been a fellow-apprentice with Manning in the office of B. Wheeler at Providence. He had also published a paper somewhere in Maine, (Hallowell, I think). He was never constant to any thing, except the gratification of his humor, which was somewhat wayward, and was frequently displayed, in a manner not much to the credit of his character for honesty, however much it might add to his reputation for cunning and wit. He used frequently to relate an incident which illustrated the quality of his integrity. While he was in business in Maine, he was engaged to print a funeral sermon, which had been delivered at a place twenty or thirty miles distant from his residence. He had been to show the proof-sheets to the author, and, on his return, which was on a Saturday night, he was overtaken by a storm and obliged to stop at a village tavern, some miles from his house. At the house where he stopped,

he learned that the good people of the village were desirous of having religious services on the Sabbath, but were destitute of a minister. He told them he was a clergyman, and should be happy to preach to them. His offer was accepted, and he delivered to the congregation the funeral sermon he had with him, making a few trifling variations or omissions to deprive it of its original application. His services were gratefully accepted, and, at the close, a collection was made for his benefit. Robinson was a good workman, and might have lived with ease and honor on the product of his labor; but he chose a vagrant career. His follies did no great harm to any one but himself. Some years ago, I received a letter from him, dated at the almshouse in Attleboro'. He remarked that he was old and helpless, and wanted a few newspapers to help to beguile the tedious monotony of a poor-house. His condition he said, illustrated the truth of the proposition that the Lord takes to himself, early, all whom he loves, but leaves all others to the care of Satan.

Another journeyman, with whom I was associated in this office, was ELIAB W. METCALF. He was a native of Wrentham in the county of Norfolk, and learned his trade of a man by the name of Heaton, who carried on the business on a small scale in that town, or the adjoining one of Walpole. In habits, principles, motives, and purposes, Metcalf exhibited a perfect contrast to Robinson. He was diligent to a proverb, and, in all things, was guided by deeply-rooted moral principle and an ambition to secure an honorable independence. About the year 1804 he was taken into partnership by William Hilliard of

Cambridge, and became the superintendent of the "University Press." He was successful in all his enterprizes, and enjoyed the confidence and regard of his fellow-citizens. He was frequently employed in the transaction of the public affairs of the town, and was once, or twice, sent as their representative to the Legislature. He had a sort of hankering for military honors, and rose, by regular progression, to the rank of Colonel in the militia. In the autumn of 1837 he was attacked by a violent fever, of which he died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, — respected by his friends and the public, and leaving to his children a considerable property, and the more enduring legacy of an untarnished reputation.

The next, and the last to whom I shall now allude, was CHESTER STEBBINS. He was born in Springfield, and lived some time with a kinsman of the same name, who published a paper in that town. He finished his apprenticeship with Isaiah Thomas at Worcester. As early as 1798 or '99, in connection with Seth Moore, he published a paper at Haverhill in the county of Essex. The business was soon abandoned, and both Moore and Stebbins were employed as journeymen in Boston. Stebbins was a first-rate printer. In the office of Thomas & Andrews, he was employed chiefly at the press. Subsequently he was in the office of Samuel Etheridge at Charlestown, where he printed, on his own account, a very neat pocket edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The firm of Greenough & Stebbins, of whom he was the junior partner, was celebrated in Boston for the neatness and excellence of two editions of the Bible, which they

published about the year 1812. As a convivial and social companion, Stebbins had no rival. He could entertain any company, serious or jovial, with anecdote and song. He was a distinguished member of the Handel and Haydn and Philharmonic Societies, and was a favorite at all the musical clubs and private musical parties. His voice was a rich tenor, of great sweetness, power, and flexibility, and whether exercised in the church, the parlor, or the concert-room, it never failed to command admiration. One of his favorite songs, was the Crazy Jane of M. G. Lewis, which he sung with a tenderness and pathos, that touched the heart of every one who heard it. After the dissolution of the partnership with Greenough, Stebbins continued the business in Boston for several years. His affairs were not prosperous; disappointments affected the suavity of his deportment; he grew unsocial; neglected by many who had professed friendship before the day of darkness had come, and sick, as much, perhaps, from a broken heart as from an enfeebled constitution, he died in the year 1818.

The last few pages contain a melancholy record of mortality among the associates of my early years. It might be lengthened to an almost indefinite extent. Many, whose names I have forborne to mention, fell victims to the "invisible spirit of wine." If I were to write out all that is in my memory, I should tell of one who, from amiable and promising boyhood, became an ill-natured, blustering, swaggering bully, and died before the age of twenty-five, a bloated mass of loathsome carbuncles; — of another, whose industri-

ous, economical, and temperate habits, degenerated into extravagance, laziness, and squalid destitution ; — of another, whose social propensities and musical talent gave him a passport into fashionable society, where he acquired a taste for luxuries that he had not power to conquer, and the indulgence of which produced delirium tremens and premature death ; — of another, who, in a drunken frolic, committed an act that would have subjected him to shameful retribution, but for the kindness of the offended party ; — of two others, who forfeited all claim to respectable associations, became beggars, and, to hide their shame or to save themselves from starvation, enlisted as soldiers and ended their days in the barracks ; — of others, — but why lengthen out the catalogue ? —

For Oh ! too thick they crowd — too close they throng —  
Objects of pity and affright ;  
Spare further the descriptive song ;  
Nature shudders at the sight : —  
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,  
But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil.

I remained in the office of Thomas & Andrews about three years, — at first on a weekly salary of six dollars, — about the close of the first year, the pay was raised to seven dollars. One of the most important works on which I was engaged, was the first edition of “ Mathematics,” a text book for Harvard College, by Professor Webber, who was afterwards President of that institution. No other person handled a single type used in this work. It was nearly a year in press ; — not that it might not have been executed in

a much shorter time ; — but the Professor was what was called a very particular man, and those who called him so were not guilty of a libel. The copy was all in manuscript, and in the Professor's hand-writing. Much time was spent in borrowing arithmetical and algebraical characters from other offices. I believe there was scarcely a fount of letter in Boston, Worcester, Charlestown and Cambridge, that was not laid under contribution ; — for then there was no type-foundery here that could be called on to supply deficiencies. Beside, Mr. Webber frequently kept his proof-sheets several days ; and more than once or twice, the work was delayed for a week at a time by the engraver, who furnished the cuts illustrating those parts of the work which treated of Geometry, Conic Sections, Trigonometry, &c. Most of the little knowledge of Mathematics which I have acquired, was obtained when this work was in my hands. I had previously a tolerable acquaintance with common arithmetic, but had never wrought out an answer to the simplest question in vulgar or decimal fractions, and knew nothing of the operation till I learned it from the Professor's copy as it lay before me on the case.

In the spring of 1803, I became, accidentally, acquainted with Messrs. Bates and Harper, actors of note then attached to the Boston theatre. Hard work and constant application had made a serious inroad upon my health, and, in the presence of these gentlemen I had dropped a hint of an intention to spend the summer in the country, to recruit a failing constitution. They were about forming a company for a summer



campaign, "on shares," and offered me a situation with them, if I would undertake to perform in part the office of prompter, and to go on the stage occasionally in such parts as they might deem fitting. Their offer was accepted; the press was deserted, and the composing-stick laid aside, that for three months my health might be renovated by rubbing my back against the scenery of the Salem and Providence theatres.\* At the close of this term my situation was resumed in the office of Thomas & Andrews.

In the spring of 1804, I contracted with Thomas & Andrews to carry on their printing business for a term of five years, at certain fixed prices. The prices allowed me but a small profit above the rate of journeymen's wages; but that small profit, added to the earnings of my labor at *the case*, enabled me at

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\* Some readers may be curious to know of whom this company was composed, and what rank the writer held in it. The individuals composing it beside myself, were Bates and his daughter, (afterwards Mrs. Barnes;) Harper and his wife; Darley and his wife; Mrs. Simpson, mother of Mrs. Darley; Dykes and his wife; West and Perkins, from the Virginia theatres; Cole, from the Boston theatre, and a man named Hayman, as green a cockney as ever emigrated from the sound of the Bow bells, who sometimes took the prompt-book, but was chiefly employed with a son of Bates in removing the scenery, and performing the duty of property-man. There was really no talent in the company except what belonged to the Bateses, the Harpers, and the Darleys. Yet, by *doubling* and *trebling* they contrived to get up *Abaelino*, (then in the height of its popularity,) *Alexander the Great*, *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Mountaineers*, the *Poor Gentleman*, *Count Benyowsky*, *Blue Beard*, the *Point of Honor*, *Child of Nature*, &c. &c. Old Doctor Schaffer, as he was called, long known as the second violin player in the Boston theatre, was the leader of the orchestra, which consisted of one fiddler beside himself, and occasionally a couple of students in Brown University, who volunteered as amateurs, with a violin and a flute or clarionet. Readers may smile at the idea of such a company performing the pieces above mentioned; but I have seen plays as badly mangled and cut up, and played with no more spirit or propriety in Boston and New York. The receipts of this summer's work (it was *work* and not *play*) were barely sufficient to pay expenses.



first to gain a decent livelihood. Before the term expired I married and became a housekeeper. The additional expense thus created, induced me to take advantage of a condition in the contract, by which I was permitted the use of the types and presses to execute printing on my own account. Beside, though I had ample employment as a printer, in superintending the largest printing concern in Boston, I found it difficult to repress my aspirations to display my intellectual as well as my industrial and mechanical abilities, — an ambition, which, I must confess, savored more of vanity than sound judgement, and which has, more than once, created pecuniary embarrassments, from which it was not easy to be extricated. I look back upon my attempts to gratify this propensity, and the consequence of that indulgence, with some feelings of regret and mortification. If some friend had then told me how poorly I was qualified to assume the character and pursuits of a scholar, — how often I should be likely to expose my ignorance, and to suffer reproach for my want of a literary education, — I might have escaped some severe humiliation, and saved myself from many hours of vexatious regret. But, such friends as I had were no better qualified to advise in this respect, than I was to estimate the difficulties I was about to encounter. In later years, my compassion has been frequently moved by applications from young men, to be employed as assistants in the editorial department of a newspaper. I have been obliged to resist importunities of this sort that were truly distressing.

My first attempt to amuse, *instruct*, and edify the

public, was the publication of *The Polyanthos*, the first number of which was issued at the beginning of the year 1806. Here is a specimen of the style in which the ambitious editor saluted those to whom he made an appeal for support : —

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,  
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.

Who is not agitated with fears and hopes in commencing a new publication? The cold contempt of a censorious world, or the listless gaze of indifference, strikes terror into an author's mind. But when he contemplates the vice and ignorance of men, he is inspired with the hope of prompting the negligent to acts of benevolence, and reclaiming the devious from paths of iniquity.

Many literary plants have germinated, and, though nursed with care, most of them have soon withered ; and those that survive yield a scanty reward to their cultivators. We do not pretend to powers or resources, superior even to the least of our predecessors. Conscious of inability, we dare not say the flowers of the *Polyanthos* shall be all indigenous. We aim to please the learned, and enlighten the ignorant ; to allure the idle from folly, and confirm the timid in virtue. Is there a gem, that sparkles yet unknown, ours shall be the task to place it where its radiance may illumine and adorn society. We shall transplant the rose, that has hitherto blushed unseen in the fields of science, and select flowers of the noblest kind from the variegated carpet of nature.

A paragraph soliciting the aid of the biographer, the historian, the divine, the philosopher, the politician, the humorist, the poet, and the critic, and a hope that from the “liberality and refinement of Columbia, we should receive that patronage, without which, ‘the genial current of the soul’ must freeze, and learning bid adieu to the earth,” closed my salutatory address.

The Polyanthos was published monthly, in numbers of seventy-two pages, 18mo. each. Four numbers made a volume. Twenty numbers were published, and the publication was then discontinued, for the *ungrateful* or *undiscerning* public, — notwithstanding the expressed flattery of their taste and confidence in their liberality, — suffered it to wither and die, at the end of twenty months.

Yet the attempt ought to have succeeded. Like Hotspur's, "The plot was a good plot as ever was laid; a very excellent plot, and full of expectation;" but there the simile failed. The "excellent friends" were wanting. Each volume had an engraved title-page, and every number contained an engraved portrait of some distinguished individual. These engravings were not quite equal to those we meet now in magazines; but they were the best that could be obtained in Boston. The portraits of the Rev. Dr. Belknap, T. A. Cooper the actor, Commodore Preble, Judge Minot, John Bernard the actor, Dr. B. Waterhouse, John Winthrop the old governor, General Wayne, Rev. Dr. Thacher, Samuel Adams, Mrs. Darley of the Boston theatre, General Warren, and Rev. Dr. Byles, were engraved by Samuel Harris, a young Bostonian, about twenty-one years old when he began to execute them. The portraits of Mrs. Stanley, of the theatre, James Fennel, also an actor, Rev. Dr. Stillman, and General Eaton, were engraved by a young man from New-York by the name of Snyder; those of the Tunisian Ambassador, and Governor Strong, by Edwin of Philadelphia; a portrait of Colonel Humphreys, which had been engraved as a frontispiece to a volume

of his works, published in Connecticut, was given to me by that gentleman. Each of these portraits was accompanied with biographical notices. The difficulty of obtaining either engravings or personal notices was discouraging; but I should have persevered, if the subscription had been sufficient to pay the cost, without regarding my own labor. The biographies of the Rev. Doctors Belknap and Thacher were furnished by the Rev. Dr. Eliot; that of Commodore Preble, by the Rev. Dr. Deane of Portland; that of Rev. Dr. Stillman, by his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Gray of Roxbury; that of Governor Adams, by his grandson, Samuel A. Wells; that of Governor Strong, by Solomon Stoddard, Esq. of Northampton; that of Dr. Waterhouse, by Dr. John Randall. The others were written by myself, from personal acquaintance, by information obtained by communication with the several subjects or their friends, or compiled from notices before printed.

Of the several writers, from whom I received aid, Judge Tyler of Vermont was the most liberal in his contributions. The series of numbers entitled "Trash," the "Epilogue" in number five, and the "Epistle to my Muse," in number seven, and all poetical fugitives signed S. were supplied by him. Several articles signed A. were written by Rev. Wilkes Allen of Chelmsford; and some others, under the signature of "Omnivagant," were written by Dr. Rufus Wyman, then of the same place. Several light pieces, signed "Nehemiah Notional," were furnished by John Lovering, a young man just graduated from Harvard College. Several poetical pieces, some with and some without signatures, were the composition of Samuel

Louder, another graduate of the same institution. These are most of the contributions received, and it is a melancholy truth that every one, whose name is mentioned, IS DEAD. The theatrical criticisms are all *my own*. Some of them are severe, but I am not aware that any were unjust. The players, however, — at least some of them, — were of a different opinion. One of them, during a representation of Sheridan's farce, — *The Critic*, — paid off the score, by invoking the mercy of the editor of the *Polyanthos*! Mr. Poe, — the father of the late Edgar A. Poe, — took offence at a remark on his wife's acting, and called at my house to "chastise my impertinence," but went away without effecting his purpose. Both he and his wife were performers of considerable merit, but somewhat vain of their personal accomplishments.

Of the young man who made the engravings first above mentioned, a more extended notice is due, as a memorial of his personal virtues, and of his remarkable industry and perseverance in conquering the evil of narrow and discouraging circumstances : —

SAMUEL HARRIS, jun. was an extraordinary young man. He had, at the time when he engraved the portraits mentioned above, no advantages of learning, but such as he obtained at the public school : yet he was then a good Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar, and had pursued the study of several living languages with success. When Suliman Mellimelni, the Tunisian Ambassador, was in Boston, in 1806, young Harris was introduced to him, and addressed him in the Arabic language, — which the ambassador had not, till then, heard, except from those who formed a part

of his suite. One of these was an accomplished young Turk, with whom Harris sought and obtained acquaintance; and, by whose polite assistance, he acquired a knowledge of the Persian language, and a more familiar and critical knowledge of the Arabic.

The condition of his parents was not affluent; and though it was evident, when a school-boy, that his mind was bent on a liberal education, "their lot forbade," and he was apprenticed to a relative, Samuel Hill, to learn the art of engraving. How long he remained with Mr. Hill, I am not able to say, but his works, executed before he was twenty years old, show that his taste and skill, both in drawing and engraving, had shot ahead of the talent of his master. But his pecuniary circumstances impelled him to constant labor; and, in my frequent intercourse with him, he often repeated, with emotion, the lines of Dr. Johnson, —

This mournful truth is every where confessed —  
Slow rises Worth, by Poverty depressed.

The literary acquirements of Harris could not, however, long remain unknown. He was often visited by men of learning, who regretted that such extraordinary talent should not have the means of a liberal education to develop its energies; and a number of generous individuals supplied the means, by which, after one year of study, apart from the labor of his profession, he was enabled to enter Harvard College, in 1808, as a member of the junior class. Here he distinguished himself by his punctual attendance to all the requirements of the laws of the institution, by his indefatigable pursuit of knowledge, and by the dignity



and urbanity of his deportment. His progress in the acquiring of languages was the astonishment of all his acquaintance.

On the 7th of July, 1810, Mr. Harris was drowned, while bathing in Charles River. A friend, alarmed by his cry, and eager to save him, plunged into the river and reached the spot, in season to be embraced by the drowning man; but he was already too feeble to retain his hold, he sunk, and his friend was obliged to return, unsuccessful, to the shore. The body was not recovered till the tenth of the month, when it had floated some miles down the river, and was found near a wharf at Cambridgeport.

The publication of the *Polyanthos* was suspended in September, 1807. The suspension was a relief to my labor and an advantage to my pocket; for the publication produced not enough to pay the actual cost of paper, printing, and engraving. The whole series made five volumes. Considering that it was the first attempt in Boston, (if not in the United States,) to publish a magazine with a regular series of portraits, I do not feel that there is reason to be ashamed of my labor,—there have been many reasons to regret that I was foolish and improvident enough to make the experiment. In February, 1812, the publication was resumed, and two volumes were issued, of the original size and form. These were succeeded by four volumes in octavo. The contents were of a similar character. Judge Tyler continued his contributions, and the late John Lathrop, jun. was the writer of a series of papers under the title of the *Moral Censor*, and a *Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy*. But, in this, as in



the former series, the Biography and Theatrical Criticism were my own productions,—unless when they are otherwise acknowledged.

Among the original portraits in the fifth and sixth volumes of the Polyanthos, there is one of Samuel Harris, engraved from a crayon sketch, drawn by himself, and another of the Rev. William Emerson, taken from a profile,—the only *picture* of him that was ever made. To those who knew him, this engraving is sufficient to awaken a recollection of Mr. Emerson's features, but it cannot be called a *likeness*. The memoir which accompanies it, is a barren production, and unworthy of the subject; but I believe it is the only notice of him that has been published. He was the minister of the First Church in Boston, and one of the most distinguished of the Unitarian clergymen of the time. He died in May, 1810. The portrait of the Rev. John Lathrop, D.D. in the number for November, 1812, engraved by Edwin, of Philadelphia, was drawn by Henry Williams, expressly for the Polyanthos, and is a capital likeness. The portraits of Commodores Bainbridge, Rogers, and Hull, Hon. David Cobb, Hon. William Heath, Isaiah Thomas, Esq. the Rev. Elijah Parish, D.D. and Dr. William Ingalls, were also all taken by Mr. Williams, expressly for the work, and at my expense. These portraits were not procured without much trouble, and cost me more money than could be afforded by the income of the work. I pursued my object, however, with a perseverance that deserved a profitable return, *if it be admitted that the object itself was one that merited support.*

HENRY WILLIAMS, mentioned above, as the artist

who executed the miniatures from which most of the engravings were copied, is doubtless remembered by many readers, though he has been dead nearly, if not quite, twenty years. For several years previous to his death, he resided in School-street, in an old wooden house, standing on or near the spot where "Harding's Gallery" was erected. He was short in stature, but lofty in his aspirations for fame as an artist. He was almost always successful in sketching likenesses in miniature, and there are still extant some of the productions of his pencil in the way of portrait-painting, that are highly creditable to his genius. He studied the science of human anatomy, and executed, in wax, many models of different parts of the body. Whether he ever passed a regular examination by the Medical Society or not, I am not informed; but he was familiarly and generally known as *Doctor Harry Williams*.

*The Ordeal*, a weekly paper of sixteen pages octavo, I began in January, 1809, — at the suggestion of Benjamin Pollard.\* It was agreed that he should be the

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\* Benjamin Pollard was the son of Colonel Pollard of Boston. His father died when he was quite young. His mother afterwards kept a boarding-house, which was much frequented by ladies and gentlemen who were transient visitors in the town. Aaron Burr, soon after his election to the vice-presidency, was, for a few days, one of her boarders. He professed to be much pleased with the character and talents of Benjamin, then about leaving the public school, and offered to take upon himself the expense of his collegiate education, if it were designed that he should enter a college. Whether Mr. Burr afterward changed his mind, or whether the offer was rejected, is not known. Young Pollard was soon after placed in the counting-house of a respectable merchant, and soon began to write for the newspapers. He was clerk of the House of Representatives from May, 1812, to May, 1822, ten years. In 1822, he was at the head of the police for the *town* of Boston, and when Boston became a *city*, he was appointed city-marshal, — and held that office till his death, which happened in November, 1838.

responsible editor, and that all the income beyond the expense of paper and printing should be equally divided between us. The matter was chiefly political. Mr. Pollard was a warm politician of the federal school. He was a good writer. Some of his animadversions on the leaders of the republican party, and the ground taken by its leaders in support of Madison's administration, were tremendously severe. A number of gentlemen of high standing in the federal party were subscribers to the *Ordeal*, but the whole amount of subscriptions fell far short of the expense of the publication, and it was discontinued at the end of six months. Mr. Pollard, of course, received nothing for his services.

The contract with Thomas & Andrews expired at the end of five years, and was renewed on rather more favorable conditions for another term of the same length; but before it terminated, the whole printing apparatus was offered to me on conditions which seemed to promise better fortune. The price was set at \$4500. I was to be furnished with printing to the amount of \$9000, one half of which was to be paid for in cash,—the other half to balance the price of the printing materials. But this, like former projects, ended in trouble. The amount of work contracted for was not sufficient to employ so large an office, and work was undertaken which proved unprofitable, and severe losses were sustained by publishing, on my own risk, works, which, though valuable in themselves, did not meet with a ready sale,—unless it were to booksellers, at a ruinous discount. Before

all the notes given for the printing apparatus were due, debts had been contracted for paper and labor, and attachments were laid upon the whole stock, and a part of it was sold at auction. A few debts still remained unsatisfied, which were afterwards adjusted by an arrangement with Thomas & Andrews and Ezra Lincoln.\* Mr. Lincoln took the remainder of the stock, which the law permitted me to hold *as necessary for carrying on business*, and paid off all creditors. Being thus relieved from debt, but entirely destitute of the means of prosecuting the business to which I was educated, I resorted to school-keeping; and, for a year and a half, strove to sustain a wife and six children, (the eldest, ten years old,) with the petty income derived from (never more than) thirty pupils, — children chiefly of particular personal friends. Having tried the school to my entire satisfaction, — (that I should never get rich by keeping school) the school furniture and lease of room were sold for a mere trifle. The next week found me in the printing-office of West & Richardson, as a kind of overseer — nothing more than a journeyman, except in responsibility, and with a compensation that never exceeded twelve dollars a week, and often fell below ten. By the kindness of the Rev. Charles Lowell, with whom my acquaintance was then but slight and accidental, I was introduced to the Rev. Noah Worcester, editor of a monthly publication, — “The Christian Disciple,” and a tract, issued quarterly, entitled “The Friend of Peace.” An arrangement was made with Dr. Wor-

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\* See page 72.

cester, by which I became the publisher of these works, and by another arrangement with West & Richardson, I had the privilege of printing them in their office,—allowing a small consideration for the use of their types and press. It was while employed in this unprofitable and mortifying condition, that the idea of publishing a weekly newspaper, of a character somewhat different from any then in existence, first suggested itself; and after laboring six months for the merest pittance that could afford food and shelter for a family, I ventured once more to become a candidate for public favor, and issued a proposal for publishing the *New-England Galaxy*.

I have compressed within the compass of a couple of pages, the prominent incidents of nine or ten years. The details of embarrassments, deprivations, and physical and mental suffering, which I saw and felt in those years, would give me no pleasure to expose, nor contribute to a reader's edification,—unless the record could be received as an admonition to those, who, ardent and ambitious, employ themselves in calculating upon results, which they have neither ability nor means to produce. The humiliation and distress imposed upon those we love by poverty and destitution, should not be proclaimed and illustrated to uninterested spectators. The hearts of the afflicted themselves are the proper depositaries of those mental agonies, which seek no communion from without, and expect no relief from exposure. There are passages in life, of which those, who have not been tried in the furnace of affliction, know nothing, and their “ignorance is bliss.” To instruct them is no purpose of mine.

This seems to be a suitable place to introduce a brief notice of some of those to whom I had stood in the relation of employer, during the period which has been thus rapidly reviewed.

In my first *batch* of apprentices was LEONARD WITHINGTON. He came in the autumn of 1804, when he was about fifteen years old. He was the son of Joseph Withington of Dorchester. His education was such as he had obtained at the district school. Such advantages as he enjoyed he had improved, and was then a good scholar. He soon became a valuable apprentice,—especially as an assistant in proof-reading. His taste was decidedly literary. He was fond of going to the theatre, and saw and admired Cooper in most of his important characters. Shakespeare and Milton were his favorite authors. He had no attachment for any other amusement than reading and the theatre. When he was between nineteen and twenty years of age, he conceived the idea of *going to college*, and began the study of Latin in his chamber, and without any instructor. His desire to obtain a liberal education was communicated to me, and received my assent. After one year spent at Phillips Academy, in Andover, he entered Yale College; worked his way through the four years required, by keeping school; graduated with the customary academic honors; pursued a regular course of theological study; and succeeded the Rev. John Popkin as the minister of a church in Newbury,—which position he still (1852) retains. Such was the early career of the Rev. Leonard Withington. It presents a beautiful example of the success that virtue and perseverance



may command, though depressed by poverty and subjected to all the privations and disadvantages that arise from the absence of wealth. His acquirements in the science of theology are highly spoken of by those who know more of the subject than I do. As a critical student of English literature, he has not many superiors among his clerical brethren. The works of the best writers, in poetry and prose, are as familiar to him as his Bible. He is of the "Orthodox" school of theology, and as a writer of sermons is not inferior to the best of that class of theologians. Indeed his style has very little of the cant of "Orthodoxy," but has all its earnestness and power. His style of speaking is not elegant nor eloquent. It has some peculiarities that, to a stranger, are not attractive; but there is no affectation about it,—though affectation of solemnity is the besetting sin of almost all his Calvinistic cotemporaries. His writings, whether sermons or Lyceum lectures, orations for literary societies or essays for magazines or newspapers,—and he has tried his hand at all these,—are characterized by originality of thought, strength of expression, and aptness of illustration. He has published sundry sermons, lectures, orations, &c. all of which bear the marks of careful intellectual study, and thoughtful observation. He wrote several articles for the *New-England Magazine*,—critical, humorous, and pathetic, illustrating variety of talent and unaffected moral sentiment.

HENRY SMALL, who began his apprenticeship with me in 1806, was a lad of uncommon abilities. He was somewhat wayward in disposition, and cared less

about learning the art of printing as a means of living, than he did to gratify his literary ambition. He had a *knack* at rhyming, and a natural propensity to sarcasm. He frequently took occasion to ridicule the peculiarities of his companions and acquaintance, in verse and prose, and his productions of this kind sometimes found their way into the newspapers of the day. In the course of his apprenticeship he had a scrofulous disease in one of his legs, which was exceedingly troublesome, and at one time was believed to be incurable. After seven or eight years of suffering, he did recover, and from a lame, sickly-looking boy, became a robust and corpulent man. At the age of one-and-twenty he entered the office of Samuel Etheridge at Charlestown, and was employed as a proof-reader. Some time after, he went to Newburyport, (which was his native place,) and taught a school,—an employment, for which, in many respects, he was well qualified. He was one of the best grammarians I ever knew, and was amply qualified to instruct pupils in all the branches of learning then required in the common schools. By an act of the Legislature, he was empowered to take the surname of Ellenwood, and was ever afterwards known by that name. After keeping school a while in Newburyport, he purchased of E. W. Allen the Newburyport Herald, but, in a short time,—I believe, in less than a year,—restored it to Mr. Allen. He then returned to Boston, and opened a private school, which he kept two or three years,—amusing himself, in the mean time, by writing for the newspapers. A considerable number of his metrical effusions may be found in the Palladium and the New-

England Galaxy. For a few months, he kept a small stationery store in Congress-street. He then emigrated to New-York, where he again assumed the pedagogue, and afterwards in Brooklyn. In about two years he returned to Boston, and to his old profession of school-master. Here he again trifled with his talents, wasted his time, lost his reputation, lost his own self-respect, and fell into the slough of despondency. He at length awoke from his dream of despair, and resolved to make one more effort to sustain himself in the regard of all whose regard he thought worth having. He went on board a packet in the harbor bound for North-Carolina, and was, soon after, discovered laboring in his favorite occupation of school-keeping, at Greenville, in that state. It is unnecessary to trace his movements from place to place in North-Carolina. In the winter of 1833, he was advised, by friends whom he had gathered about him, by his agreeable qualities and unexceptionable deportment, to undertake a newspaper at Wilmington. This he conducted with success and to general acceptance, for about three months. About midnight, on the 25th of March, 1833, he suffered a severe attack of paralysis, which ended his existence on the second day of April, following. Could the life of Ellenwood have been spared to the present day, I have no doubt he would have been distinguished as one among the brightest ornaments of our national literature. A collection of his writings, — if one could now be made, — would justify the prediction. But it would probably be impossible to identify many of his best performances.

When Leonard Withington left my employment, his

place was filled by JOSEPH WITHINGTON, one of his brothers,—a young man of amiable manners and virtuous habits,—of less literary taste but more mechanical genius. After serving a regular apprenticeship as a printer, he took up the business of engraving, and made considerable proficiency. He had a talent, that promised eminence in that branch of the fine arts; but his career was cut short by that power, which destroys the hope of man. He was a boarder in my family. One night, a few minutes after he had gone to his bed, there was an uncommon groan in his chamber, which caused some alarm. I went into his room, and found him almost floating in blood. A blood-vessel had been ruptured, and the blood was running copiously from his mouth. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, and the flow of blood was partially stayed; but the fatal rupture was past the skill of the physician. He lived about six weeks, and then died, most sincerely lamented by all his acquaintance.

Another apprentice, whom I can mention with great satisfaction, was CALEB HERSEY, a native of Hingham. He had been with some other printer before he came to me, and was well indoctrinated with moral principles and industrious habits. Soon after the expiration of his minority, he went to Haverhill, in the county of Essex, was sometime connected with a press in that place, and subsequently entered upon some mercantile employment. He has represented that town in the Legislature,—a fact which indicates that he enjoyed the respect of his fellow-citizens. He is still living, and no doubt continues to merit that respect and confidence.

Facts, incidents, and observations, touching the history of numerous others, — whose relations to me as apprentices were spread over a space of fifteen years, — are laid up in Memory's chest. I know not that it would be profitable to disturb them, or to spread them before uninterested readers. Let them remain

In the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Passing from apprentices to journeymen, very few of the large number that I employed during the period to which this memoir relates, are living to read it. Several destroyed themselves by the use of intoxicating liquors, and no reproach will I cast upon their memories by writing their names. Some, more fortunate in having a natural antipathy to the "enemy" that "steals away the brains," have acquired wealth and notoriety. At one time there were three brothers in my employ as pressmen, not one of whom, so far as I knew, was addicted to any vicious habit. One of them, after two or three years' service, took up the business of *punching* music, — a process, by which, at that time, much of the *sheet music* of the shops was executed. Another was a famous fifer, and both of them once belonged to some of the military bands, that were organized in Boston. The third, and the youngest, — with an asthmatic disease, which frequently excited most painful sensations in those who were at work with him, — tugged at the press, as long as mortal strength could endure the labor. All three of them are dead. Three other brothers, also, were in the same employment, and partly at the same time, two of whom, have been dead many years,

and the third has, probably, followed them. Another of my pressmen had the military mania,—and rose rapidly from the ranks to the office of captain, jumping over the heads of some others. He saved his money, let it out at two *per cent.* a month, and settled down as a broker in New-York. Another, who had been a sailor before he was a pressman, wisely left both professions, after some years of experience, for the more independent position of a Green Mountain Farmer. Another, turned grocer, sold figs and soft soap, Malaga wine and smoked herring, and other miscellanies, after he had worked himself into a rheumatism, that made him a cripple for the rest of his life.

Among the many that I employed as journeymen, one of the few that have obtained wealth and honorable distinction is RICHARD BOYLSTON. He was a native of Springfield, and was initiated in the mysteries of type-setting and press-pulling at a printing-office in that town; but was a graduate of the Columbian Centinel office, and took thence a diploma of A. M. in the “art of all arts,” signed by the far-famed editor of that print, Benjamin Russell. While in my employment, Mr. Boylston was a pattern of sobriety, industry, and fidelity, which it were well for all to follow. These virtues he has practised through life. In 1809, the Farmer’s Cabinet, a weekly paper published at Amherst, N. H. owing to the embarrassment of its proprietor, was offered for sale. Mr. Boylston became the purchaser. He was allowed a long credit for a considerable portion of the price. By rigid perseverance in his habits of industry and economy, he obtained a *victory*, and accumulated



enough to enable him to educate a family, and to live in the best style of a respectable country gentleman.

Another, and an estimable man, whom I employed in the capacity of a journeyman for more than two years, and the last I shall now mention, was EZRA LINCOLN. He was a native of Hingham. He was an excellent printer, in all departments of the trade. It is no disrespect to others, to say that he was as honest, faithful, and industrious a man as any of all those, with whom it has been my lot to be connected. I do not think that he ever, in calculating his work by the *piece*, (as it is technically called,) attempted to get pay for a sheet that he did not assist in passing through the press, nor for a single *em*, that he had not placed in the composing stick. When employed by the week, it was not his practice to come to his work late in the morning, to loiter away time unnecessarily at his meals, nor to hurry off from his labor before he had worked the full time, which custom had designated as a day. He was scrupulous, beyond any other within my knowledge, to fulfill all that was required by contract, and to perform all that could reasonably be desired, whether *set down in the bond* or not. When, in 1815, embarrassments, the nature and cause of which it is unnecessary to repeat, obliged me to relinquish a business that I had pursued for twenty years, Mr. Lincoln was my creditor to a large amount. By amicable arrangements, a considerable part of the types and presses, which had been my property, were transferred to Mr. Lincoln, and the debt was canceled. This was the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's business *on his own account*. Industry, fidelity, prudence and

economy, were fixed and unaffected characteristics of his hand, heart, and head. These qualities enabled him to acquire property, to educate a family, and to establish a reputation among his fellow-citizens, to which his children and friends may refer with affectionate pride. Mr. Lincoln was several times a member of the Boston City Council, and a representative in the Legislature. In all business matters he was accurate, shrewd and upright, and well qualified to perform any public service that his fellow-citizens thought proper to be intrusted to his care. Mr. Lincoln died on the morning of Friday, February 1, 1850, at his residence in Myrtle-street, Boston. His death was somewhat sudden. He had been unwell for a few days, but no alarm was felt by himself or his family till the afternoon preceding his death, when a physician pronounced his disease an inflammation of the bowels, which must prove fatal in a few hours. The prediction proved true, and he, whose absence from his daily walks had scarcely been noticed by his associates in scenes of business, had gone forever.

## THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY

AND

## MASONIC MAGAZINE.

In the summer of 1817 chance brought me acquainted with the late Samuel L. Knapp, who had then recently removed from Newburyport to Boston, and was laboring hard to procure a living by the prac-

tice of law. Soon after my first introduction to Mr. Knapp, I mentioned to him a project I had for some time entertained — namely, an attempt to publish a weekly paper, to be chiefly of a literary and miscellaneous character, eschewing entirely all political partizanship. Mr. Knapp suggested the expediency of adding to the paper a department devoted to the service of the numerous society of Freemasons, and, as I was not then a member of *the craft*, he offered to conduct that department. In August, a prospectus of the “New-England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine” was issued, and circulated, though not extensively, chiefly through the agency of a few friends. The following is an extract from the prospectus : —

In this “piping time of peace,” we cannot expect to satisfy the desires of those who “spend their time in nothing else but to hear or to tell some new thing.” Nevertheless, our paper shall contain a faithful record of all interesting political events, that come to our knowledge. This is all we promise in the news department. The present time is the holiday of the world, — a day of recreation and rest to the nations ; — and far distant may that day be when war shall interrupt the general repose, or feats of broil and battle impede the march of arts, science, and refinement. Though we have not beheld with indifference the political contentions, which have existed in our country, yet we know that affection for the land which gave us birth has never been alienated by the prejudice or the predilection of party ; and we trust that the same patriotic integrity will secure to us the name, the privilege, and the honor of an American citizen. We are not yet all republicans, nor all federalists ; but the period, perhaps, is not very remote, when the names, which designated the great political sects of the nation, shall become obsolete, the asperities of party be forgotten, and when local interests and sectional jealousies shall be absorbed in competition for national exalta-

tion, and sentiments of impartial justice and universal benevolence. The present pacific conduct of the administration, we think, is tending to the production of such effects, and we hail it as the precursor of a grand political millennium. If such a glorious day is to arrive and bless the world, it will be folly to wrangle about the point whence it began to dawn, or the name of the man, who first directed our eyes to its light. . . . It shall be a primary object to gain for our paper a literary character, and to diversify its columns with reviews of literature, notices of books and authors, history and biography, scientific and philosophical intelligence, and agriculture and manufactures shall have a liberal share of our attention.

. . . . .

One portion of our paper shall be a Masonic repository, to which a member of the fraternity will pay particular attention. It is wonderful, in this "high and palmy state" of our country, — in this mid-day of intellectual light, that not a single periodical Masonic paper is in circulation among us. We are confident that the number, intelligence, and liberality of the craft will not suffer this any longer. In the early ages of light and knowledge, philosophy discovered this private social compact of religious belief and charitable affections, and threw in, with a divine enthusiasm, all her stores of science and literature to consecrate and establish the principles of the order, and to give these principles direction and effect; and shall we, when the communication by means of the press is so easy and pleasant, be unmindful of our duty, or neglect to bring our offerings to the hallowed altar of friendship and Masonic love?

Freemasonry was then in its "palmy days." It will be recollected, that the period alluded to was soon after the close of the last war with Great Britain. In the course of that war, great numbers of those who took an active part in it, as members of either the army or the navy, had been initiated in the secrets of

Freemasonry, as a supposed passport to society in foreign countries, or as a claim to consideration wherever they might be thrown by the fortune of war. Expectations of this character have seldom been disappointed. It is unquestionably true, that Masonic signals are a sort of universal language, and a medium of communication to a certain extent, without the use of words. I have no doubt, that Freemasonry has frequently softened the asperities and alleviated the horrors of war; and one thing is certain, if *all* men were Freemasons, there would be small chance for war and the shedding of blood. That it has been perverted from its legitimate purpose, in some instances, will not be denied; and it is quite certain, that some silly enthusiasts have made it ridiculous by ill-timed and nonsensical efforts to make it appear more potential than it really is. Bad men have been admitted within its pale; and “what palace is there, into which sometimes foul things intrude not?” Most of those, whom I have known in lodges, were men in whom the world has reposed confidence, and who have never shown themselves unworthy of it. The names of many of our best and most venerated patriots,—men, who, in the cabinet and in the field, have adorned and blessed their country,—are enrolled in the archives of Freemasonry. The publication of the *Galaxy* was especially encouraged by Governor Brooks, Hon. Timothy Bigelow, Hon. George Blake, Dr. John Dixwell, Rev. T. M. Harris, Rev. Asa Eaton, Andrew Sigourney, (town and county treasurer,) Shubael Bell, (deputy-sheriff and keeper of the gaol,) Alexander Townsend, Augustus Peabody, John Soley,

and Francis J. Oliver ; all of whom are dead, — except Messrs. Eaton and Oliver, — and have left to their surviving friends the record of virtues, that rendered their lives dear and their memories precious. If I were called upon to name any one person, who more than most men seemed to make the principles of Freemasonry the practical guide of his life, I should probably name Shubael Bell. He was a carpenter by trade, and one of the early members of the Charitable Mechanic Association. Governor Brooks and Messrs. Bigelow and Blake had been active members of the fraternity, but, toward the close of their lives, visited lodges but seldom. Dr. Dixwell and Mr. Sigourney were Freemasons, conscientiously and heartily, through evil report and good report, to the end of their lives.

Mr. Knapp was an enthusiast in the cause, an exceedingly popular orator in lodges and at all Masonic festivals, and his connection with the Galaxy gave it currency in most of the Masonic institutions in New-England. He engaged in this undertaking purely from love for the cause. It was understood that he should be compensated for services, if the paper should succeed ; but as the income, for the first year, hardly met the expenditure, he received nothing. His contributions amounted to nearly two columns a week for eight or nine months. Another literary project engaged his attention, and his connection with the paper ceased in the summer of 1818. He contributed some few articles beside those on Freemasonry. His style of writing, like that of his public speaking, was easy, flowing, and tasteful. The first number of the



Galaxy contains a column of beautifully-written remarks on biography, and another on suicide, written by him.\* The editorial "leader," which here follows, I *picked* from the *case*, without having written any portion of it:—

We this day commence our labors on an untried and uncertain enterprize. The temple of public munificence is so thronged with supplicants, supporting their several pretensions with a constancy and sturdiness of importunity, which set refusal at defiance, that unless a new avenue can be discovered, the struggles of new and inexperienced candidates seem very likely to end in defeat. We are aware of the hazardous nature of our undertaking. We are sensible of our exposure, not only to pecuniary loss, but to public reproach, should our attempt prove abortive. We know that we must encounter the jealousy of competition, the peevishness of ignorance, the derision of impertinence, the frown of illiberality, and the prejudice of bigotry. But we likewise know that misfortune is not disgrace, nor is failure always disreputable. Purity of intention will console us under calamity, — uprightness of conduct will brighten the enjoyment of success.

We made a general avowal of our sentiments, and the course we mean to pursue, in our original prospectus. A more explicit declaration of our intentions, in regard to politics and religion, the topics most likely to embarrass our impartiality, may be useful and perhaps necessary.

For the essays of the manly and temperate politician, whatever doctrines he may adopt, our pages are free and open. We do not demand that his views of the utility of public measures and the conduct of public men should coincide with ours. We believe that men may differ essentially in their opinions of causes and consequences, of character and conduct, of motives and means, and yet be very honest men. By allowing this freedom of discussion to correspondents of all political parties, we by no means relinquish our own independ-

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\* See "Specimens of Newspaper Literature," Vol. ii. p. 258 - 265.

ence. We claim, and shall exercise, the same right of judging for ourselves, and expressing our thoughts, subject to the same restrictions which we lay upon others. We solicit the co-operation of the statesman, the civilian, the patriot, to aid us in rendering our paper a vehicle of instruction and information, and, consequently, an auxiliary in the cause of human freedom, virtue, and happiness. With the squabbles of elections and the pretensions of rival candidates for office, we shall no further meddle than to give our vote for him who has our preference. Let the caucus continue to be the arena of party, the scene of combat for political gladiators; we shall be mere spectators of the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife," -- content if we can "keep the noiseless tenor of our way" in pursuits more congenial to the spirit of peace.

The same "even-handed justice" shall be observed towards all writers on subjects connected with the science of divinity. The Roman Catholic may here, if he pleases, advocate the infallibility of the Pope; the Episcopalian may defend the divine right and uninterrupted succession of his bishops; the Calvinist may descant upon total depravity and moral inability; the Trinitarian may establish his orthodoxy, and the Unitarian his liberality. We proclaim an armed neutrality towards every sect of Christians. Still we mean to contend for what *we* think the faith once delivered to the saints. Truth can never suffer by free discussion. Its nature is divine, its substance indestructible. Its voice may be hushed by the clamor of bigotry, and its features obscured by the rubbish of sophistry; but the time will arrive when it shall surmount opposition, and go forth

The proxy of all-ruling Providence;  
Saints shall assist her with prevailing prayers,  
And warring angels combat by her side.

Let not the timid tremble, nor the feeble-minded shrink with fear; we are not endeavoring to hoist the flood-gates of infidelity, nor to open an avenue for polemical warriors and duelists. We wish to see a calm and dispassionate discussion of the causes of difference among those who profess

to follow one Lord ; to be guided by the same teacher, and to be subject to the same law ; — who have the same hopes, and fears, and motives ; — and who have the same common interest to pursue.

To us Christianity appears to be a system, not of abstruse principles and metaphysical deductions, but of moral precepts and practical duties ; — not addressed to the wit and ingenuity of man, but to his heart and affections ; — not a calendar of rites and forms, but a manual of reciprocal love and personal purity. The doctrines, to which it demands universal belief, are few in number and easy of comprehension ; — requiring neither the labors of learning nor the subtleties of logic to unfold them to the understanding. They were preached to the poor and illiterate, and are recorded in language adapted to common capacities. On this subject, we cordially respond to the sentiment of an amiable living writer, probably one of the most eloquent of the British preachers, and certainly one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian church ; — “ Where the obligations of humility and love come into competition with a punctual observance with external rites, the genius of religion will easily determine to which we should incline. The genius of the gospel is not ceremonial, but spiritual ; consisting not in meats and drinks, nor outward observances ; but in the cultivation of such interior graces as compose the essence of virtue, perfect the character, and purify the heart. These form the SOUL OF RELIGION ; all the rest are but her terrestrial attire, which she will lay aside when she passes the threshold of eternity.”

Notwithstanding the confident tone of my prospectus and salutatory address, it was not without doubt and misgivings that I proceeded with my undertaking. A wife and six children (the eldest about eleven years old) had no other resource than my labor for their daily bread, clothing, a house for shelter, and the means of education. I had not a dollar wherewith to procure a printing apparatus, ink, paper, &c. Every

thing was to be got (if got at all) on credit, and of *that*, I had none, except what a few friends gave me for industry and perseverance. A fount of second-hand types was bought of John Eliot, a printer, son of the Rev. Dr. John Eliot,—and an old press from some one, (not a printer,) whose name is forgotten, who took my note for one hundred dollars, payable in ninety days, and a mortgage on the press as collateral security. The press was almost worthless, but I managed to use it a year or two, and sold it for fifteen dollars! These articles, with the other furniture, indispensable in a printing-office, were placed in the upper story of an old rickety building, No. 17 Cornhill, (now Washington-street,) three doors south of State-street; and there the *Galaxy* was printed and published two or three years. Two or three hundred copies were distributed gratuitously, chiefly in Boston. Toward evening on the day of the first publication, the late Thomas W. Sumner, a member of the Mechanic Association, came into the office, and offered me three dollars, the price of a year's subscription. I declined to take more than half the sum,—telling him that I did not believe that I should be able to publish the paper more than six months. “Very well,” said he, “in that case you shall be welcome to the balance.” I took it, and gave him a receipt for the year's subscription; and this was the first *solid* encouragement that was given to the *Galaxy*. Before the publication of the second number, the returns from Masonic Lodges, and the subscriptions of individuals, enabled me to proceed with a heart somewhat lightened of its gloomy forebodings. Still the receipts were not adequate to my

necessities, and the paper would have been discontinued before the expiration of the winter, but for the kindness of one individual, to whom I can never allude without inexpressible feelings of regard. JAMES A. DICKSON, a gentleman, who *had been* well known as one of the managers of the Boston theatre, and *then*, as an importer of fancy goods from London, favored me, twice, with the loan of a hundred dollars. It was long before these loans were repaid; and they were never repaid *in cash*. My friend (he was truly a friend) never demanded payment, except in advertising and job printing.\*

The earliest and one of the most valuable of the correspondents who favored the *Galaxy* with their contributions, was Samuel Webber, — a son of President Webber of Harvard College, — then a pupil of the Medical School. His contributions were frequent, and continued several years. The poetical articles signed “S,” — the “*Essays on the Art of Cutting*,” — and the “*Sequel to the Foresters*,” are the productions of his pen. The articles last mentioned are a close and successful imitation of “*The Foresters*,” by the Rev. Dr. Belknap, — a work which has fallen into unmerited forgetfulness, and is scarcely known to this generation

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\* This gentleman is still living, enjoying the honor derived from a professional and mercantile life of respectability and uprightness; and will, I trust, hereafter, meet the merited reward of his good deeds: —

For, when the vanities of life's brief day,  
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall wipe away,  
Each act by Charity and Mercy done,  
High o'er the wrecks of time, shall live alone  
Immortal as the Heavens, and beauteous bloom  
To other worlds, and realms beyonds the tomb.

BOWLES.

of readers. He takes up the allegory at the point where Dr. Belknap left it, and describes, with exquisite humor, the debates upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution — the origin and progress of the French Revolution — the claim of Great Britain to the exclusive dominion of the Atlantic Ocean — the famous (or infamous ?) Orders in Council of the British Government and the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon Bonaparte — the controversy between John Bull and Uncle Sam respecting the right of navigating the ocean unmolested — various incidents of the war of 1812 — a touch at the Hartford Convention, — and the negotiation which put an end to the war. This gentleman is now, and has been for many years, a highly respectable and wealthy physician in Charlestown, N. H.

Mrs. Susanna Rowson was an acceptable and highly-valued correspondent of the *Galaxy*. Her contributions were chiefly of a religious and devotional character, and usually signed with her initials, "S. R." She was the daughter of William Haswell, an officer in the British navy, and, in 1786, was married to William Rowson, a leader of the band attached to the royal guards in London.\* Mr. and Mrs. Rowson were engaged by Mr. Wignell, the manager of the Philadelphia theatre, and arrived in this country in 1793. Before she left England Mrs. Rowson had been en-

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\* There are probably many persons who recollect (for no one who heard can ever forget) the sublime and spirit-stirring tones of this gentleman's trumpet, when he played, for the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, the accompaniment to that magnificent air in the *Messiah*, — "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." One might almost see the graves opening and the dust quickening into life.



gaged in some of the provincial theatres, and was an agreeable singer and performer in the musical after-pieces. She had also written some novels, and a few critical papers, which introduced her to the favorable notice of several distinguished characters among the nobility. The most popular of her works was "Charlotte Temple, a tale of truth," over which thousands have "sighed and wept, sighed and wept, and sighed again," which had the most extensive sale of any work of the kind that had then been published in this country, — twenty-five thousand copies having been sold in a few years. While employed on the stage in Wignell's company, she found time to employ her pen to advantage. She wrote a novel called "Trials of the Heart," the "Volunteers," a farce, founded on the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, another called "The Female Patriot," and a drama, called "Slaves in Algiers." This couple came to Boston in 1796, and performed one season at the Federal-street theatre; and during that season, Mrs. Rowson wrote a comedy, called "Americans in England," which was performed for her benefit, and her last appearance on the stage. At the close of her engagement, she opened a school for young ladies; and afterwards removed to Medford, where her academy and boarding-house were thronged with pupils from every quarter. Her institution was afterwards removed to Newton, and again to Boston. While occupied in this laborious profession, she wrote a novel called "Reuben and Rachel," which I remember to have read and admired when I was an apprentice. She published a Dictionary, a Geography, and, I believe, some other elementary books for the benefit

of her pupils. Mrs. Rowson was singularly fitted for the office of a teacher. Her industry and intelligence were great, and her knowledge and skill in household economy were almost unparalleled. Such were her accomplishments, her refined and moral principles, and her pious and charitable dispositions, that her friends were numerous, and her pupils represented the most respectable families in the community. Many of them are now to be seen in the refined and polished circles of the capital of New-England. She died in March, 1824, respected, beloved, and regretted by all who knew her.

Another prolific contributor was William Biglow, — one of the most expert of versifiers. He would turn out any quantity of rhymes, *to order*, on any subject, and in the shortest possible time. His poetry, — not of the sublimest character, but quaint and humorous, — would, if collected, fill a large volume. In turning a Yankee proverb or anecdote into verse, there was not his equal. The articles he wrote for the *Galaxy* are “too numerous to be particularized.”

Henry S. Ellenwood was the writer of a number of poetical trifles, in the Peter Pindaric style, — some of them signed “Peter Pindar, jun.” and others “Cape Cod Bard.” These were chiefly ludicrous references to persons and transactions that are nearly forgotten. There are, however, a few articles of a serious tone, which he wrote when his mind was in a suitable mood for devotional exercise. Most of them are signed “X.”

Five or six poetical articles, entitled “The Whip,” were written by Claudius Bradford, a young gentleman

of talent, who had not adopted any profession in which to exercise it. He subsequently pursued a course of theological study, was ordained pastor of a small parish at Hubbardston in the county of Worcester, and afterwards over a larger congregation at Bridgewater in the county of Plymouth. "The Whip" was intended to satirize some of the literary follies of the day, and excited a little personal resentment against the editor; but the offence and the offended are forgotten.

It is with no improper feeling of disregard for other esteemed correspondents of the *Galaxy*, that I place Silas P. Holbrook among the first, as a pleasant and popular writer. His first communication, was a description of a pedestrian tour in the western states, published in May, 1823, and his contributions were continued with frequent occurrence as long as the paper was under my control. He was a rapid writer, and had an inveterate propensity for making parodies on popular pieces of poetry; and the ease and rapidity with which he would thus transform an extract from Lord Byron or Thomas Moore, was truly surprizing; for he did it apparently without premeditation. This operation he called *Fashionable Murder*, and he offered the following as a specimen of the most wicked act of the kind that had ever been perpetrated:—

AIR — " *I knew by the smoke,*" &c.

I knew by the pole, that's so gracefully crowned,  
Beyond the old church, that a tavern was near,  
And I said, if there's *black strap* \* on earth to be found,  
A man, who has credit, might hope for it here.

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\* A dram, composed of New-England rum and molasses, which is quite equal to Burns's "Scotch drink" in making men *wise* and *happy*.

It was noon, and the geese roved quietly round  
Among the rank wormwood, in quest of the grass ;  
I listened, and there was a silence profound,  
Save the noise of a toddy-stick, tapping the glass.

And here, in this snug little house, I exclaimed,  
With a landlord, who loved to see us "get high,"  
And bottles well filled with liquor that's famed,  
How drunk could I get, and how calm could I lie !  
By the side of yon toper, whose red nose dips  
In the foam of his brandy, how sweet to recline,  
And to know, as I gazed on his carbuncled lips,  
That they never were equaled by any but mine !

David H. Barlow, a graduate of Harvard College and of the Theological School at Cambridge, wrote a number of poetical pieces, all of which are signed "Mountain Bard." Most of them are of a serious character, but a few of them are tinged with innocent levity.

John Pickens, a gentleman well known in Boston from his connection with several banking institutions, was the writer of a number of humorous articles, in prose and verse. Some of them are imitations of Horace, and are signed "Horatio." Two pieces, called "City Eclogues," are good imitations of the old English pastorals, and contain some pleasant hits at the follies of fashion.

William Austin, a distinguished member of the Boston Bar, was the author of a tale, which bore the title of "Peter Rugg." This article was reprinted in other papers, and books, and read more than any other newspaper communication that has fallen within my knowledge. It is purely fictitious, and originated in the inventive genius of its author.

Another poetical correspondent in 1826 was Ebenezer Bailey, who wrote the articles under the head of "Grins and Gripes," — a title sufficiently indicative of their character. This gentleman was a native of Newburyport. He was educated at Yale College, and graduated with the highest honors of that institution. He was a first-rate scholar, and had talents and accomplishments that would have enabled him to shine in any profession that he might choose to adopt. He chose the laborious office of a pedagogue. About the year 1822 he was employed as principal instructor in the Franklin (public) school in Boston. Some years after, the city instituted a "High School for Females," and Mr. Bailey was inaugurated as the principal. He had, in fact, been one of the most efficient advocates for the establishment. Such was the popularity of the school, that applicants for admission soon became more numerous than could be accommodated; and, in consequence, the school was discontinued. Mr. Bailey then opened a private school for the instruction of young ladies in the higher branches of learning, than those taught in the public grammar schools. His success was unprecedented, and his income amply supplied, and more than supplied, all the ordinary expenses of a genteel domestic establishment. Unfortunately, he became infatuated with politics; — was elected a member of the city council; — his attention was abstracted from his school; — political caucuses and convivial associations made demands upon hours that should have been devoted to professional duties; — friends grew dissatisfied; — the number of pupils rapidly diminished; — and, painful to record, — the

school was relinquished. Mr. Bailey was now, for a considerable time, without employment; his domestic establishment was discontinued, and a cloud seemed to have settled on his prospect. At length, the native element of his character again shone out, and gave assurance to his friends that an effort of the recuperative energy of his nature would lead to an honorable and successful result. By their advice and assistance he secured the lease of a beautiful estate in Lynn, and converted it to a private academy, for the preparation of young men for the college or the counting-house, or for any scientific employment that might be desired. Several pupils had entered, and a day of sunshine and prosperity seemed to be opening. But the brilliant prospect was soon closed. While giving directions about the removal of some useless lumber, Mr. Bailey set his foot on the point of a nail which protruded through a board, and made a slight puncture in his heel. This, in a few days, produced a lock-jaw, which terminated his life. He left a wife, and two daughters, to the sympathy of a numerous circle of personal friends, who had enjoyed his hospitality, respected his talents, and loved his virtues.

These personal notices of correspondents, — brief, hasty, and imperfect, though they are, — seemed to be due to those from whose friendship the most essential aid in conducting the *Galaxy* was derived. Many others offered communications, of whom I might speak with respect, — many, whose productions were published, and were perhaps as valuable as those which are particularly recognized, — and many quires of paper, the writing on which must have occasioned a



prodigious labor, have been committed to the fire. On examining *my file*, I perceive many articles whose paternity I cannot now recall to my mind, and some whose authors probably were never known. A further descriptive detail concerning correspondents, whose contributions, — though sparkling with wit and humor, — for the most part, derived their significance from incidents, which long since passed from general recollection, would swell this volume to an unreasonable size, and require more explanatory notes than I feel disposed to write. I am myself accountable for all the trash, that appeared in the *Galaxy*, “From the shop of Pertinax Period & Co.” — a professed *imitation* of a well known series of articles “From the shop of Colon & Spondee,” but not chargeable with a very striking *resemblance* to those brilliant productions of Tyler and Dennie, which attracted universal notice to the Farmer’s Museum. I may as well say here, — once for all, — that every original article, the authorship of which is not acknowledged or otherwise indicated by a signature, was of my own *manufacture*.

The degree of success which attended the publication of the *Galaxy* for the first year of its existence, may be inferred from the following address to its readers on the commencement of its second year: —

It has been said by a sentimental writer, that birth-days should be uniformly kept, for “they are like mile-stones on the road of life, and serve to remind us of the progress we have made in our journey.” As an editor we have some debts of gratitude to pay; some confessions of sin to make; and some few favors to ask; — and what time can be more proper for the performance of these duties, than our editorial

birth-day? — a day which reminds us of an important event in our life.

The first of these topics may be briefly despatched. To those patrons, who generously volunteered their exertions to obtain subscribers and collect the payments, the first and highest thanks are due. Individuals who, for themselves, paid in advance, are next entitled to a participation in these acknowledgements. There are a few, to whom we could say, it is not the swelling roll of names, nor the light and intangible coin of compliment, which gives life and vigor, imparts health and cheerfulness, and assures longevity and usefulness, to the labors of an editor. Under this head it is also proper to express our sense of obligation to correspondents, who have lightened our task by the productions of their hours of leisure or amusement. If we had permission, it would be gratifying to us and probably to the reader, to make this acknowledgement to each, *by name*. It may be an excusable indulgence of personal vanity, however, to inform him, that our obligations of this sort are much fewer in number and less in magnitude, than has generally been supposed.

Having disencumbered our heart of thanks, we now fall to confession. It is in vain to deny, that one crying sin has continually beset us. We have been wanting in all the arts of dissimulation, hypocrisy, and deceit, which make up the essence of modern politeness. We have been too much in the habit (at least, for our own interest) of calling things by their true and proper names. We have obeyed, too implicitly, the dictates of truth and independence, and have followed, too much, the devices and desires of our own heart, without reference to the approbation of the sordid, the mean, the foolish, or the wicked in high places. We have left undone all that would have put us in favor with the rich, the proud, and the powerful; and we have done the very things, which have offended the majesty of Mammon, and displeased the worshipers at his gilded altar. For these offences we shall, doubtless, do penance, and since, from the natural perverseness of temper and frailty of resolution, we may again fall into the same temptations, we shall, as soon as the punctuality of

present and the generosity of future subscribers shall afford us the means, purchase an indulgence for what may happen hereafter.

We shall sum up all that we would ask in one comprehensive petition : — May those who believe in the uprightness of the principles which have been our guide, and who approve the course we have pursued, pardon the defects in the execution of our duty, and continue to cheer our labors by their patronage.

It will be perceived, by the tone of this address, that the *Galaxy* had not met with entire approbation. The freedom of remark which had been indulged had excited some angry feelings. Some observations of a general character had been applied to individuals, and those who thought themselves censured, were not easily appeased. As the circulation of the paper increased, endeavors to stir up resentment against it were multiplied, and these, it must be confessed, were not calculated to conciliate an unyielding temper, but rather tended to strengthen a disposition to pursue an opposite course. Theatrical criticism was a prominent feature in the *Galaxy*, and severity of remark on actors, however just the castigation, drew curses on the head of their author, and threats of personal chastisement, — threats that were never executed. On other subjects, too, — the operations of the missionary societies, certain practices of the banks and brokers, public lecturers and itinerating preachers and instructors, and the proceedings of political caucuses, — there was no attempt to conceal opposition, or to soften the tone of reproof by circumlocution. Admonitory and threatening letters, — mostly anonymous, — were frequently received, and generally cast into the fire as

unworthy of notice. Occasionally, however, a friendly remonstrance produced a reply. To one of such a character, the following response was given, November 13, 1818:—

“ *Molasses catches more flies than vinegar.*” A friend admonished us the other day for our “plainness of speech,” and enforced his argument by the preceding maxim as an illustration. We acknowledge its truth, and are convinced that if the columns of the Galaxy were besmeared with a little more *molasses*, our subscription list would exhibit a larger collection of *flies*. But let our friend recollect that the flies, thus attracted, would soon sicken and die of a surfeit; while such as can relish a little of the wholesome *acid*, finding it a purifier of the blood and a strengthener of the constitution, may be tempted to repeat the application. To drop this metaphor, — which, it must be confessed, is not handled with much ingenuity, — if the proud, the vain, the arrogant, and the rich, were treated with more ceremony and obsequiousness; — if the knee were oftener bent before gilded meanness, and the mouth taught to utter the language of flattery, there is no doubt that we could “put money in our purse.” We have resolved to cultivate this accommodating temper; and, perhaps, by perseverance, may overcome some foolish scruples, on the score of independence of mind, and political integrity, and a few such imaginary shadows, that have thrown their “miscreated fronts athwart the way” which leads to success. By the time that the Ethiopian shall have changed his skin and the leopard become divested of his spots, we hope to be as pliant and flexible, as glossy and insinuating, as any parasite that ever attended the levee of a prime minister.”

The opposition to the system of beggary which was then carried on by certain philanthropists, to raise funds for the establishment of societies for almost every conceivable object, foreign missions included, which was manifested in the Galaxy, excited the anger

of sundry cotemporary prints. The first, which undertook to rebuke it, with such a degree of severity as to call for a reply, was the Connecticut Mirror, published at Hartford, and then edited by William L. Stone. The Galaxy was therein accused of "licentiousness and infidelity"; of "irreligious railings, that ought not to be tolerated by the [Masonic] fraternity"; of publishing "a vulgar *fling* at an eminent and pious divine in New-York; an attack upon the Missionary societies, and the exertions of Christian charity and benevolence, wicked in its object, disgraceful to the editor, and offensive to decency." This produced a retort not very mild in its language. In conclusion it called upon the editor of the Mirror to throw his charges into a more definite form, and to support them by some other evidence than his bare assertion,—in which case a more formal defence should be forthcoming. Four weeks after, Mr. Stone made a long rejoinder, in which he very fairly gave the quotations which he considered as supporting his charges,—to all which a reply was immediately offered. Both articles were richly spiced with hard words, and both parties sat down content with their respective laurels, for both, at least in their own estimation, gained a victory.\*

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\* Mr. Stone and I had never seen each other. It was not till after he was connected with the New-York Commercial Advertiser that we became personally acquainted. In the spring of 1825, when I had occasion to visit Albany, I found him there attending the Legislature, and reporting the proceedings. If any personal resentment had continued in the heart of either on account of the editorial quarrel noticed in the text, (which I presume was not the case,) it had no existence after that interview. The subject was not alluded to by either, and was entirely forgotten by me, till a recent examination of the file of the Galaxy brought it up afresh. Many pleasant recollections are associated with a review of my intercourse with Mr. Stone.

About the beginning of the year 1819, the Rev. James Sabine arrived in Boston from Newfoundland, where he had lived some years, and officiated as a Presbyterian clergyman. Previous to his leaving Newfoundland he had preached a sermon, and procured it to be printed, and sent it to Boston as a precursor of his personal advent. This sermon was declared to be a "testimonial of gratitude" to the citizens of Boston, for certain supplies of money and other articles, sent for the relief of persons then recently suffering in consequence of a destructive fire in Newfoundland. Mr. Sabine, in the appendix to his sermon, spoke of the clergy of Boston in no very respectful terms, and of Boston itself, theologically, as the "region of darkness." "Benighted people," "unregenerate hearts," and similar epithets were applied to the mass of the people in his discourses; and the ministers were spoken of as "denying the Lord who bought them," knowing nothing of "experimental religion," "speaking lies, not openly but in hypocrisy," "encased in seven-fold steel of self-conceit," and "serving their own bellies." Such expressions were used with disgusting familiarity. A congregation was soon gathered, over which Mr. Sabine was installed as the pastor. A subscription was made for the building of a meeting-house. In the mean time the religious meetings of the congregation were held in Boylston Hall. The general tone of Mr. Sabine's sermons was arrogant and vindictive, — disrespectful to the clergy of other denominations, and offensive to all their friends. In one of his discourses, from the text, "*I have much people in this city*," he predicted that he should be able to bring about



an entire revolution in religious matters. He admitted that the words were originally spoken to a holy apostle, but declared that he had received the same heart-cheering assurance from the Holy Ghost; that it was too sacred and too imperious to be trifled with; and that in compliance with what he considered a *command*, he should visit the families in the vicinity of Boylston Hall, and inquire whose ministry they attended. The peculiar arrogance of this style of preaching, was deemed a fit subject for invective and ridicule in the *Galaxy*. Mr. Sabine also published a sermon, which he had preached at Malden, before an association of ministers, to which was prefixed an "Address to the churches of Christ in Boston and the vicinity, their pastors and deacons," in which the same or similar indications of arrogance and self-conceit were predominant features. The course of remark in the *Galaxy*, on this subject, gave offence to some of its readers, and two or three subscribers discontinued their subscription, but the number of its subscribers was considerably increased.

The popularity of Mr. Sabine rose rapidly to a culminating point, and as rapidly declined. A spacious meeting-house (in Essex-street) was built expressly for him, and, for a year or two, he held forth the doctrines of Presbyterianism to a large congregation. In 1822, dissensions between him and his people, caused the calling of an ecclesiastical council. Criminations and recriminations were plentiful and severe. The council advised him to ask—and he did ask—a dismissal from his congregation. Soon after he received Episcopal orders, and procured

subscriptions sufficient to erect a church near the outer part of Boston. Here he ministered for two or three years, but was again involved in difficulty, and was compelled to resign his office. I thought he was hardly treated on this occasion, and said so in the Boston Courier. He was grateful for the sympathy I expressed,—*forgave* me for all the hard things I had previously published concerning him, and acknowledged that he had mistaken the character of many, whom he had spoken against in his polemical battles. When about to leave Boston, he took me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes, said he had met more kindness from a theological opponent, than from many, whose professions had led him to expect friendship and support. He removed, I believe, into Vermont, but I have heard nothing from him since the parting interview here described.

Another foreigner arrived in Boston, in the course of this year, (1819,) against whom the Galaxy entered into a warfare, which ended in a decided expression of public approbation. This was the celebrated Joseph Lancaster, the founder, in England, of the “Lancasterian system of education.” His way had been prepared by a series of newspaper paragraphs, and public curiosity was much excited to hear a “lecture on the nature and advantages of his system,” which was advertised to take place at the Old South meeting-house on the evening of the seventh of July. Mr. Lancaster did not prove to be a very successful expositor of his own system. The public was evidently disappointed. He spent a few weeks in Boston and the vicinity, without producing any great change

in the system of public teaching in the schools. Although many persons were at first disposed to patronize this "Prince of Humbugs," the public generally, in a short time discovered that his fame, which had preceded his appearance in this city, was founded on extremely shallow pretences. After living several weeks in Boston and the vicinity, on the hospitality of his good-natured friends, and delivering his lectures wherever he could find a pulpit open to receive him, he departed, leaving a somewhat diminished reputation, and some unpaid demands, where he had obtained credit for conveniences or luxuries, which he seemed to think ought to have been furnished gratuitously.

Mr. Lancaster's lectures were fit and proper subjects for ridicule. I attended the delivery of the first, and, like a thousand others, went with an expectation of being pleased and instructed, and went away filled with disgust for the man's impudence and conceit. The subject of one of his subsequent lectures was "The science of the human mind, as connected with the education of youth." On this I ventured to write a column of remarks, from which the following are extracts : —

Joseph Lancaster is, no doubt, an honest man, and has come among us with pure and laudable motives ; but, like many other of his countrymen, he has come with very erroneous impressions on his mind, with regard to the degree of knowledge, and the means of obtaining it, which have long been in our possession. His proper place is among the inhabitants of thickly populated towns in Europe, where several hundred children are employed in manufactories, and growing up in ignorance of every thing, but the mechanical labor by which they earn their daily bread, and whose parents are not able, from the *surplus* of their earnings of sixpence a day, to furnish

them with the means of obtaining any other information. . . . Mr. Lancaster has so thorough a conviction of the utility and originality of his ideas, and the clearness of his illustrations, that his egotism becomes intolerably nauseating and disgusting.

. . . . .  
The lecture was made up chiefly of relations of the most trivial circumstances, which had occurred under his own personal knowledge, all of which were prefaced with "I remember an instance of a young man who was my pupil," — or, "I recollect an incident which took place in my Lancasterian school," — or, "I knew a boy whom I taught," &c. &c. Had this ostentatious display of egotism and self-conceit been the most objectionable characteristic of Mr. Lancaster's lecture, it might have passed off without animadversion, as too insignificant even for reproof. But beside these features of vanity and stupidity, some part of it was offensive to decency. . . . .

Thus much we have thought it our duty to say on the subject of Mr. Lancaster's lectures, that those who have had an opportunity of hearing him, may have something like a fair representation of his claims to public notice and reward; and we appeal to the voice of his auditors for the truth of our picture, as far as it goes. Joseph Lancaster is, (we repeat it,) in our belief, a well-meaning, honest sort of man, willing to tell all he knows, if he can get paid for it; but he is a quack of the first order, and knows as little of the "science of the human mind" as the medical quacks do of the nature of the physical system, or the *materia medica*, or as the aborigines of New Holland do of Newton's *Principia* and Berkeley's *Ideal World*.

Such remarks did not pass without censure. Many persons said they were a breach of hospitality, that Mr. Lancaster was a stranger, and should be treated with great respect, &c.; to which it was replied, in substance, that it was difficult to perceive why a man, who came with such high pretensions, and turned out to be a quack, a mere retailer of the froth and scum of literature, an illiterate and ill-mannered clown,

should be treated with any uncommon respect. But little was said in any paper in reply to the remarks of the *Galaxy*, and nothing, so far as now recollected, in commendation of Mr. Lancaster. Those who were most offended, manifested their resentment, by sending anonymous letters, — the usual weapons of blockheads and cowards. My comments on Mr. Lancaster were continued occasionally, for three or four months, for he was considered to be one of the sublimest incarnations of arrogance and conceit, that nature or hypocrisy had produced.

At the commencement of the fourth volume, October 13, 1820, the subscribers to the *Galaxy* were saluted, in an address, which alludes to some of the annoyances and difficulties that I had to contend with: —

In looking back to the period when we engaged in this hazardous and almost hopeless enterprize, we find abundant cause for thankfulness, to those friends who have cheered the darkness of our prospects by their smiles, and saved us from despondency and failure by affording a pecuniary support. In taking this retrospect we also perceive many reasons for believing that our labors have not been without their use; and that, though we have more than trebled our original number of subscribers, yet we have not received a greater share of public patronage than is justly and honestly our due. If it be honorable and praise-worthy to detect and expose imposture; if it be patriotic and commendable to ferret out intinerant sharpers and to hold up to ridicule the exotic quacks, who live by imposing upon the good nature of the intelligent and the curiosity of the less informed; or if there be any merit in taking an independent stand against the mingled current of pride, and wealth, and aristocracy, which threatens to subvert our republican institutions and to overwhelm and destroy the equality of our rights, — then we say that we enjoy no more of the popular favor than we have fairly and honestly won. The

satisfaction we feel at the successfulness of our efforts is heightened by the consideration that the support given us by the public had been entirely voluntary ; and that we have never degraded our vocation or character by the fashionable but disgraceful practice of soliciting subscriptions. . . . . To those who believe with us, that it is right to speak the truth without dissimulation ; fearless whom it may offend, — who believe that is proper and honest to call weaknesses, follies, and crimes by their proper names, — who believe that the character of an action is not to be decided as virtuous or vicious by the amount of money, which the agent possesses, — to such, and to such only, do we look for support. So long as they uphold us, we shall go on, intrepidly and fearlessly, in the path we have chosen ; and when we can no longer live by these honest means, we may, *perhaps*, adopt a more erratic policy.

To humor the prejudices of many good and worthy people, who seemed to think that the title “Masonic Magazine” was a pledge that the paper was necessarily devoted entirely to Freemasonry, and whose pride or squeamishness would not let it be supposed that they were members of “the craft,” or had any interest in the institution, those words were now expunged from the title. One obstacle in the way of its general circulation was thus removed, while it was felt, that no intelligent Freemason valued it the less. There was no change in the character of the matter. The interests of the institution were watched with fidelity, and whatever information could be obtained, useful or amusing to the fraternity, was published as usual.

The latter part of the winter of 1821 was styled, in the Columbian Centinel, a “theatrical era.” It was signalized by the advent of Edmund Kean. This actor came across the Atlantic, heralded by the praises



of all the London critics, and came to Boston with all those recommendations sealed and endorsed by the critics of New-York. The Boston critics were not unanimous in their estimate of his performance. Those who admitted that there might be some few imperfections in his acting, made the *Galaxy* the medium of their communications; and ventured to question the infallibility of the judgement of his *idolators*. A long and somewhat elaborate comparison of his talents with those of Cooper, (always the favorite of the *Galaxy*,) though temperate and inoffensive in its tone, created a feeling of hostility among two or three friends, which time never subdued. It was at the close of Kean's first engagement in Boston, that, in a speech from the stage, he called Boston "the literary emporium of the new world,"—an expression which soon became a proverb, and is now frequently heard, sometimes in derision, but, quite as often in sober earnest.

The subject of imprisonment for debt was frequently discussed in the *Galaxy*. The laws of Massachusetts then allowed a creditor to arrest and imprison his debtor for almost the smallest imaginable sum, and great efforts were made to abolish this feature of the law. It has since been modified so as to render it nearly inoperative, although it has never been repealed. The annexed article shows to what extremities a creditor might proceed, (and to what an unfeeling one *did* proceed,) armed with the authority of law, towards a debtor:—

A DEED WITHOUT A NAME. — A communication appeared in our last paper, purporting that a person confined on the prison

limits for a debt, which he was unable to pay, had solicited of his creditor the indulgence of visiting his dying wife for a short time, and was refused. We knew nothing, at that time, of the facts, and published the communication on the responsibility of the writer alone. We have made inquiries, and find that the following may be relied upon as correct.

A mechanic at the south part of the town, formerly in extensive, and, as was supposed, in profitable business, had become reduced to a state of insolvency. He was sued for a debt of about a hundred dollars, to which the fees of lawyers, justices and constables, added about thirty more ; and, destitute of other means of paying, he was imprisoned, according to law and custom, to pay by taking the poor debtor's oath at the end of thirty days. He left at home, a *wife*, worn out by the fatigues of manual labor and the more harassing labor of the mind, and *nine children*, all but *two* of whom were daughters. From this interesting group, made infinitely more interesting to the heart of a husband and a father by the delicate and peculiar circumstances of his wife, he was compelled to separate. No arguments could persuade the creditor to change his purpose, — no prayers could move the soul of him, who lives only to keep his dollars breeding, and to plague and torment those who are so unfortunate as to be numbered among his acquaintance. The scene, which followed in the family of the wretched debtor, none but a mother can feel, and not even a mother can describe. An awful and interesting period approached, when the tender and soothing attentions of conjugal affection are required, the mental agonies of which may equal if not transcend the corporeal sufferings of nature. What human being could keep a husband from a wife at such a moment of uncertainty, apprehension and distress ? A beast, "that wants discourse of reason," would not be so unfeeling. Yet this creditor could do it, — he *did* do it. Two friends of the debtor interfered, — they asked his liberation for *four days*, — and promised to return him to his prison at the end of that time, or pay his debt. They were fair, honorable, responsible men. Yet the creditor would not listen, — he would feed his revenge by keeping his victim in prison. The

unhappy wife was delivered of an infant, which Heaven, in its mercy, did not permit to open its eyes to the light of this world. It was born a lifeless pledge of maternal misery,—a martyr to avarice and cruelty. It stopped not on earth, but went up to the bar of the Almighty, an accusing spirit, to testify against the oppressor. To complete the catastrophe of this domestic tragedy, the mother died a day or two after, leaving her husband in jail, her children to the care of strangers, her enemy (may we not say, her *destroyer*?) to the reflections which a review of his conduct may suggest in his hours of retirement.

Reader!

Is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,

who can thus, in mere sport, — or, what is worse, — to gratify an unrighteous spirit of malice and revenge, trifle with the feelings and the lives of others? This creditor could expect to gain nothing by thus pursuing the man whom law had put in his power. The law, strong and unrelenting as it is, could give him power over his victim only the short space of thirty days; and as to payment of the debt, there was no possibility that he could ever realize a cent of it. Nothing, then, but the disposition which actuates devils, could induce him thus to torture the last moments of an expiring and guiltless woman. We can conceive that resentment for the loss of a debt might so far operate on some little minds, as to seek its gratification in vengeance on the person of the delinquent; but it was left for this fiend incarnate, this scourge of humanity, to show the world to what a pitch of savage barbarity one of our species may be driven by avarice. But let him not expect to pass unrequited. He may retire to his closet and feast on the sight of his bags of gold; — he may say to himself, “I will take my ease, eat, drink, and be merry, for I have goods laid up in store for many years;” — but will not the apparition of the undone debtor, the ghosts of the still born infant and the dying mother “sit heavy on his soul,” and will not conscience poison all his pleasures with remorse for what is past, and dreadful

forebodings of what is to come? No, — for what conscience can HE have, who feels nothing but the love of money, — who knows nothing but

The petty tricks of saving — who inspires  
Of endless wealth insatiable desires?  
Hungry himself, his hungry servants cheats  
With scanty measures and unfaithful weights;  
And sees them lessen, with apparent dread,  
The musty fragments of his winnowed bread.  
In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power,  
Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,  
He saves the last night's hash, sets by a dish —  
Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,  
And half a stinking shad, and a few strings  
Of a chopped leek, counted like sacred things,  
And sealed with unction; though the sight and smell  
Would a starved beggar from the mess repel.

Leave him, reader, leave the wretch to himself; for he can have no company more detestable. But, as you pass his door, implore God to plant a thorn in his bosom "to prick and sting" him to remorse and repentance before he shall hear the appalling sentence, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he, that is guilty, let him be guilty still."

TRIALS FOR LIBELS. — In the autumn of 1822, an event occurred, — of importance to the circulation of the *Galaxy*, and to the reputation and interest of its editor; and of equal importance, though perhaps less directly, to all other editors and printers of newspapers. This was a prosecution for a libel on the Rev. John N. Maffitt. Maffitt had been in Boston some two or three years before, and had made a considerable *stir* among certain classes of people. He professed to belong to the sect of Methodists. He was an Irishman. It was said he had been an actor, and that he was brought up to the trade of a tailor. He certainly

had considerable power as a pulpit orator. His eloquence was of that kind, which is apt to captivate persons, whose feelings are easily excited and scorn all deference to judgement. His friends and admirers hailed him as a second Whitefield; and I am not certain that he was not quite equal, in all the qualities that constitute an effective field-preacher and getter-up of revivals, to that celebrated prototype. Soon after his arrival in this country, he published a volume entitled "The Tears of Contrition," purporting to give some of the leading incidents of his life. This book, as well as his style of preaching in Boston and various other places, had been freely commented on in the *Galaxy*, both by the editor and correspondents. After itinerating around the New-England states for a year or two, Maffitt returned to Boston, and his second advent was announced in the *Galaxy*, October 10, in the article which follows: —

REV. MR. MAFFITT. This distinguished and highly-gifted preacher has returned once more to this metropolis, and we may soon expect to hear another report of the marvelous things which he accomplished during his last visit to Providence. We shall not now anticipate the reverend preacher's exhibition of the wonder-working providence of God in the manifold displays of his favor, which were bestowed as tokens of divine complacency; but wait till another week, hoping to hear them from the reverend preacher's own mouth. We expect that he will relate all the particulars of his temptations — how he has been buffeted by Satan — how he has been accused of preaching the sermons of distinguished English clergymen — how he denied the charge, and afterwards acknowledged its truth — how he endeavored to "sink the tailor," by denying that he was a journeyman in that honorable profession, and afterwards admitted that he *was*, when

the proofs were too strong to be resisted — how he coaxed a young lady to look in his face and sing “*Come to my heart, thou stricken deer*” — how he declared to a young clergyman of the Episcopal church, who had been intimate with him, that he disbelieved the Christian religion — how he ridiculed the persons who came to his altar to be prayed for — how he used to laugh, in his sleeves, as he told a friend, when he put his face *into* the ladies’ bonnets to invite them to come to Jesus — how he disclosed facts and betrayed confidence when he had pledged his *honor* to observe secrecy — how, by cunning and malicious tattling, he excited discontent and quarrels among persons before friendly, and even between members of the same family — how he has literally practised upon the doctrine of St. Paul, of becoming all things to all men, or rather *to all women* — how he procured two young ladies to watch with him during his pretended sickness, and how he contrived to send one of them out of the chamber, that he might be left alone with the other — how, by his hypocrisy he made fools of a great many people, or rather how he took advantage of the simplicity of those who were fools ready made to his hands — and how, at last, their eyes were opened, and how they sent him off with a *flea in his ear* ; — all these things, and many more, equally strange and miraculous, we expect to hear from the reverend preacher himself. If we should be disappointed in these expectations, we shall procure the particulars from some other source, (one, perhaps, entitled to quite as much credit,) and publish them for the gratification of all those young ladies of Boston, who, overflowing with love, are ready to rush into his arms, and for the comfort of all those silly old women, whether in breeches or in petticoats, who pay their adorations to a man because — “his wife has had twins.”

All the innuendoes contained in this article, and many more, were communicated AS FACTS, in a letter from Providence. The letter was anonymous ; but it came under circumstances that admitted of no doubt as to the personal identity of the writer, or that he would, if called upon, testify to the truth of them. When



the reader is told that there was then no statute law in Massachusetts respecting the publication of libels, — the common-law doctrine, *the greater the truth the greater the libel*, being supposed to be in force by a clause in the constitution, — he will not suppose that such a string of “diabolical hints and damnable innuendoes,” would escape a prosecution. Accordingly a bill of indictment against the editor was presented to the municipal court of the city of Boston, at its next term. The trial commenced on the 16th of December, before the Hon. Josiah Quincy, judge. The cause was managed for the commonwealth by James T. Austin, Esq. district attorney for the county of Suffolk; for the defendant by Stephen Hooper, Esq. of Boston, and Benjamin F. Hallett, Esq. of Providence. The defendant asked the privilege of producing witnesses to prove the truth of the allegations in the alleged libel, as a justification. This was resisted by the prosecuting attorney, but was granted by the judge, who, in an elaborate opinion, declared that the liberty of the press was guaranteed by the Bill of Rights to such an extent as authorized the publication, for justifiable ends, of facts that, by the common law had been deemed libellous. The principal witness for the defendant was a young Episcopal clergyman, belonging to Providence, nearly related to the young ladies referred to in the alleged libel. In regard to some of the points in the indictment, affidavits were procured from sundry places in Connecticut and Rhode-Island where Maffitt had been preaching. The trial occupied two days, and was terminated by a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

It was granted to me, *as a special privilege*, to make the opening address to the jury. The trial was the most important incident in my somewhat rough and stormy life. The court-house was filled with spectators to its utmost capacity. Many believed, and some hoped, that I should be convicted and sent to the state-prison for a long term; but the weight of public voice was in my favor. When I rose to address the jury, "present fears and horrible imaginings" almost deprived me of breath; but when the foreman of the jury pronounced the words "NOT GUILTY," I was quite overpowered by feelings of a different character, and should have fallen but for the support of friends who stood around me. The verdict was received with acclamations by the crowded audience, (notwithstanding the admonition of the court,) which were re-echoed by a throng in the passage-ways and about the doors.

I published a report of the trial, embracing the opinion of Judge Quincy, at the opening, my own address to the jury, the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of the counsel, and the judge's charge to the jury. Of this report about twelve thousand copies were sold during the winter. Two editions have since been printed, called for at distant places, where Maffitt was pursuing his career of folly and fanaticism.

The opinion of Judge Quincy was not generally approved by the lawyers. It was the subject of two or three pamphlets and of sundry newspaper comments; but its principles were afterwards recognized by the Legislature, and a law was passed in which

they were substantially embraced, and which remains on the statute-book, as a safe-guard to the freedom of the press.

About the first of January, 1823, Charles Mathews, a celebrated English comedian and mimic, made his appearance at the Boston theatre. He attracted large audiences, and most of the newspapers of the city were filled with high-wrought and bombastic notices of his performances. The notions I entertained of his acting were expressed in the following article : —

MR. MATHEWS. We recollect to have read, — but when or where is of no importance, — that a Spartan mountebank once went to Athens, and amused the populace in the market-place by standing a long time on one leg. After this happy and successful exhibition of his talent, he exclaimed in great triumph, “There, no Athenian can do that.” “No, (replied an old market-woman,) but a *goose* can.” We know not whether the anecdote will be thought a happy illustration of our opinion with regard to the talents and performances of the celebrated mimic, who has turned the heads of half the good people of Boston. If any one should infer that we think *him* a *goose*, the inference would do us injustice ; the epithet may, with greater propriety, be applied to some of his *auditors*. Mr. Mathews is undoubtedly a man of *talent* ; but it is precisely that sort of talent which confers no credit on its possessor, and which can obtain for him not a tittle of respect. Mr. Mathews is a *mimic* ; and although he may possess other qualities, and those of a high intellectual order, for aught we know to the contrary, yet the only talent he has exhibited on the stage in Boston, — and to see the exhibition, of which a certain number of impolitic fools have bought tickets at auction, — is that faculty which enables him to catch the *peculiarities* of other men, and to imitate them with astonishing exactness. These imitations, like all other imitations, are amusing, and no man can behold them without feeling a degree of pleasure, provided he has not “*paid too dear for the whistle.*”

But *mimicry* is one thing, — the *art of acting* is another and quite a different thing. Take from the performances of Mr. Mathews his incidental imitations of celebrated actors, which, of course, border on caricature, and divest him of the *peculiarities* which he borrows from the Frenchman, the cockney, the paddy, or some other being, whose defects and oddities make him a figure of fun to all the rest of the world, and we apprehend they would be thought very stale performances indeed. His *Ollapod*, *Somno*, *Solomon Gundy*, *Rover*, &c. are so much inferior to what we have seen by Bernard, Bates, Twaits, Dickson, F. Brown, and Hilson, to say nothing of a host of inferior actors, that all attempts at comparison may be safely set at defiance.

These remarks are made from no unfriendly feeling towards Mr. Mathews ; for we have seen him only on the stage, and know him only in the characters which he there assumes. We are glad that he has experienced the hospitality and patronage of Bostonians. But we think those persons who buy tickets at advanced prices, and who never think of buying one at the regular price, except in cases of artificial excitement, like the present, are fit subjects for ridicule and castigation, and are, in reality, the worst foes with which a theatre has to contend. The system of *starring*, as it is called, will very soon give a death-blow to the existence of a well-regulated theatre. What managers will engage to pay a company of persons of talent and respectability, if they are to perform, night after night, to almost empty benches, and before an audience, of which the greater part is composed of their own door-keepers, lamp-lighters, scene-shifters, and supernumeraries ! We have seen some of the noblest productions of the human intellect, — the immortal creations of Shakspeare and Sheridan, of Colman and Cumberland, — represented on our stage by the regular company of the managers, in a manner that the authors themselves might have been pleased and proud to witness, when there have been hardly persons enough in the house to pay for the lamp-oil which lighted it. And we have seen, too, this same house crowded to suffocation with men and women, grave senators, learned judges, and even reverend churchmen,

to see the acting of some itinerant hero of the sock or the buskin, whose talents were nothing more than from "fair to middling," whose manners were not of the first rate, and whose intrusion into the company disconcerted all regularity in arrangement, and prevented the decent performance of the subordinate characters of the play. These things ought not so to be ; but so they will be, until those, who lead in the fashions and amusements of the town, will believe that a stationary performer may have some merit, and that it is possible a play may be performed in a style worthy of their regard, without a "star" in the principal character.

On the last evening of his engagement, Mathews addressed the audience in a disgustingly fulsome style, and bade them farewell,—intimating that that was his last appearance in Boston. The next morning he announced in the newspapers that he should give an entertainment at Boylston Hall, avowedly for the gratification of certain ladies and gentlemen, who were prevented, by conscientious scruples, from attending the theatre. His speech at the theatre was published in the *Galaxy* of January 31, (the afternoon previous to this promised entertainment,) with the following comment :—

After all this excess of grateful feeling, and the positive assurances that his benefit would be the last night of his public appearance in Boston, it was to have been hoped that Mr. Mathews would have left the city without forfeiting the good opinion of his friends, and without committing any act of gross and unpardonable injustice to the people of his profession. But it seems that, to gratify certain ladies and gentlemen, who, "from various causes, have been prevented from visiting the theatre," Mr. Mathews is to be "AT HOME" this evening at Boylston Hall. Mr. M. made a good bargain with the managers of the theatre. He must have known that his visit to this place injured their business before he came as well as after his

departure. He has repeatedly assured them that Wednesday evening was the last time that he could possibly appear in public, and, on the faith of these assurances, the managers assured the public that it was the last opportunity they could have of witnessing his entertainments. But certain ladies and gentlemen could not visit the theatre to see him. Why could they not? Because they *would* not. They will not give even their countenance to support a theatre and a stationary company of players, but they will encourage, by their countenance and money, an itinerant mimic, who offers his *instructive* and *chaste* imitations in any other place. They will not go to the theatre to see a tragedy of Shakspeare or a comedy of Sheridan, but they are extremely anxious to get into Boylston Hall, to see Mr. Mathews imitate a sea sick rustic or a drunken coachman, and to hear him retail the stale jokes of Jo. Miller, and tell the delicate "adventures of Mr. Rumpfoozle and Mrs. Ninicompips."

After Mathews had gone through with the performance, as proposed in his bill, he addressed the audience in a very *solemn* manner, which indicated that his bosom was laboring intensely to be delivered of some grave and weighty matter. He said, as that was the only opportunity he could have of replying to a base and malicious calumny in one of the papers of the city, he begged the indulgence of the ladies and gentlemen, while he should read the article to which he alluded, and which he pronounced a base, slanderous, and unprovoked attack upon his reputation. After some minutes spent in preliminary remarks, concerning his engagement with the managers of the theatre, his willing submission to "fair and manly criticism," &c. he took from his table the Galaxy of that day, and read the article which is quoted on the preceding page,—interspersing it with absolutory exclamations,



pregnant interrogations, and accusatory annotations ; —all which were pronounced, according to play-book phrase, *aside*, and in a different tone of voice, in order that his hearers might distinctly understand what language was *mine*, and what was *his*. He omitted, however, to read the sentence in which allusion was made to “ Dr. Rumpfoozle and Mrs. Ninicompips,” those mellifluous names which he was in the habit of pronouncing on the stage with peculiar distinctness and grace of gesticulation. The charge that his entertainments were composed of materials that were old, stale, and vulgar, seemed to be the principal grievance of which he complained ; though he descanted at considerable length on the fact that the words “ ladies ” and “ gentlemen ” were printed, as he said, “ in Italics with a sneer.”

On the Monday following the United States marshal presented to me a summons to appear before the circuit court, to be held in Boston, on the fifteenth day of May then next succeeding, to answer to Charles Mathews, in a plea of the case, &c. The damages were laid in the writ at TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.\* Mathews had left the city before the service of the summons, and never returned. Mr. Manners, the British consul, was entrusted with the management of the case for Mathews, but it never came to trial. A few days after the opening of the court, a note was received by my counsel, the Hon. Daniel Webster, from the plaintiff’s counsel, stating that he should not enter it. And this was the end of the matter.

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\* The writ in this case was elaborately drawn, by Augustus Peabody, Esq. The copy of it is now in my possession. It is from three to four yards in

In December, 1823, I was again called to the bar of the Municipal Court, to answer to an indictment found on the complaint of Alexis Eustaphieve, the Russian Consul. This gentleman had resided in Boston a number of years. At one time he was a prolific writer in the newspapers, on politics, literature, law, and almost every subject that newspaper discussion embraces. He was celebrated for his criticisms on the drama and theatrical performances, on concerts, music, &c. and had written two or three dramatic pieces, founded on incidents in Russian history. He was also somewhat proud of his superiority in playing on the violin, and of his success in his favorite amusement of fishing. In brief, he was, or supposed himself to be, the autocrat of the fashionable world of Boston; and, of course, *that* world was not without individuals who sometimes doubted the correctness of his decisions, and became a little restive under his assumed supremacy. The indictment here spoken of alleged the publication of three libels. The *first* was in the Galaxy of September 1, 1820,—a communication upon concerts. The alleged libelous words were contained in an incidental remark of the writer, censuring the severity which was sometimes exercised by parents in attempting to render children, *prematurely*, rapid performers on the piano-forte. The consul considered it a reflection on himself, (perhaps the writer intended it as such;) though no name was mentioned, nor was there any hint, or innuendo, that could lead any one, not

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length Several years ago,—I believe after the death of Mathews,—Mr. Peabody informed me that he had never been able to obtain, from Mathews or his agent, any compensation for the labor of drawing this instrument.

familiar with his domestic administration, to apply the censure to him. For myself, I had not the slightest suspicion that the remarks had reference to any individual, but supposed them intended for general application. The *second* was in the *Galaxy* of November 20, 1821, and was, it must be confessed, rather a severe lampoon upon the consul. Its republication, as a scrap of history, it is presumed, will not subject the publisher of this work to a prosecution. It here follows:—

#### IN THE PRESS

Of Typeoff & Strikemoff, and will soon be published by Wit-enough, Playitoff, Cutemup & Co. sole proprietors, at the sign of the Bear and Fiddle, corner of Mitten and Snow streets, opposite John Frost's Hailstone Manufactory,

#### THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF U. STUFFY.

1 vol. 4to. imperial foolscap, bound in Russia.

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Chap. II. Joins a foreign embassy as second violin — Promotion abroad from the orchestra to the organ-loft — Turns author — Turns back again — Appointed sub-spial near Yankeetown by the great autocrat.

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Chap. VI. His dislike to Caledonian literature — And why; his being taught to dance to the Scotch fiddle, and the superiority of the latter to his own — "Burnt bear dreads hot iron" — Condemns the author of Waverley, supposing him to be a Scot — A set-to between the big bear and a dandy — Pro and con concerning the same — The contest unnatural, his antagonist being a *fisher*† — "Two of a trade can't agree" — Further difficulties between the same as to the relative merit of an Imperial fisher and a King fisher.

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The *third* article was a paragraph entitled "Record of Fashion," in the Galaxy of November 7, 1823. It was a brief notice of a disturbance which happened at a public ball, which spoke of "the rugged Russian bear" as a conspicuous actor in the affray. It was immediately on the publication of this paragraph that Mr. Eustaphieve laid his complaint before the grand jury. Whether he thought this more libelous than the other articles, published, severally three and two years

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\* Alluding to the performance of the *Distrest Mother*, in which Mr. Brown read the part of Pyrrhus, on account of the *indisposition* of the actor who was to perform the part.

† Dr. Fisher, an Englishman, employed by certain families who preferred *private tuition* for their sons to the *public Latin School* — celebrated for his dress and deportment in the extreme of dandyism.

before, — or had been, during those three years, treasuring up his resentment to be let out when he supposed the measure of my iniquity was full, is a question on which I was never informed. So far as I knew, no prosecution had been threatened.

The trial of this indictment took place, January 9, 1824. The prosecution was conducted by J. T. Austin, Esq. the county attorney. My counsel for defence were the Hon. Benjamin Gorham and S. L. Knapp, Esq. Judge Quincy, who was on the Bench at my trial on Maffitt's prosecution, had resigned, and his place had been filled by Peter O. Thacher, Esq. In his instructions to the jury, Judge Thacher laid down principles of law entirely different from those held by Judge Quincy. Under his direction, an escape from conviction was not expected; yet the jury did acquit on the first count in the indictment; on the second they rendered a verdict of GUILTY: the third was discovered to be at variance from the article in the paper, and, after argument, the court decided that the variation was fatal. Having been convicted on the second count, the court sentenced me to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, and to give a bond with two sureties to keep the peace one year. From this sentence I appealed to the Supreme Court.

At the close of this trial, the county attorney informed the court that Mr. Eustaphie had instructed him to lay the subject of the third count of the indictment, which had been set aside for informality, again before the grand jury. Accordingly a second edition of the indictment, "revised, amended, and improved," was procured, and tried at the next March term of the

court. This *improved* edition consisted of two counts, in both of which the whole article on which it was founded, was recited, with as many allegations, innuendoes, and averments, as the most fastidiously technical lawyer could require, — charging the defendant with the intent, *first*, falsely, maliciously, and with force of arms, to vilify and scandalize Alexis Eustaphie; and, *secondly*, to deprive him of the emoluments of his office, as consul of the emperor of all the Russias. Messrs. Gorham and Knapp again served me as counsel. The charge of the judge was substantially a repetition of his former charge. The jury rendered a verdict of GUILTY, on the first count, and acquitted on the second. The judge immediately pronounced sentence, — *That the defendant should be imprisoned thirty days in the common jail, and pay the costs of prosecution.* From this sentence I also appealed to the Supreme Court. The *authors* of these articles were well known to me. Two of them had been with me on the most familiar terms, and one of these was a young man, who had just come to the possession of a handsome fortune by the death of his father; but neither of them came forward to acknowledge his agency in the composition, or to furnish any aid in my defence.

Two prosecutions against me were now pending in the Supreme Court. The first came on for trial before Judge Wilde on the 16th of December, 1824, and occupied two days. This was for the publication of "The Life and Opinions of U. Stuffy." The jury were in their room more than two hours, and then returned and stated that they could not agree. They



received further instruction from the judge, retired for another hour, and then came into court, declaring it to be impossible that they should ever agree. The papers were then taken from them, and the case was continued for a new trial ; but at the next term of the court, the prosecuting officer withdrew the indictment, and no trial ever took place. The other indictment, for the article entitled "Record of Fashion," was tried on the twentieth of the same month. The jury were in deliberation from four o'clock in the afternoon till nine the next morning, when they were sent for by the court, and stated that they could not agree. A supplementary charge was given, and after an absence of a few minutes they returned a verdict of GUILTY. I was then sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of prosecution. The defence at these trials in the Supreme Court was conducted by the Hon. Benjamin Gorham and Franklin Dexter, Esq. — Mr. Knapp, who had acted as junior counsel at the Municipal Court, being occupied in other professional engagements.

A man by the name of James Brewer, who kept a retail shop of dry goods, and had made himself a laughing-stock by his ridiculous advertisements,—encouraged by some who were willing to amuse themselves with his follies, and not caring what annoyance they might impose upon me,—procured an indictment for something that appeared in the *Galaxy*, but which is now forgotten. I recognized, with a surety, for my appearance at the bar, when called for ; but the call was never made, and about two years after, the prosecuting attorney entered a *nolle prosequi* on the

record : — Brewer, in the mean time having *failed and gone to parts unknown*.

Thus ended my trials for the publication of libels. They had cost me some money, and much anxiety and vexation ; but I am not aware that they produced any change in my resolution to publish whatever I thought proper for publication, or in my determination to sustain the freedom and independence of the press, at any hazard. They produced one good effect, at least : — they led to a modification of the common law of libel, by the Legislature, — a measure brought about by Mr. Knapp, then a representative from Boston. Mr. Gorham declined to take any fee for his services as counsel in my defence.

In politics, the Galaxy was not committed to either of the great political parties of the day, so far as to be the advocate or opponent of either ; but the unexpected course taken by the “ Central Committee ” of the Federal party, in reference to the support of Mr. Monroe as President of the United States ; and to the nomination of a gentleman to represent the district of Suffolk (Boston) in Congress, — a course, which had given offence to many distinguished men in the party, — was frequently the subject of serious censure and ironical remark. This was the occasion of great dissatisfaction to Major Benjamin Russell, editor of the *Columbian Centinel*, who was, at that time, chairman of that committee. There was nothing, at first, in any of my remarks, that was personal ; but as they were pretty harshly censured by Mr. Russell, in conversation, if not in his paper, they grew more spicy, and, of

course, interrupted the friendly intercourse, which had been kept up between us for fifteen years. In the summer of 1819, Mr. Russell made a tour in the interior of the state, and wrote a kind of diary of his journey, which, like most other productions resulting from editorial travel, contained some very good remarks, and some very silly ones. These appeared in successive numbers of the Centinel; and were soon succeeded by a series of numbers in the Galaxy, under the title of "Nine Days' Ride in the Country," — to some extent a parody, and altogether an imitation, of Mr. Russell's journal. I must confess that there were some *wicked* insinuations in the description of the "Nine Days' Ride," intended to pay off some of the Major's *sinful* thrusts at the Galaxy. He felt the lash, and I enjoyed the triumph. His resentment probably lasted longer on this occasion, than on any other except one, that occurred in the whole of his long life. But though irritable in the extreme, he was not implacable; and, after four or five years, in which, as if by mutual agreement, we took not the least notice of each other when we met, our friendly intercourse was renewed and remained uninterrupted till his death.

The course which Mr. John Quincy Adams had pursued in 1807 in relation to the Embargo, and his approval of the measures of Mr. Jefferson's administration, had alienated the affections of the Federal party; and it was not unnatural that the Galaxy, at this period of political excitement, should give utterance to sentiments which, in subsequent years, and after personal acquaintance and friendly intercourse with Mr. Adams, were modified or repudiated. During the

electioneering campaign of 1824, many severe articles, concerning Mr. Adams, found admission into the Galaxy, (most of them, however, from correspondents, who could not overlook his defection from Federalism,) which have been sincerely regretted. His inauguration, which took place on the fourth of March, 1825, was celebrated in Boston, by a public dinner, and various other demonstrations of rejoicing. It was noticed in the Galaxy, after the following fashion : —

Sure such a day as this was never seen.  
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,  
Shines like a dandy in a birth-day suit.  
All nature wears a universal grin.

The inauguration of our new President takes place this day at the capital of the United States. In honor of this event, his particular friends in this town and vicinity, eat, and drink, and dance, and exchange congratulations. So let it be. We should have liked another man better, but we are not afraid of Mr. Adams. We are not obliged to look sour and musty, and refuse to eat and drink, because the Democrats and the Quids and the — (we came very near writing Apostates,) have got their man. We like to be in a minority, sometimes. It gives one a chance to laugh at the mistakes and follies of the majority ; or he may grumble at their extravagance and misdoings, if he likes grumbling better. If the Adamsites carry their dish upright, what need is there that the Crawfordites, the Jacksonites, or the Clayites, (but *they* are already defunct by amalgamation,) should be out of humor?

The man who frowns to-day should lose his head,  
That he should have no face to frown withall.

Therefore, since this is a glorious day, — “ a day, indeed, we never saw before,” — let every one wear a face of joy, drink his toast, clap, shout, and burn all Dupont’s gunpowder, while

The unborn thunder rumbles o’er his head,  
As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,  
And heaven and earth in wild confusion jumble.

In the course of the year a number of squibs, intended to ridicule the President, were admitted into the *Galaxy*,—most of them written or suggested by correspondents; but their satire was not remarkably pungent. Their composition gave far less pleasure to the editor than to some of his friends, whom he has no disposition to name, and who would not desire to be reminded of these effusions of witless peevishness and ineffectual ill-humor. It was not till the year 1837, that I became personally acquainted with Mr. Adams. He was then a member of the House of Representatives. I felt a little awkwardness during the first interview, but it was soon relieved by the simplicity and suavity of his manner. From that time to his death, in 1848, we frequently met and held friendly conversations; but no allusion did he ever make to any thing I had said of him in the newspapers under my control.

After the close of the session of the Legislature in June, 1826, I prepared a series of sketches of the characters and personal appearance of a number of the members. Those which are annexed, were intended as portraits of the respective subjects, and were recognized as such by the public at the time of publication:—

Age and seniority are passports to honor. Priority of notice is due to Mr. HOLDER SLOCUM of Dartmouth. This gentleman must be considerably over seventy years of age, and was a member of the House of Representatives, nearly forty years ago. He has been a member of that body almost every year since his first election; but was *once* returned as a senator from the county of Bristol. His politics are such as are styled republican; but it would be difficult for those who know him

only by his speeches *now*, to decide whether he has any distinct notions of political science. In times of high party excitement, when men were divided on questions of national policy, when every man was a Federalist or a Republican, (in the party and exclusive acceptation of the term *republican*,) he was always found acting with the Republicans; and he made it an indispensable *rule*, in his code of rules and orders, to suffer no question to pass without expressing his opinion; and he has been known, frequently, to rise and ask, *Mr. Speaker, what is the question under consideration?*—although the question might have been debated in his presence for an hour,—and then proceed to his talk. It is not uncommon for him to rise and begin to speak to a question that has already been decided, and after another has been taken up for action. It is the privilege of age to be garrulous, and Mr. Slocum abates not one jot or tittle of his privilege. In the last Legislature he was for repealing the old usury law, as it was called, of 1784; in the present he has been for reviving it. In both he fought with all his might for the repeal of the lottery prohibitions, and, in both, has declared his desire that a state lottery might be established, and the members of the Legislature be paid for their attendance in lottery tickets. He always “quotes scripture to his purpose,” whether it be to permit or prohibit usury, to license lotteries and games of chance, to regulate the taking of trout and alewives, to provide for the support of ministers, to make roads and canals, to build jails or schoolhouses, to incorporate banks or academies, to exempt sheep and swine from attachment, or to tax bachelors. His quotations are not always, as a cotemporary editor would say, *in good taste*, and it would require more sagacity than most of his auditors possess, to perceive the aptness of their application; but if a smile is produced, Mr. Slocum seems to be satisfied that the scrap of holy writ has had its perfect work. He sometimes illustrates by the repetition of proverbs and anecdotes, which are as “germain to the matter,” as was the text “These eight did Milcah bear” to the pious Methodist’s sermon on *effectual calling*. Mr. Slocum frequently relates, in his own peculiar vein of humor, the circumstances attending his



first appearance at the capitol as a senator. Always acting on the principle that *punctuality is the soul of business*, and presuming that, in our republican government, no senator could claim precedence of place over another, he entered the Senate chamber on the day of election, and seated himself in a chair next to that of the President. After the election of a President, the senators take their seats according to seniority, beginning at the President's chair and proceeding on the right and left alternately. As the members were called over in this order, Mr. Slocum was obliged to abdicate the seat he had chosen, and resign it to an elder senator. He took the next chair, and was again obliged to move, and give place to a senior ; being thus several times "pushed from his stool," he soon found himself near to the door, when he called to the door-keeper, *I say, shut that door, if you please, or I shall be expelled from the Senate* Mr. Slocum does not look much older now than he did twenty years ago, and it may be said, without incurring the imputation of extravagant eulogy, that his intellect is as bright and his understanding as vigorous as it was then. It is to be presumed, however, that some of his faculties have lost a portion of their natural sensibility, and that he has received at least one of the "three warnings" which Death gives to those whose term of existence is spun out to the length of three score and ten. His *sense of hearing* does not appear to be so exquisite as that of some of his juniors ; and it is not without exertion, and repeated attempts to keep him within the limits prescribed by the rules and orders of the House, that the Speaker can make him understand that some other gentleman has the floor, and that he has exhausted his privilege of speaking. The establishment of a state lottery, a tax on bachelors, and the revival of the usury law of 1784, appear to have been the hobbies of Mr. Slocum during the late session.

In a remote part of the semicircle which fronts the Speaker's chair, a gentleman might always be found during the sittings of the House. Respected for his years, acquirements, and private character, Mr. GEORGE BLISS of Springfield may certainly be classed among the leaders of the House. This was

his first appearance, in the character of a representative, for many years. He has held several offices of honor and high responsibility in the state. He was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas before the division of the state into circuits and the present organization of the courts, and has filled the place of senator, representative, and counselor to the executive. He has been more than once mentioned as a suitable candidate for the office of governor, a station to which he would do honor. It happens sometimes that an individual transaction, becoming unpopular, as times and opinions and circumstances vary, destroys the popularity of those concerned in it, although it were produced by the purest and most worthy of motives; and something like this has happened to Mr. Bliss. He was one of that select body of virtuous, high-minded, patriotic citizens, which assembled at Hartford in December, 1814, to exercise a constitutional right of consulting on grievances and the prospect of redress, and which has since been honored with the abusive and contumelious reproaches of a set of politicians, whose motives in this respect are, to say the least, of doubtful purity. The stain of the Hartford Convention Mr. Bliss must carry with him to the grave; and he must be contented to live proscribed to a certain extent, unless apostacy from Federalism (which God forbid!) should atone for the transaction. It has been hinted that Mr. Bliss is willing to have his connection with the Hartford Convention forgotten, and that he had discovered some symptoms of a temporizing policy. But no one who sees him in his place, and witnesses the firmness of his morality, can give credit to the suggestion. In the House of Representatives Mr. Bliss has not displayed very brilliant powers. His style of speaking has no fascination. He is logical, but not eloquent; sometimes energetic, but never graceful. His discernment is clear and his perception rapid. He is active, patient, industrious, and persevering. Public business may be safely entrusted to his hands; for he seems, as a legislator, to act from no motive but what he conceives to be the public good. He was untiring in his efforts to obtain a repeal of the law of March, 1826, relating to usury, because he thought it permitted the avari-

cious to oppress the needy with impunity ; and he opposed the operations of lotteries in any and every shape, because he had satisfied himself that games of chance were demoralizing to the community.

Mr. DANA of Groton furnishes an exemplification of the truth of the commonly received notion that the "era of good feelings" has done much to wear off the roughness of old political prejudices and to soften the asperities of party. He has been many years in public life. He has filled the offices of senator and representative in the state legislature, representative in Congress, judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and counselor in the executive department. For one or two years he was placed in the chair of the Senate as president of that body. There was a time when Mr. Dana was, if not a leader, a conspicuous member in the very front rank of the republican party in this commonwealth. He was in the legislature in those times when the election of governor was strongly and violently contested, and when the votes of every town were sifted with as much jealousy as if the fate of the whole continent depended on the placing of a single vote to the credit of one candidate or another, -- when, if a dot over an *i* or a cross on a *t* were omitted in the return, the vote of the whole town was vitiated. It was during this season of high party feeling, when the peering eye of political jealousy was keen to discover the slightest informality, that the return of votes from a certain town, intended undoubtedly for Caleb Strong, were returned for Caleb *Srong*, and in another return the final *g* was omitted, leaving the name *Stron*. It was contended by the Federalists that these votes were intended for the same person, and that they ought not to be deducted from the aggregate number of Governor Strong's votes, for so slight an inadvertency in the certifying officer. But the Republicans contended as sternly, that they must take the returns as they were made, with all their imperfections ; and Mr. Dana was a champion for this doctrine. In reply to a remark that there were no such names as *Srong* and *Stron*, Mr. Dana said it was impossible for gentlemen to prove that there were no such names. He knew, and every man knew, that there was a

great variety of names, and that almost every town in the commonwealth contained some person, of a name, which was altogether a stranger in other towns. He did not, himself, know of any person of the name of *Srong* or *Stron*, but he knew of other names equally uncommon; and it was a fact that, in a certain town, there was a man by the name of *Noble Bags*, — a name which probably no member of the House had ever heard before; yet, if there were returns of votes for Mr. Noble Bags, it would be proper that they should be taken into the calculation in making up the aggregate return. It was with reference to this declaration of Mr. Dana, that some of his political opponents, with more wit than decorum, applied to *him* the name of Noble Bags, — a name by which he was frequently spoken of for several years. But the bitterness of those times has passed away, and with it much of the reproach which either party was in the habit of casting upon its adversaries. For the last two years, Mr. Dana has been a representative from the town of Groton, and his course in the House has been that of a gentleman and an impartial legislator. He has been the sturdy opponent of lotteries, and, of course, comes in for a share of the sneers of those who reproach their antagonists with the epithets of puritans, canters, and hypocrites. He has strenuously opposed the revival of the old usury law of 1784. His speeches on that question were distinguished for candor, moderation and good sense. He is a warm advocate of all measures tending to promote education and extending its benefits. His style of speaking is mild rather than vehement. He has considerable fluency of speech, and preserves a remarkable courtesy of manner towards an opponent. He is presumed to be sixty years of age, and retains, apparently, the vigorous intellect of middle and the physical sprightliness of early life. He is an acting counselor in the various courts, and often, in the order of debate, digresses into expositions of legal points, which, however useless they may be to his professional brethren, are not without value to hearers of another description.

Mr. MACKAY, of Pittsfield, is distinguished as a gentleman of polished manners and a speaker of uncommon correctness

and precision. His language is not pedantic nor his style flowery, but his words are well chosen and his sentences, however long, are never disfigured by grammatical inaccuracies. . . . At the organization of the House in May, 1825, Mr. Mackay received the votes of some of the members for Speaker, — an office for which his characteristic amenity of manners and uniform dignity of department are no mean qualifications.

The Rev. THOMAS MASON, of Northfield, has been several times a member of the House of Representatives. He has never appeared very conspicuously before the public, in his character as a *legislator*, till he ventured to oppose, a year and a half ago, the bill granting a charter to Amherst college. That speech was published from a copy prepared by himself, and was read with approbation by men of his way of thinking. It was a bold exposition of his views, and a severe attack upon the conduct, if not upon the motives, of the friends of that measure. Mr. Mason is of that class of Christians called Unitarians. In the present Legislature he made no speeches, and what degree of influence he exercises among the representatives in his quarter of the House is not exactly known. The Speaker doubtless estimated his peculiar *tact* when he placed him on the *committee on parishes*. Of Mr. Mason's talents, as a preacher, we cannot speak, except from report, which has given him a reputation far above that of some of his neighbors. That he is ingenious in reasoning and shrewd in management with those whose peculiar opinions come in conflict with his own, is highly probable. In personal appearance, Mr. Mason is as far removed from that of the "petit-maitre clergyman," as he is from that of the sanctified tribe of Calvin. It is said, that, in addition to those treasures, which he doubtless lays up *where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal*, he has also been observant of another Christian precept, and made *friends of the mammon of unrighteousness*, and got *treasure in earthen vessels*. If these things be so, it is the fulfillment of the declaration of an inspired apostle, that *Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come*.



The reverend representative from Framingham, Mr. TRAIN, is a preacher of the Baptist denomination, and bears his faculties with great meekness. He too, if we mistake not, is a member of the *committee on parishes*, — quite in character ; — but how he and his reverend colleague from Northfield can ever agree upon a report, is a mystery. In the session of last winter, Mr. Train was a sturdy opponent of the repeal of the old usury bill ; and in a speech which he made on the subject, he proved that he knew more of the arcana of usury than any lawyer, and could tell how two dollars were made of one better than any merchant in the House.

There is yet another gentleman of the cassock in the House of Representatives, — a Mr. TAYLOR from Swanzey. He is a preacher in that denomination of Christians, who distinguish themselves from all other sects by assuming the name of *Christians*, pronouncing the first *i* long, as in the primitive word from which the name is a deviation. His style of speaking in debate is his style of speaking in the pulpit, — admirable for a field-preacher, but the worst possible for a debater. In a speech which he made in opposition to a bill authorizing the erection of a jail at New-Bedford, he pulled out all the vent-pegs of declamation, and wrought himself up to a rapturous pitch of eloquence, insomuch that he often used the phrases, *my dear friends* and *my dear hearers*, as if he were addressing a congregation of groaning Newlights instead of the Speaker of a deliberative body. This speech was most cruelly torn to atoms by a sweet-spoken gentleman from New-Bedford. Mr. Taylor was so overcome by this buffeting, that he made no attempt to collect the fragments of his speech, but left them to the rude mercy of the spoiler. . . .

These gentleman are all dead, unless it be the last mentioned. There were notices of several others, but these are sufficient for a specimen.

In composing editorials for the *Galaxy*, imagination was not often drawn upon for the embellishment of



facts. The annexed article is an exception to what was a general practice. The natural scenery, referred to, is accurately though imperfectly described. The incident of the broken bridge, and the fall of the hero in attempting to cross it, were circumstances of frequent and merry conversation "sixty years since": —

THE DEVIL : A CONNECTICUT LEGEND.

Mortal eye cannot endure the Devil.

*Richard III.*

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
I'll not approach thee.

*Hamlet, improved.*

Notwithstanding all that has been said by infidel orators, and all that has been written by infidel philosophers, to disprove the existence of the Devil, it is doubted whether any one of them ever felt perfectly at ease when alone, in a dark night. Soldiers are ever bold and daring when the enemy is at a distance ; but bring him within arms-length, and the stoutest heart may, like Macbeth, "begin to pall in resolution." There seems to be an instinctive aversion in most men to look upon the Prince of Darkness face to face ; and though Philosophy may try to reason them out of their fears, Satire may laugh at them, and Religion offer her shield,—yet still there are few who have not, some time in their lives, when they were in solitary darkness, started suddenly as the thought came over them, that the mysterious being, who, according to the Calvinistic system of theology, shares, in common with

the Most High, the attribute of omnipresence, might take that opportunity to manifest himself to their senses, and give them tangible proof of the truth of a doctrine which they would fain deny. However unfashionable it may be at the present day to acknowledge a faith in the existence of an infernal spirit, and though a certain class of divines which are increasing almost daily in our country, labor hard to convince their hearers that “’Tis the eye of childhood only that fears a painted Devil,” yet we hold to the good old doctrine of our pious ancestors, and much we fear that the philosophers and divines, to whom we have adverted, will find to their sorrow that *their* faith has not been according to knowledge. We deem it useless to recapitulate arguments which have a thousand and a thousand times been urged upon unbelievers; if the “wise saws” of ancient times, the testimony of the holy fathers of the church, and inferences drawn from numerous passages of sacred scripture avail nothing,—

If *old assertions* can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a *modern tale*.

In the northeasterly part of the township of Windham, state of Connecticut, there are two considerable eminences, whose sides are of easy and gradual ascent, and each of whose summits is spread out into a broad *plateau*, and both are beautifully variegated with cultivated fields, orchards, and groves of oak, walnut, and chestnut. One of these eminences has been known, from time when the memory of the oldest man there living runneth not to the contrary, by the name of *Bear-Hill*. This name, according to tradition, was appropriately bestowed, as in the early

period of the settlement, and even so late as the middle of the last century, the woods and thickets of the hill were the haunts of that ferocious animal, the bear, whence they would occasionally emerge and lay the pens and barnyards of the farmers under most grievous contribution, destroying pigs, calves, and sheep, and setting the ingenuity of the industrious villagers at defiance, till the increase of population and the consequent reduction of the forest, together with the perseverance of the hunter, finally exterminated these foes to civilization. The other eminence, which was situated westerly of that we have described, was, no less appropriately, as will appear in the sequel, named *Beaver-Hill*.

In the remotest corner of the township, and in the notch which separates the two hills, at the nearest point of their approximation, there is a spring of pure water, issuing from the side of a rude ledge of rocks. Flowing in a southerly direction, the gurgling fountain soon increases to a small streamlet, and, receiving in its progress the contributions of oozing moisture from the rocky banks on either side, in about two miles from its source, it attains the breadth of two or three feet. Here the "floating mirror" takes the name of *Beaver-Brook*; and it may be proper now to inform the reader of the derivation of the name of both brook and hill, and establish their claims to legitimacy.

At the period to which we have referred, when those four-footed savages, the bears, maintained their title to the lands on Bear-Hill, an animal of a much more mild and sociable nature resided on the opposite side of the brook. A colony of beavers had, probably

long before the voyage of Columbus or even that of Madoc, (but of this we are not positive, having never seen the records,) built a city, which was as much an object of the admiration and kindness of the white settlers, as the dens of the bears were of their hatred and hostility. These sagacious animals had doubtless pitched upon this spot, aware of its natural advantages. The eastern declivity of the hill, about three miles from the source of the brook, was, for the distance of another half mile or more, thickly covered with a young and thrifty growth of white oak trees, in the language of that region called *staddles*, of all sizes from that of an inch to that of six or seven inches diameter. These young trees or *staddles*, were an excellent material for the erection of the beavers' dwelling-place, and the easy descent of the ground offered an expeditious conveyance to the brook of such timber as they wanted. Here then these industrious and peaceable quadrupeds had driven their piles, filled in the interstices with stones, sticks, leaves and weed — in short, erected a dam across the valley which separated the two hills, and raised an artificial pond of water covering about an acre of ground. On the western edge of the pond their neat and comfortable dwellings were erected; here they lived, doubtless for ages, procuring provisions from their own soil, which was the gift of nature, and sporting on their own waters, the creation of their own labor. But alas! beavers, no less than bears and the almost equally savage and cruel biped aboriginal, vanish before the approach of civilized man, like the mist of the morning before the brightness of the sun; and

long before the time when our young remembrance can date its earliest record, no living beaver was left in this spot to tell the history of his race. But yet the monuments of their skill and sagacity remained for years after the *village* was deserted ; and we recollect that very distinct traces of their dam were to be seen so lately as the year 1790. It is not impossible that some of the oaken piles, driven to a considerable depth into the bed of the brook may be found at this day.

We have dwelt on the description of this little region, and the derivation of the names connected with it, somewhat too long, perhaps, for the reader's patience, but not a moment too much for the writer's gratification. We could fill a volume with the reminiscences of childhood, the juvenile exploits which have endeared the memory of Beaver-Hill, the rambles for bird's eggs in its orchards and for nuts in its groves, the squirrel-hunts and husking-frolics, — which always concluded with the delightful game of "*button*," or "*I am a poor widow that lives all alone*," — and, though last not least, the undescribed and indescribably joyous feats of coasting down its declivity on a sled, which sometimes ended in a plunge into the crystal stream that laved the base. But we hasten to the story with which we intended to illustrate our motto and introductory paragraph.

At some little distance below the old beaver dam, increased by tributary streams from the hill on one side or the other, Beaver-Brook swells to a size that, in the principality of Wales, if we may believe Dr. Johnson, would entitle it to the appellation of *river*, —

and to such a breadth, that it would be difficult even for that great Colossus of English literature, were he now "alive and kicking," to bestride it.\* The main road leading from the principal village of Windham to Pomfret,—called, in those days, when the spirit of improvement, or rather the spirit of speculation, had not intersected the country in every direction with turnpikes, the "road to Boston,"—after winding along the valley for two or three miles, here crosses the brook and ascends the western acclivity of Bear-Hill, where we will leave it to pursue its course to Pomfret or to Boston. The traveller on this road crosses Beaver-Brook (or did at the period of our story) on a wooden bridge, formed of thick chestnut plank, or perhaps, of chestnut logs, hewed flat on their upper surface. Along this road, and in the vicinity of the bridge on both sides, there were a number of houses, inhabited by as many industrious and virtuous families, whose principles were a little puritanic, and whose manners were as simple and unostentatious as their habitations, their food, and their furniture.

About sixty years ago there lived on the brow of Bear-Hill, half a mile or more from the bridge just mentioned, a worthy, good sort of man, by name Jonathan Speedwell. He was, at that time, a bachelor of some thirty-five or forty years, and had lately lost his father, from whom he inherited a snug little farm, with a stock of neat cattle, horses, swine, sheep, and

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\* Mrs. Piozzi, in her *Synonymes of the English Language*, informs us that Dr. Johnson, being in Wales, was desirous of seeing that celebrated river the Severn. On its being pointed out to him, he set one of his feet on either bank and said to his companions, "See how an Englishman can bestride a Welsh river!"



all the usual appendages to such an establishment, and with no other incumbrances than an aged mother, (who could hardly be called an incumbrance, for although *aged*, she was yet in good health, and able and willing to earn her breakfast every morning before she ate it, by her attentions to domestic affairs,) and a sister, who was willing to be thought younger than Jonathan, though the record in the *great Bible* indicated that she was born at least two years earlier. Jonathan saw that, in the ordinary course of nature, his mother *could not* be spared many years to superintend the dairy, the spinning and the weaving, and the thousand other nameless concerns of the household establishment; and he had sagacity enough to perceive that his sister *would not* refuse to marry,—if a good match should offer. Jonathan had often reflected on the bereaved state in which he would be left, when his mother should be taken away by death, and his sister by marriage; and he judged it wise and prudent to provide against both these events, one of which was certain, and the other highly probable. He had the advice, too, of his aged parent; and thus fortified by her approbation, strongly moved by considerations of prudence, and conscientiously acting in obedience to the divine maxim which said, “It is not good that man should be alone,” Jonathan resolved to marry. Looking round among the females of his neighborhood, (for “his sober wishes had never learned to stray” beyond the precincts of the valley and the two eminences which bounded it,) he fixed his affections on Sally Careful, a notable girl, daughter of a poor widow, who lived half a mile, more or less, from the bridge on the

Beaver-Hill side of the brook. Sally was of a suitable age to be a match for Jonathan, being not more than five years older or younger than he. As we said before, she was a notable girl, and maintained herself and mother by the labor of her hands. Jonathan commenced his courtship in the usual form, and carried it on according to the good old custom of those times, by visiting his sweetheart every "Sabba'-day night," sitting up with her till nine in the evening, and lying down with her till six in the morning. Let no squeamish coquette of modern days sneer at the sacred rite of the land of steady habits sixty years ago. Happy would it be if every fashionable belle after being "*staid with*" could rise at six in the morning as innocent as Sally Careful.

Whatever might have been the practice of other young ladies of those days, it was not that of Sally Careful to sit idle in the presence of her lover, nor as the manner of some has been, to answer in monosyllables to every question which he might venture to put forth, and to spoil a checkered pocket handkerchief in an evening by twirling it round her thumbs, tying it into knots, and nibbling its corners with her teeth. When Jonathan visited Sally, she invariably took her knitting-work, and usually *stinted* herself to knit a man's stocking or a pair of striped mittens, of an evening,—in winter, we mean,—when evenings are long, and "Sabba'-day" evening the longest evening in the week,—for you must know, gentle reader, that in Connecticut, at the period of which we are writing, "holy time" commenced at sunset on Saturdays and ended at the same time on Sunday. A "*Sabba'-day*"

evening, therefore, in the months of October, November, and December, was not so short a period of time as you might at first thought imagine. We make this explanation, reader, not to lessen the proper estimate of Sally's industry, but to satisfy thee that the aggregate amount of her labor as we have stated is not altogether disproportionate to the time occupied in performing it.

One Sabbath evening in the latter part of November, 1786, '87, or thereabouts, Jonathan had performed all that duty and interest required of him at home, and was seated before a cheerful fire in the cottage of Sally Careful. On one side was the ever-laboring Sally with her knitting-work, and on the other her venerable mother seated in her *low chair*, regaling herself with her pipe of tobacco, and ruminating on matters and things in general and nothing in particular. A day or two previous to this evening, a peddler had passed along the road and bartered a few of his wares with the cottagers. Of Sally Careful he had taken two or three pairs of stockings, leggings,\* or mittens, perhaps, and had given in return a little indigo, a comb, a set of knitting-needles, and a couple of pamphlets. It was very natural that Sally's bargain should be related to Jonathan, and the various articles were submitted to his inspection. After the indigo, the comb and the knitting-needles had been examined, their qualities approved, and the judgement

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\* Before *boots* were as commonly worn as they are now by all classes of people, men in the country were provided in winter with *leggings*; an article which might have been called a *stocking without a foot*, made to be fastened down over the shoe by a strap running under it, something in the manner of *gaiters*.

of Sally suitably commended, the *books* were taken up, and the old lady proposed that Jonathan should read, for the general entertainment and edification. Jonathan was *fond of reading*, and a new book, sixty years ago, in a retired part of a country town in Connecticut, was something of a curiosity. He therefore gladly consented.

The first of the pamphlets which he undertook to read was the then-well-known story of "*The Prodigal Daughter*," a little poem of about a hundred stanzas, giving a true relation of a young lady, who, being locked up in her chamber by her father, to restrain her extravagance, made a league with the Devil, and by his advice attempted to poison her father and mother, was found out, dropped down dead on being accused of her wickedness, was carried to the grave in her coffin, but came to life again as the sexton was about to deposit the coffin in the ground, was carried home again, related the wonderful things that had happened to her during the four days she had lain in a trance, was converted, repented of her former follies, became a good and exemplary Christian, and finally died in the faith of the gospel. This pamphlet (we have seen it often in our days of childhood) was decorated on its title-page with a type-metal cut, representing the *Devil* appearing in the shape of a fine gentleman to the Prodigal Daughter, his tail transformed to a sword, which, rather awkwardly, stuck out between the folds of his coat behind, and his cloven foot crammed into an ill-shaped boot, that might have fitted the foot of — —. While Jonathan was reading this true and wonderful relation he

could not avoid pausing, two or three times, to cast a glance at the side of the room opposite to the fire; and once, the whole party were prodigiously startled by a rustling noise near the bed, which occupied one of the farther corners of the room; but tranquility was soon restored when it was perceived that the alarm was occasioned by the cat, who was playing with the fringe of the coverlet. When the reading of the Prodigal Daughter was concluded, there was a few minutes of profound silence, and Jonathan would have doubted, if he had dared, some parts of the relation; but his faith was strengthened by the old lady's remarking that the Prodigal Daughter was a "chosen vessel," and that it was on such that the Devil generally was most likely to exercise his power of temptation. She added that the Devil, she believed, was allowed by God to appear to holy persons, to try them, but if they resisted him he would flee. Mr. Whitefield, she had no doubt, had often seen the Devil in various shapes, and as often vanquished him by prayer. With many such like asseverations, illustrated by facts which had come within her own knowledge, did the good old matron soothe the fears of her children, (for Jonathan was as good as married to Sally,) fortify their good resolutions, and instruct them in the most approved methods of driving away the Devil.

After this godly and refreshing conversation, as Sally had only then begun to narrow her second mitten, and had the thumbs of both still to knit up, Jonathan was requested to read the other pamphlet for the edification of the interested listeners. This was an "Account of the appearance of the Devil to



John Chesselden," and was a story of tenfold horror; for it gave a circumstantial relation, how two men, of whom John Chesselden was one, in walking through a lonely forest, entered into a discussion whether the Devil could appear to men,—how Chesselden disbelieved that he had any such power,—how he even went so far as to deny the existence of a Devil, and with a horrible oath, wished that if there were such a being, he might appear to them before they got out of the woods,—how they were soon alarmed by frightful noises, and on approaching a thicket of bushes from which the noises proceeded, there came out thence a creature as black as a negro, with horns like a bull, a tail like that of a scorpion, a cloven foot, and a blaze of fire issuing from his mouth,—how he assaulted the said Chesselden, threw him to the ground, scratched him with his claws, nearly put out his eyes with the smoke and flame from his mouth, and whisked his tail round the body and limbs of the infidel, till he was almost deprived of skin, blood or life,—and, finally, how this *Devil*, for it was actually that infernal spirit, was driven off by the prayers of Chesselden's friend. In order to assist the imagination, this book, too, had on its title-page a graphic delineation of the person of Beelzebub, such as it was described by the author of the story, and which could not meet the eye without producing a cold chill in every vein of the spectator, and send the warm blood back from the extremities to the heart like a bolt of ice.

Although neither Jonathan nor Sally, nor even her mother, could have given any *reasonable* reason why the eternal foe of human kind should pay them a



visit, yet all of them trembled when the old cat, who had lain *purring* in the chimney-corner, sprang at a cricket that dared to cross the hearth. Nay, the squealing of a pig, in a pen near the house, was not heard without an involuntary glance of the eye towards the door; and it occurred to more than one of the party that in the "New Testament times," the Devil was commanded into the swine,—a thought which was instantly followed by another, that the same demon of darkness might then have entered the body of the innocent pig, and set up an uncommon grunting and squealing to apprize them of his presence. Sally kept her fingers busily employed with her knitting; but before Jonathan had finished the reading, she found that the striped mitten discovered the tokens of inattention; she had sometimes *narrowed* by taking up half a dozen stitches at a time; then again she had omitted to *narrow* at all; and again she had knit several times round with yarn of one color only, omitting to use the blue and the white alternately. In fine, she perceived that the last mitten was so clumsily knit, that she unraveled more than half of it, and laid it aside to be finished at another time.

For some good reason,—though neither tradition nor the pen of history has informed us what it was,—Jonathan, contrary to his usual custom, was to go home that night. When he had bid Sally and her mother good-night and left the house, they fastened the door, and went to bed, pulling the bed-clothes quite over their heads, so that the Devil, if he had come into the room, could not have encountered their

eyes, where our story leaves them, to accompany Jonathan in his solitary walk to Bear-Hill.

It was now about ten o'clock. There were but two houses between the residence of Sally and the bridge on Beaver-Brook, and the inmates of those had retired to their beds. All lights were out, except the lamps of heaven, which glimmered but dimly and sparsely through the hazy atmosphere of a November evening. It was so light that Jonathan could distinguish a haystack from an apple-tree; but it was so dark that smaller objects were not distinctly visible at the distance of many rods. It may be imagined that Jonathan's thoughts were occupied with the subject which had employed them the whole evening; he was in a suitable frame of mind to see the Devil, if that mysterious being should choose to take upon himself the attribute of visibility; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he was not so *wicked* as to tempt the Devil to come for him and claim his due that night, nor so *good* that the Devil would be likely to go out of his way to tempt *him*.

Thus, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," Jonathan wended his homeward way. As he approached the bridge, and was within five or six rods of it, he was struck with amazement and horror, as he saw a gigantic figure, standing on the bridge, apparently with an intention of opposing his passage across. For a moment Jonathan's feet refused to perform their office; he could not retreat, and to advance he dared not. His eyes were riveted on the object before him; but he could distinguish neither form nor feature. A profound silence pervaded all

nature, except that the brook sent forth its customary rushing noise as it passed rapidly over its stony bed. But Jonathan was a man of some moral and physical courage, notwithstanding the "saucy fears" that chilled his blood occasionally in the course of the evening, and he resolved, be it man or be it devil, to proceed on his way. He recollected that the Devil was a spirit, and that spirits were incorporeal, and he very logically concluded, however the story of John Cheselden might support a contrary doctrine, that if he did not *see* the Devil, he probably should not *feel* the Devil; for Devil he sacredly believed the object was that then stood before him. The figure seemed to occupy a position on the extreme right end of the bridge, which was formed as we have before said of chestnut planks, about twelve or fourteen feet long. Jonathan determined to pass the bridge. He therefore fixed his eye directly, as he supposed to the centre of it, so that his course might equally avoid the position of his enemy and the danger of stepping off the other end. He then inclined his head a little toward his breast, and drew his hat over his forehead, so that he could see nothing but the path immediately before his feet. In this manner he cautiously but confidently stepped forward, repeating mentally the Lord's Prayer; and we may venture to add, that seldom has prayer emanated from a sincerer heart. He had scarcely pronounced in his thought the petition "deliver us from evil," when he received a tremendous blow, which almost stunned him and laid him flat on his back. It seemed that he had been struck at the same instant on the face, the breast, the knees, and

the feet. The shock was so sudden, that, had it been day-light, he would have been for a few moments none the better for his eyes. As he fell, he heard the noise of something jumping or tumbling into the brook, and then all was silent as before. He fancied there was the smell of sulphur. He looked, and he saw—nothing. The figure that had alarmed him, had vanished. He arose, uttered thanks to Heaven for the departure of Satan, and, in a very short time, found himself safe at home,—having received no other injury than the loss of a little skin from the knee which had received the blow, and a slight bruise on the back part of his head, made by his fall upon some small stones that lay in the path.

The next morning it was remarked that Jonathan looked uncommonly sober. He was asked for the cause, but declined giving any answer. His mother expressed a fear that his affairs with Sally did not prosper according to his liking; and his sister rather tauntingly said she supposed “Sally had given him the bag.” This aroused his pride, and he related the adventure at the bridge. His *hired man* happened to be present, and when Jonathan had finished the relation, exclaimed, “I swow, you run against the broken plank I stuck up there last night.” “How?” said Jonathan; “what broken plank?” “Why,” said the man, “as I was comin’ home from singin’-meet’n last night, the old mare’s foot broke through one o’ the darn’d rotten planks, and I stuck it up on eend to warn folks to keep clear o’ the hole.”

The truth flashed upon Jonathan’s mind. He made no reply. An inspection of the bridge, in the course

of the day, convinced him that though the body of the Devil may be intangible, yet a man cannot walk through a chestnut plank without meeting with resistance.

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The author of the following amusing sketch, which is not entirely a sketch of fancy, was LEONARD AP-THORP, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin College. He was a son of Col. John T. Apthorp, of Boston,—a young man possessed of many amiable qualities, and of a genius that promised fame and admiration. But the anticipations of parents and friends were blasted by the great destroyer consumption. Mr. Apthorp died about two years after he had completed his collegiate course.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF A COUNTRY  
SCHOOLMASTER.

Ye happy beings of tranquil stomach, who sleep on beds of down, feed heartily, and fear nothing but the night-mare ; ye who are fondly looking for a passage through the Isthmus of Darien, in prospect of the turtle of the Gallipagos Islands, listen to the sufferings of a country schoolmaster.

I was born in New-England of white parents, and received my education at the University in Cambridge. Until my twentieth year I was a member of that sect of happy mortals, who think with Mr. Pope, “All is for the best.” At that time, the Fatal Sisters spun me a yarn of new color, and caught me in the web, which literally preyed on my entrails.

In the fourth year of my college life, ere I had ar-

rived at man's estate, although born of white parents, I was at noon-day publicly sold at auction, on one fatal day in March, at a March meeting, to me, the Ides of March! On that day was I sold at public auction, and afterwards, in the month of December, was I kidnapped into a district school in the town of . . . . .

The proceedings relative to me, at March meeting, ran thus—"Mr. Moderator, I know as well as any man alive, the advantages of learning; and as we have thirty dollars in the treasury, I vote that we spend the whole, next winter, in giving the boys a complete education." "Second the motion," said another, "and let us have a schoolmaster college learnt." It was put to vote, and carried unanimously. "But who will board the master?" said one; "I will," said another; "and I will," said a third; "and I live nearest to the school," said a fourth. On this, a man arose, and said, "the master should be put up at auction, and whoever would take him for the least money, should have him." Agreed. And ten and six pence, and ten and five pence, and ten and four pence, down to seven and six pence, regularly decreasing a penny, were successively bidden for me. I was knocked down at seven and six pence. Nothing of all this, at the time, could be known to me; and, although the town had sacrificed a victim, it could not be foreseen on whom destiny would fix for the future schoolmaster. The month of December came; and it was soon known that a schoolmaster was wanted for two months in the town of . . . . . Fifteen dollars per month were no small temptation to a young man who had



never seen a bank bill numbered higher than five. The best scholars, all of them, refused the offer, alleging it would be a reproach to literature to teach a school for fifteen dollars per month, when they could get as much for tending a stable in Boston; and as horses are generally more docile than boys, the stable had the preference.

At length the proposal was made to me. Fifteen dollars per month, thought I, is very well to begin with. If I refuse, I shall certainly lose the money; and then I shall as certainly dream of it. Now it is vastly more pleasing to dream that you have got money, than to dream you have lost it. Unluckily, at that moment, Shakspeare threw in one of his old saws,—“There is a tide in the affairs of men,” &c. The town agent, who was empowered to secure me, saw my hesitation. He was a sensible, keen-looking, hard-featured man; as sharp-faced as if he had been long fixed for a weather-cock at the north pole. He was dressed quite tidy,—wore his hair queued with an eel-skin. His coat was more than square at the skirts; much like a mainsail.

“Young man,” said the town agent, “do not think lightly of thirty dollars; all things in this world proceed from small beginnings; a pint of acorns in process of time will send a seventy-four to sea. With respect to yourself, learned as I suppose you are, you began with the alphabet. Franklin tells you that five shillings seemed to him the nest-egg of all his future prosperity. If you are inclined to go with me, the amount which you will receive ought to encourage you; for let me tell you, no man ever received from

the town so much." "What do you tell me," said I; "Do you offer me the most that any schoolmaster ever received in your town?" "We never, before now, gave more than ten dollars per month." Here, Alexander the Great conspired against me. I recollected he was offered the freedom of a certain petty Grecian city; and when he snorted at the offer, they told him he need not turn up his nose, for no stranger, except Hercules, had ever received that honor. He then graciously accepted the offer. I considered it would be entered on record, that I was the first schoolmaster who had ever received fifteen dollars per month in the town of . . . . . "Beside, sir," said the town agent, "money is not so easily obtained as you young men imagine. Look at this great brick building that you inhabit, and consider for a moment how it was built,—from the first stroke of the pick-axe, to the well-formed brick in the hands of the mason. Heaven and earth do not give you a mouthful of bread short of three months. Would you know, young man, the real value of money, go to Salem." In short, the money tempted me, and I, in an evil hour, was seduced. I went with the town agent; and after a day's journey, passing through many cross-roads, we arrived at a place, which appeared to be outlawed from the rest of the world. It was in the month of December, and no snow had fallen,—all was frost-bound. At a distance I saw a house in the midst of a landscape, abrupt, broken, and mountainous. The herbage far and wide was so sere and withered, that it was doubtful if any future spring could refresh it. Such will be the desolation when Time, with his

scythe, shall visit that place at his last call. "There," said the town agent, "is your boarding-place," pointing to a tottering house, the top of which was covered with moss, and shone like an emerald. "Heavens!" said I, "can you have a heart to leave a fellow-creature in this desolate place? It would be in vain to cry for help, here, if any one should attempt to murder me." "Fear nothing," said he, "crimes are unknown here; the family sleep with their doors and windows open in summer." "But," said I, "the wild beasts will catch me." "Fear nothing," said he; "we should have reason to rejoice at the sight of a wild beast; he would soon take off the rust from our spits." Saying this, he dropped me on an ill-shapen door-stone that looked as if it had grown there, and disappeared with a satisfaction he could ill conceal. I was cold, hungry, and sleepy, all which together gave me uncommon courage. I entered the house, and was welcomed with great diffidence. The family was small, an elderly man, his wife, a son grown to manhood, and a daughter. If the scenery without the house was appalling, a fine lesson was read to you within door. Here, nothing was superfluous, and every thing within reach. You could stand before the fire, and reach every article of the kitchen establishment, from the gridiron and warming-pan, down to the pudding-bag and dripping-pan. There was no separate kitchen part of the house, and from necessity, the keeping-room served for "kitchen and parlor and all." How few things, thought I, will satisfy our real wants. Thousands in Boston would die of chagrin, to be reduced to this necessity. Yet

Adam and Eve lived very comfortably without any of these things.

After inquiring the number of my scholars, and the distance of the schoolhouse, I requested a morsel of victuals. The table was immediately set, and a slice of bread and a slice of cheese, with a pewter pot of cider were presented to me. The cheese was beautifully white; it looked exactly like Stilton cheese; but to the taste it was quite different. I have since heard the same sort of cheese called white oak. The bread was sweet enough, but rather too solid; the knife cut as smoothly through it, as it would through the cheese-like clay near Hartford Asylum. The cider was clear as a rivulet, and would have been excellent, had it tasted of the apple. I had resolved to conform to the family, and render myself agreeable, therefore lest they might think me delicate in my diet, I ate up all on the table.

Immediately after supper, I was shown up stairs to my bed-chamber; where I fortunately found a bed and one chair. There was only one superfluous thing in the room, a fire-place; but no tongs nor shovel, nor andirons, nor any sign that a wreath of smoke had ever passed up chimney. But to a weary man sleep is sleep, whether on down or straw. Nature was always a leveler between bed-time and uprising.

In the morning I began my daily labors. The schoolhouse was nearly a mile from my abode in a northwesterly direction; but nothing is better than exercise for a schoolmaster. From the appearance of the surrounding country, I anticipated an easy task, especially when I saw the schoolhouse, which

appeared like a martin-box at a short distance. I was quickly undeceived; although the schoolhouse was very small, it was full within, and surrounded without. Whether it was the novelty of a college-learned schoolmaster, or a laudable desire of obtaining a good pennyworth of learning, I cannot tell, but certain it is, the building could not contain one half of the scholars. Whence they all came I could not imagine; the surrounding country gave no sign of animal life. I should as soon have thought of opening a school six weeks after the flood, as in that place. In this perplexity I thought it most reasonable to fill the schoolhouse with the most ignorant, and dismiss the rest. Accordingly after a short examination I retained about fifty, and sent as many home. This plan was considered by many very judicious, and rendered me popular. But, alas! I soon found that popularity would not fill an empty stomach. From the first day I perceived I was at board on speculation, and that I was limited to less than one dollar and twenty-five cents worth of food per week. To sit down to one's dinner with an appetite is agreeable, but to rise from table with all the pangs of devouring hunger, would excite the pity of Tantalus. The ancients could invent nothing worse than to show a hungry man a good dinner, and deny him a taste. I think I could have added to the misery of Tantalus; I would occasionally have given him a taste.

The pangs of hunger began now to assail me. The increasing cold, and the daily exercise of traveling four miles, to and from school, soon gave me a *pamphagous* appetite; and as the good people with

whom I lived had taken me upon speculation, I was at the mercy of a close calculation. Thrice a day my host gauged that part of the man which requires food, and as he always reckoned without me, he made no allowance for the wants within. Two days after my arrival my head became sorely affected: I felt drowsy in the forenoon, soon after breakfast. This I immediately attributed to the right cause. Instead of real coffee, I discovered that I had been drinking the decoction of a noxious drug, the grain of which has been known to kill horses and oxen,—I mean rye-coffee, so fatal to the intellects of the sedentary and studious. I complained that rye was injurious to my head, and requested I might, instead thereof, have tea. But alas, there was no tea in the house; they said they had conceived a prejudice against tea ever since the Revolution. My next request was a bowl of milk,—but, alas! the cow was dry.

In a few days all the luxuries with which the house was stored at my coming were exhausted. The cheese, the butter, the flour, disappeared. Fresh meat there was none; no beef-cart was ever seen in that precinct. I began to fear for the pork barrel. That bread, which at first, in the wantonness of my appetite, I compared to Hartford clay, was now more delicious than the first bread-cake of the Pilgrims. One day, as I sat down to dinner, foreseeing that, should I eat all on the table, I should rise with an increased appetite, I fainted at the recollection of an incident which occurred to me ten years before. When a boy, I passed through the town of Lynn, in the county of Essex, on my way to Exeter, in the stage. Just opposite the



residence of Mrs. Mary Pitcher the stage broke down, the whippetree parted, the braces snapped asunder, and there seemed to be a sudden and unaccountable wreck of every thing; but no one was injured. The passengers, one and all, exclaimed it was done by witchcraft. "It is quite likely," said the stage-driver, "for there stands Mrs. Pitcher at her door, with her cup in her hand." The passengers beckoned to her, and she came out to see them, evidently pleased, as I suppose witches always are, at the accomplishment of their purposes. However, as it is always best to bespeak the good-will of a witch, the passengers treated Mrs. Pitcher with great courtesy, and gave her some money. She examined the faces of all of us, and for the most part made flattering comments; but when she laid her piercing black eyes on me, she stood considering a moment, then clapped me on the head and buried her hand in my flaxen hair, and gently shook me, saying, "You are a very likely boy, Johnny, but I fear you will one day die of hunger." The sudden recollection of Mrs. Pitcher's prophecy gave me such an "ill turn" that the family observed it, and asking me if I was indisposed, I told them I felt rather faint. They immediately insisted on my emptying the vinegar cruet, telling me that vinegar was the sovereignest thing on earth for a fainting fit.

To one who had never palled his appetite in a pastry-shop, and whose Spartan diet only rendered hunger more keen, the idle ceremony of holding daily a knife and fork, tended only to increase the desire to eat. By degrees the cravings of hunger changed my nature, and took absolute possession of my imagination.

One day the whole dinner consisted of one dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to pipe-stems. There were five of us at table. My portion of pudding was put on my plate; I swallowed thrice, and it disappeared. My one sausage was put on my plate, — I swallowed twice, and my dinner was ended. I rose from table deeply impressed with the beauty of that passage in Job, "Behold now Behemoth; he eateth grass as an ox; he drinketh up a river; he trusteth he can draw up Jordan into his mouth." So I, in my imagination, thought I could devour whole hecatombs. I fancied a roast pig would be but a mouthful; a knife and fork seemed the most useless things in the world; with the two legs of a turkey in each hand, I made a lantern of the carcass in a moment. Chickens and partridges I swallowed whole. If the globe had been a pastry, I thought I could have swallowed it, Capt. Symmes and all. Thus would my distempered fancy prepare the greatest delicacies; so that I often detected myself in the act of working my jaws, as though I was actually eating substantial food.

I had recently read "Riley's Narrative" of his sufferings in Africa, and was at the time sensibly affected. Now I began to laugh at Riley and his companions, and wished myself one of the company. Any man may easily imagine that the sense of hunger is far more keen and devouring on the hills of New England in winter, than in the soft climate of Arabia, where, if a man can once in twenty-four hours swallow a pint of camel's milk, he is perfectly happy.

As my sufferings became daily more and more

dreadful, I was put upon my wits, and as necessity is the mother of invention, one half of that time, which I ought to have devoted to my school, was employed in devising means to preserve my life. And here, in justification of myself, I ought to observe that a man consumed by hunger becomes by degrees destitute of all moral principle. There was at school one little round-faced, chubby, fat fellow of about forty pounds weight, on whom I cast my evil eye. For the extremity of hunger makes cannibals equally of the civilized and savage : — the example of the Jewish mother, and the more recent example of the French army in their retreat from Russia. But fortunately a better morsel was soon thrown in my way. Some of the school-boys had discovered, and killed a skunk. It remained near the schoolhouse. When I had dismissed the scholars, I seized upon my prey and returned to the schoolroom. With the help of my penknife I quickly stripped off the skin, and had the pleasure of seeing fresh meat. I laid the tongs and shovel across the andirons, and placed the creature over a bed of coals. I broiled it about fifteen minutes ; and when I supposed it sufficiently cooked, I cut it in halves, meaning to eat one half, and hide the other in the woods, for another repast. But my appetite was sovereign ; after I had eaten the one half, so delicious was the morsel, I could not restrain the call for more, and I devoured the whole. That was a bright and happy day ; but my hunger soon returned ; wild meat is not so substantial food as the stalled ox.

A few days afterward, being faint and weary, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted with the

sight of an animal, I had never before seen. It was a raccoon which the young man Jonathan had taken, or rather overtaken, for he caught it with the help of his hands and feet. So true was the observation of the town agent, "If a wild beast should be detected in these parts, he would soon take off the rust from the spit." As soon as the raccoon was discovered, the young man gave chase, and the creature, after some time, ran under a rock for protection, whence he was soon ferreted, and a well aimed stone entirely disabled him. He was brought home in triumph; and when skinned, he seemed to be one entire mass of fatness, of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed; and both the cat and the dog leaped for joy. The dog in particular was transported. When he looked steadily at the raccoon, the water ran from his mouth in a stream. It was, in truth, an equal temptation, either to an epicure, or to a man perishing with hunger. If Vitellius and Albinus had lived in the same age, they would more readily have fought for that raccoon than for the Roman empire. I retired to bed, as was my custom, as early as I could with decency; for I soon learnt that all the time I could consume in sleep was clear gain to my stomach. But sleep for a long time fled before the beautiful apparition in the form of the raccoon. At length I fell into a slumber; and O! had I been a Mussulman I should have wished never to awake. I seemed to see the raccoon suspended on a hook, and hanging majestically before the fire; perspiring most beautifully into the dripping-pan. The raccoon roasting in this manner, showed to far greater advantage, than if he had been run through with a

spit. I eagerly watched it all the time it was roasting ; the flavor of it was ravishing ; no heathen god ever smelt such an incense. At length I saw it placed before me on the table ; and I seemed to have the whole raccoon within reach of my knife and fork, and most uncourtously I seized upon the whole for myself. Yet however unpolite this may appear, it was quite natural ; for I know, by experience, that excessive hunger is excessively selfish. Steak after steak, slice after slice, collop after collop, I carved from the raccoon ; and when I could cut no more, I took every bone from its socket, and as though my appetite increased by the meat I fed on, I seized the raccoon's bones and polished every one of them to the smoothness of ivory. When I had eaten the entire raccoon, I awoke : and such had been the deceit practised on my senses, that after I was satisfied it was all a dream, I could not keep my jaws still, so inveterately were they bent on eating. However, as there is no good in this world without its evil, so there is no evil without its good. I readily consoled myself in anticipation of the real raccoon, which the coming morrow would place in reality on a real table.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps, and the repeated opening and shutting of doors, all gave assurance of the coming holiday. I arose, and loosened the strap, which after the Indian manner, I had tied around my body, in order to pacify the corrosions of hunger. This I recommend to all who may hereafter fall into my distress. A leathern belt with a buckle drawn tight around the waist will be of great service ; for the

more you can contract the stomach, the little mill within, which is always grinding, will have the less room to play.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table, I observed the place of Jonathan vacant. "Where is Jonathan?" said I. "Gone to market," said they. "Market! what market, pray! I did not know there was any market in these parts." "O yes," said they, "he is gone to . . . . about thirty miles to the southward of us." "And what has called him up so early to go to market?" "He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon." I should have fainted again, but the dread of vinegar preserved my senses. I now resigned myself to my fate, and patiently awaited the accomplishment of Mrs. Pitcher's prediction.

I am doomed, thought I, to a strange destiny. If I perish here, I shall die ingloriously and unpitied. If I abscond, I shall lose my honor, and the story of my sufferings will never be credited. There would be some satisfaction in being drowned, or assassinated, or in perishing with hunger, in a noble attempt to discover the source of the Nile, or in exploring the outlet of the Niger. But to perish here in the woods — perhaps in a snow-drift, where I might lie till spring, if the birds of prey did not find me, was fearfully depressing. I then turned my eyes wishfully to the sea-board, and no landscape was ever so pleasing to Claude, as the contemplation of the clam-banks at low water, on the sea-shore, was to me. How happy, could I steal away in the night, and watch the ebbing tide, and enjoy a feast of shells. Then I compared



my situation with that of the first settlers of New-England, and thought they had a great advantage over me. When the winters drove the fishes into deep water, they could always get a discount at their banks; clams in abundance, and even the more delicious quahog could always be had at bank hours.

In going to school that morning, I perceived a large flock of crows. It was a bitter, black, cold morning; and the crows hovered over, and scaled around, my head. Ah, thought I, sagacious birds! do you foresee that my strength will soon fail, and that I shall fall a prey to you? O that the severity of the cold would freeze some of your wings, that you might become a prey to me. Then, half delirious, my imagination carried me to the first inhabitants of Charlestown. Happy people! instead of the crows coming after them, wild geese, in a time of famine, were ready to fly down their chimneys on to their roasting-hooks. These people had appointed a thanksgiving, which threatened to change itself into a fast. The night preceding the day of thanksgiving was intensely cold; and while an immense flock of wild geese were pursuing their way to the south, the frost suddenly seized their wings, arrested their progress, and they all fell down into Charlestown square. Every family not only filled their bellies the whole winter, but also filled their beds with down. Whereas, I was reduced to the extremity, that a crow, a hundred years old, would have been to me the richest treasure.

The next day beheld the earth covered with a deep snow. My fears now multiplied upon me. This snow, thought I, will be my winding-sheet; I can never in

my present weakness force my way through these snow-drifts. I shall perish with a double starvation, with both cold and hunger. But courage — courage ! said I ; hope often lingers after the footsteps of despair ; and help came even when hope was gone. In fact, that day proved to me the happiest day in the calendar of that year. I succeeded in gaining the schoolhouse, after traveling double the distance ; for I was so weak, that in balancing myself, I would frequently retreat two steps backward ; and then in rescuing one leg from a snow-pit, I would lose my balance and stagger in a semicircle. It is really incredible how much a man can endure in a good cause. But I hasten to describe the most happy occurrence of my life. On my return from school, at the moment when one leg was about refusing to follow the other, and the belt which I had loosened the day before in expectation of the raccoon, had just fallen down and was resting on my hips, I saw at a distance an object, partly buried in a snow-drift, which appeared to be a living animal. Had it been the Nemæan lion, I should have attacked it with no other weapon than my penknife. On approaching the creature, I perceived it was a cow. Instantly I resolved to have a steak. I had just read Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, and he taught me the art of cutting a steak from a living cow, in the real oriental style. On examination I perceived she was a new milch cow, and carried not less than a pail of milk in her bag. I preferred the milk to the meat, and did not mangle the cow. How to get at the milk was the thought only of a moment. I perceived the top of a stone wall at a

little distance, which the late snow-storm had not quite covered. Now, hunger will as readily leap over, as break through, a stone wall. I succeeded in forcing the cow astraddle the stone wall. In that situation, she was as quiet as at her own stanchion. I cleared away the snow, and laid myself down in the form of the letter Y, on my back, between the cow's legs, and she was milked in less time than a cow was ever milked before. While draining the cow, my belt soon began to tighten, and became painful, but my handy penknife quickly cut it asunder. When I had drained the last drop, I threw down the wall and let the cow go. If a pint is a pound, I arose sixteen pounds heavier; yet I felt no ill consequence from that copious draught. It lay in my stomach like a poultice.

The timely succor of the cow sustained me several days; so that I began to bid defiance to the crows. I lived in hope of meeting with that beautiful cow again, but unhappily I never saw her more. The pains of hunger began again to consume me. Strange fancies haunted me in my sleep. I rambled through the country, milking, in my own way, every cow I met, and hamstringing every ox, and cutting steaks from them. So jealous did I become, that I often questioned myself in my sleep, and argued the point whether I was really eating or dreaming. Once in particular, I well remember that I insisted I was eating a beefsteak, and took it on my fork and held it up and said, this is real beef—this cannot be a dream—I am certain I am eating an excellent beefsteak—I cannot be dreaming now. So inveterate and persist-

ing, busy and alert, is excessive hunger. It haunts you by night and by day — awake and asleep. But happily, though the sense of hunger is most ferocious, it is not inclined to despair. Had you hung a sirloin of beef on one horn of the moon, my hunger would have hoped to reach it.

When I became reduced a second time, so low that my belt was lost between my ribs, I was relieved by a happy mistake. Instead of the snuff of a candle which was usually handed to light me to bed, I found the candlestick adorned with more than half of a tallow candle. I cut the candle into four pieces, ate the tallow, and reserved the wicks for the last extremity. Before I fell asleep, I fancied I felt something stirring the bed-clothes. It was a rat cautiously climbing up the bed-rug. On any other occasion, this would have been an unpleasant visiter, — but instantly I saw my advantage. I feigned a sound sleep, lay quiet, and set my trap ; — for a starving man, — I appeal to France, — cannot distinguish between a rat and a squirrel. I opened my mouth uncommonly wide, nearly from ear to ear. The hungry rat, attracted by the smell of the tallow, the perfume of which had not evaporated from my lips, softly approached my mouth, and began to lick the remnant, if any remnant there was, of the tallow. I am convinced that the rat was as hungry as I was, and, from his gentle movements, I am satisfied he designed me no harm ; therefore I have ever since felt a regret at the foul trick I played him. When the rat had tenderly passed over my upper, he began with my under, lip ; and when he was about midway, directly under my nose, I made a

sudden snap, took his whole head into my mouth, and strangled him between my teeth. When the rat was quiet, I dropped him on the floor, and fell asleep.

The next morning the candle was missing, and on being questioned, I replied, with great truth, I had no doubt it was eaten, as I had seen a rat in the room.

I now began to think I might probably survive to the end of my engagement, as it was drawing to a close, and I had four candlewicks, well saturated, and a large rat, safely deposited in my trunk.

At this time a strange sight appeared in the neighborhood. A man with a load of pork, bound to Boston, had lost his way. He came up to our door to ask for directions. I detained him as long as I possibly could, for the sake of beholding the charming swine. My stomach dilated at the sight, and my teeth began to move. As the man and team moved off, I discovered, for the first time, that I was a ventriloquist. There came an audible, distinct voice from the lower region of my stomach, saying, "It is suicide to die of hunger, when food is placed before your eyes. Fly, cut a collop." "But," said I, "thou shalt not steal." The voice replied, "That law was not made for an empty stomach." I rejoined, "The law has made no exception." "Fool," said the voice, "had you rather eat a rat than a pork-steak?" I confess, I was not entirely convinced; however, I followed after the team, and slyly slid behind it, and whether feloniously or justifiably, the Supreme Court can determine, but true it is, with my penknife I cut two as handsome steaks as Eumæus cut from the two porkers with which he regaled Ulysses. O the beautiful streaks of

red and white ! I see them even now in all their allurements. I put my booty in my pocket, and hastened to deposit it in my trunk. Never did time linger so lazily ; the sun appeared to me to be traveling to the east, so impatient was I for night, in order to taste of my dainty ; for it was now more than six weeks since I had had a smack at fresh meat, except that which I had eaten at the schoolroom. Bed-time at length arrived, and I retired, not to sleep, but to the most delightful contemplations. I cut those steaks latitudinally and longitudinally into more sections than you find marked on the terrestrial globe. Nothing in the world appeared to me so captivating as pork-steaks. Had I been a calico painter, or paper stainer, the only figures would have been pork-steaks. When all was quiet, I arose, opened my trunk, took out my steaks, softly descended to the kitchen, raked open the coals, rubbed the rust off the gridiron, placed my steaks thereon, and soon began to snuff the delicious flavor. The dog, who was outside of the house, no less quick-scented, immediately began to bark. For fear of disturbing the family, I opened the door and let him in ; but alas, before I could shut the door he flew at the steaks, seized one in his mouth, and although I seized him by the neck with one hand, and thrust the other into his mouth, at one gulp he swallowed the whole. While I was contending with the dog, the cat seized the other steak and fled up chamber.

Many a man has succumbed at a less disappointment than this ; but courage ! said I, do not despair ; you have still a rat, and four candlewicks. I retired



to bed, and soon began to dream of my steaks; and when I had eaten them, awoke, and found my lips moving as usual.

The next morning discovered a trait in natural history, which I will here notice, for the satisfaction of the curious. The dog appeared to be sensible he had wronged me. No soothing could induce him to look me in the face. He lost his animation, curled his tail between his legs, and hung his head down to his feet. The next day the dog absconded. At first I attributed this to his sense of honor, then to his sagacity; he had obtained one taste of fresh meat, and was no longer a domestic animal; but I was in part deceived, as will quickly appear.

I was now reduced again to great extremity, but was unwilling to deplete on the treasure in my trunk, for I had still a week more to suffer. However, on retiring to rest that night, I determined in the morning to eat two candlewicks, and carry the rat to school and cook it in the intermission. Soon as I awoke and could distinctly see, my wishful eyes turned to my trunk. I partly arose, my eyes still fixed on my trunk, and, to my sorrow, I saw a mouse leisurely go down the side. Miserable wretch! on taking the steaks from the trunk, I had carelessly suffered the clasp of the lock to rest on the ridge of it, and left ample room for a mouse and a cat's paw to plunder me. Both rat and candlewicks were gone!

Now, indeed, for the first time, my spirits began to fail me. The remembrance of the Lynn lady's expression came over me with a fearful foreboding. I hesitated for a moment to go to school. But as it was

a beautiful bright morning, my official duty urged me on ; and with a heart heavier than all the rest of my body, I pursued my way through the pathless snow-drifts. The crows, my former visitors, with a numerous recruit, hovered over my head, uttering ominous language. Instead of "Caw, caw," they seemed to me to say, "We are come, we are come." At this moment, a whirl of snow nearly engulfed me. My bones trembled in their sockets ; the north wind pierced me through, and shook the casement of my body. My right leg faltered and sunk into a snow-pit, and my left leg refused to help it out. My danger was imminent ; for although I had sufficient strength, perhaps, to fight off a crow, an eagle or a vulture, in my emaciated state, could have borne me off an unresisting victim. At that moment, had an umbrella been at my command, I should have tied myself to the stick and took my chance to other regions. But, joy ! The spirit of hunger again burst forth in ventriloquism. "See the dog with a rabbit," exclaimed a voice from the lower region of my stomach. It was true ;—the noble animal came up to me, bold as a lion, his eyes glistening through tears, his tail lashing each side of his hams ; he laid a prodigious large rabbit at my feet. When the crows saw this, they disappeared, and I saw no more of them. I placed the rabbit in my bosom, and buttoned it within my waistcoat ; and I presume there was room for a dozen more.

This rabbit I took effectual care to secure to myself. On the first opportunity I took off the skin, cut it in four parts, and put them in my pockets, meaning to eat a quarter part daily. But let no hungry man, in future,

say, "Thus much will I eat, and no more." When I had broiled and eaten one fore-quarter, I was more voracious than ever; and while exerting all my power of restraint, the voice below exclaimed in imagination, "Treat every part of your stomach alike!" In short, I broiled and eat the hind-quarter; then the other fore-quarter, and lastly the other hind-quarter: yet after I had eaten the whole, I thought I had swallowed only the phantom of a rabbit.

Thanks to the dog, I was enabled to linger until Saturday, the twenty-fifth of January; and then, Time with his leaden feet released me from my contract with the town agent. No one, before me, ever lived so long in two months. Methuselah might complain of the shortness of life — not I. A thousand years were crowded into the period of sixty days. After the ceremony of sitting down to an ideal dinner, I arose to depart, left my trunk behind me, took a large bundle in my hand, and took a most cordial farewell. I was thirty-one miles from home. Most fortunately the wind was in my favor, and blew a gallant breeze; otherwise I should never have reached my door-stone. I was reduced to such a gossamer, that Zephyr would have blown me about at pleasure. As it was, I made rapid progress. Had a field of wheat covered the whole distance, I could have skimmed over it without bending a blade. But it was fearful to hear my bones clatter as I ran along the road. The journey, although delightful, was in one respect unpleasant; for my incredible fleetness, and the large bundle in my hand, rendered me so suspicious, that ever and anon the people cried, "Stop thief!" Yet this worried me not;

the hyppogriff could not have overtaken me. I saw nothing, horse nor sleigh, that I did not instantly overtake, and as quickly leave far behind. Indeed I knew my life was in imminent danger from two quarters; therefore I heeded not the ventriloquist, who exclaimed, at every tavern I passed, "Stop, O stop, and send a message to the cavern below." "No," said I, "life depends on speed, — I would not stop to feast with an alderman." In truth, I was fearful, if a physician should see me, he would seize me as a stray anatomy; and to render me perfectly helpless, would dislocate my arms, pin up my tongue, and fasten me to the wall of his dissecting-room. Had I stopped at a tavern, I might have been arrested for a mummy, shut up in a lemon-box, sent to Boston, sold to Greenwood, placed in the New-England Museum beside the little black Egyptian, and there exhibited among a thousand notions.

It was a quarter past five o'clock when I reached home. I opened the door; the family were at tea; before I could make myself known, they all fled in consternation, and left the tea-table and all its contents to myself. There was but one who ventured to examine me, and she immediately recognized me and burst into tears. In a few weeks I recovered my personal identity, and returned to college, protesting in favor of country schoolmasters, against public auctions and rye coffee.

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I have seen but little of the physical features of the earth. Until I was near fifty years old, I had not traveled beyond the limits of my native New-

England, and my acquaintance with that portion of our country was extremely limited. In the summer of 1826, I visited the White Mountains of New-Hampshire. An account of the journey occupied several columns of the *Galaxy*. The following extract is from that part which describes the Notch of the Mountain : —

The sublime and awful grandeur of this passage baffles all description. Geometry may settle the heights of the mountains ; and numerical figures may record the measure ; but no words can tell the emotions of the soul, as it looks upward, and views the almost perpendicular precipices which line the narrow space between them ; while the senses ache with terror and astonishment, as one sees himself hedged in from all the world besides. He may cast his eye forward, or backward, or to either side ; — he can see only upward, and there the diminutive circle of his vision is cribbed and confined by the battlements of nature's "cloud-capped towers," which seem as if they wanted only the breathing of a zephyr, or the wafting of a straw against them, to displace them, and crush the prisoner in their fall. Just before our visit to this place, on the twenty-sixth of June, 1826, there was a tremendous avalanche, or *slide*, as it is there called, from the mountain which makes the southern wall of the passage. An immense mass of earth and rock, on the side of the mountain, was loosened from its resting-place, and began to slide towards the bottom. In its course, it divided into three portions, each coming down, with amazing velocity, into the road, and sweeping before it shrubs, trees, and rocks, and filling up the road, beyond all possibility of its being removed. With great labor, a pathway has been made *over* these fallen masses, which admits the passage of a carriage. The place from which the slide, or slip, was loosened, is directly in the rear of a small, but comfortable dwelling-house, owned and occupied by a Mr. Willey, who has taken advantage of a narrow, a very narrow, interval, where the bases of the two mountains seem to have parted and receded, as if afraid

of coming into contact, to erect his lone habitation : and, were there not a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, and had not the finger of that Providence traced the direction of the sliding mass, neither he, nor any soul of his family, would ever have told the tale. They heard the noise, when it first began to move, and ran to the door. In terror and amazement, they beheld the mountain in motion. But what can human power effect in such an emergency? Before they could think of retreating, or ascertain which way to escape, the danger was passed. One portion of the avalanche crossed the road about ten rods only from their habitation ; the second, a few rods beyond that ; and the third, and much the largest, portion took a much more oblique direction. The whole area, now covered by the slide, is nearly an acre ; and the distance of its present bed from its former place on the side of the mountain, and which it moved over in a few minutes, is from three quarters of a mile to a mile. There are many trees of large size, that came down with such force as to shiver them in pieces ; and innumerable rocks, of many tons weight, any one of which was sufficient to carry with it destruction to any of the labors of man. The spot on the mountain, from which the slip was loosened, is now a naked, white rock ; and its pathway downward is indicated by deep channels, or furrows, grooved in the side of the mountain, and down one of which pours a stream of water, sufficient to carry a common saw-mill.

From this place to the Notch, there is almost a continual ascent, generally gradual, but sometimes steep and sudden. The narrow pathway proceeds along the stream, sometimes crossing it, and shifting from the side of one mountain to the other, as either furnishes a less precarious foot-hold for the traveler than its fellow. Occasionally it winds up the side of the steep to such a height, as to leave, on one hand or the other, a gulf of unseen depth ; for the foliage of the trees and shrubs is impervious to the sight. The Notch itself is formed by a sudden projection of rock from the mountain on the right or northerly side, rising perpendicularly to a great height, — probably seventy or eighty feet, — and by a large



mass of rock on the left side, which has tumbled from its ancient location, and taken a position within *twenty feet* of its opposite neighbor. The length of the Notch is not more than three or four rods. The moment it is passed, the mountains seem to have vanished. A level meadow, overgrown with long grass and wild flowers, and spotted with tufts of shrubbery, spreads itself before the astonished eye, on the left, and a swamp, or thicket, on the right, conceals the ridge of mountains which extend to the north: the road separates this thicket from the meadow. Not far from the Notch, on the right-hand side of the road, several springs issue from the rocks that compose the base of the mountain, unite in the thicket, and form the Saco river. This little stream runs across the road into the meadow, where it almost loses itself in its meandering among the bogs, but again collects its waters, and passes *under* the rock that makes the southerly wall of the Notch. It is here invisible for several rods, and its presence is indicated only by its noise, as it rolls through its rugged tunnel. In wet seasons and freshets, probably a portion of the water passes *over* the fragments of rock, which are here wedged together, and form an arch, or covering, for the natural bed of the stream.

The sensations which affect the corporeal faculties, as one views these stupendous creations of Omnipotence, are absolutely afflicting and painful. If you look at the summits of the mountains, when a cloud passes towards them, it is impossible for the eye to distinguish, at such a height, which is in motion, the mountain, or the cloud; and this deception of vision produces a dizziness, which few spectators have nerve enough to endure for many minutes. If the eye be fixed on the crags and masses of rock, that project from the sides of the mountains, the flesh involuntarily quivers, and the limbs seem to be impelled to retreat from a scene that threatens impendent destruction. If the thoughts which crowd upon the intellectual faculties are less painful than these sensations of flesh and blood, they are too sublime and overwhelming to be described. The frequent alterations and great changes, that have manifestly taken place in these majestic masses,

since they were first piled together by the hand of the Creator, are calculated to awaken "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul." If the "everlasting hills" thus break in pieces, and shake the shaggy covering from their sides, who will deny that

This earthly globe, the creature of a day,  
Though built by God's right hand, shall pass away? —  
The sun himself, by gathering clouds oppressed,  
Shall, in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;  
His golden urn shall break, and, useless, lie  
Among the common ruins of the sky ;  
The stars rush headlong, in the wild commotion,  
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean?

Reflection needs not the authority of inspiration to warrant a belief, that this anticipation is something more than poetical. History and philosophy teach its truth, or, at least, its probability. The melancholy imaginings which it excites are relieved by the conviction that the whole of God's creation is nothing less

Than a capacious reservoir of means,  
Formed for his use, and ready at his will ;

and that, if this globe should be resolved into chaos, it will undergo a new organization, and be re-moulded into scenes of beauty, and abodes of happiness. Such may be the order of nature, to be unfolded in a perpetual series of material production and decay, — of creation and dissolution, — a magnificent procession of worlds and systems, in the march of eternity.

A few weeks after the day that I passed in this secluded valley, there was a violent storm of rain, which produced an avalanche, or according to the language of that region, a *slide*, and the family of Mr. Willey, — by whom I and my companions had been entertained during our journey, — consisting of himself and wife, five children, and two hired men, were buried beneath the rocks, trees, and earth, that

were borne down by the freshet. It was supposed that they were alarmed by the noise, and left their house in their fright, and thus met inevitable death. Just before it reached the house, the avalanche divided into two parts, — one passing each side of the house, leaving it untouched. Thus was stricken from the face of the earth a group, which the virtuous and the happy could not but admire, — which the rich and the proud might envy. No mortal eye was permitted to witness and survive the agonies of that awful moment, — no mortal ear caught the expiring groan of the sufferers. The horrors of the catastrophe are imprinted on the memory of no child of earth. Yet were the hairs of their heads all numbered; and who is there that would not admire the kindness of that Providence, which left no bruised reed standing amidst a scene of bereavement, — no parent, to weep over the mangled and faded flower, — no infant bud, cut from the parent stock, to wither and die in the blast!

Custom once imperiously — even tyrannically — imposed on editors an annual tax in the shape of a New-Year's Address to their readers. From a compliance with this despotic edict, as editor of the *Galaxy*, I had never escaped; but the task was always irksome, from the difficulty of guiding thought to a new channel, and of giving to an old and hackneyed sentiment new forms of expression. I have not been so unmindful of the reader's patience as to encumber these pages with any of my abortive attempts in the display of wit or sentiment on such occasions. The following may be taken as a specimen of these annual productions,

which, to use a common proverb, "cost more than they produce." It was published at the opening of the year 1827: —

## EDITORIAL MUSINGS.

A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour  
This morn ; and dreams, they say, are then divine,  
When all the balmy vapors are exhaled,  
And some o'erpowering god continues sleep.

DRYDEN.

It was on the evening of the last day of that year which has just left us, — the evening, too, of that day, which religious custom as well as civil law has appropriated to rest from secular employment, and to anticipations of that deathless repose which the wicked believe, and the virtuous hope they shall enjoy hereafter, — that we beheld a picture formed according to the ingenious hypothesis of Epicurus, and, for a time, such beautiful impression made our dream, we could not but believe we were in the midst of the images thus created. Reminiscences of times long passed, and of friends whose partiality speaks only from the grave, had occupied our thoughts. We remembered the period of infantine orphanage, the septennial term of unpropitious childhood which succeeded it, and the uneducated youth of labor preparatory to an entrance on the stage of manhood. As the mind's eye reviewed the incidents of life, a sickening chill came over us, when we saw with what indifference and neglect a human being is sometimes treated, who, without money or patrons, attempts to gather a share of the wealth, honors, and comforts of the world ; but then this cold disgust was succeeded by a glow of

pride and satisfaction when we thought how sweet must be the enjoyment of these riches and honors, when attained by the hand of unassisted industry, and when they are the reward of ambitious but honest individual enterprize, and the energies of a mind determined to acquire respect in spite of indifference, unkindness, or opposition.

Indulgence in reflections of this nature was unconsciously protracted to a late hour — till the lofty aspirations of nature softened into humbler emotions, and we began to feel how inconsistent with human happiness it is for one human being to be elated with the trifling advancement that fortune may give him over another, and how foolish it is to be angry and fretful if one, made of the same clay, looks cold and sullen ; and we perceived the utility of that philosophy, which teaches not merely that man should ever be the friend of man, but that he also

Should eye with tenderness all living forms,  
His brother emmets and his sister worms.

The failing flame of our lamp indicated that the oil which fed it was nearly exhausted, and that the coal in our grate began to assume an ashy paleness, as it were to warn us that our ruminations should terminate, and the library be exchanged for the bed-chamber. Yet we heeded not the admonition ; but continued to watch, by turns, the expiring coal, as its *frosting* of dusty brown sensibly increased, and the feeble blaze of the lamp, which still fluttered and wavered on the wick, as if unwilling, like the vital spark of which it is the emblem, to break from its gross and

earthly fellowship, and to be compounded with the more ethereal elements "whereto it is akin." At length the Old South \* clock tolled the hour of twelve, — the knell of the departed year. Before the solemn sound had ceased to vibrate on the ear, the lamp on the table had ceased to be a "flaming minister," its last lingering ray of brightness had vanished, and we looked to be enveloped in gloom and darkness; but instead thereof, a mild and genial light seemed to dawn upon the walls, diffusing a radiance throughout the apartment, and communicating a corresponding degree of cheerfulness to the intellectual and of vigor to the corporeal faculties. We were no longer rapt in solitary contemplation of the past, — the room was expanded and illuminated, — its ceiling was azure, "fretted with golden fires," and its floor was like the emerald carpet of the earth when spangled with the silver drops that glitter in the beams of the morning sun, — and we mingled with joyful and happy beings, who exchanged with each other and with us the salutations of a NEW YEAR.

Mercy and Truth and hospitable Care,  
And kind connubial Tenderness were there,  
And Piety with wishes placed above,  
And sweetest Sympathy and boundless Love.

In the assembly, which seemed to be continually increasing, were persons of almost every age and condition; and, though many of them we had never seen till then, yet they approached us with the familiarity

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\* I was then living in Morton-Place, Milk-street, a few rods only from the Old South Meeting-house.



of old acquaintances, and cordially reciprocated the good wishes of the season. Their names, too, were recorded in a folio volume that lay before us, and accompanied severally by a testimonial of their approbation. There were grave and learned judges, pious and reverend preachers, wise and patriotic statesmen, enterprising and upright merchants, intelligent and improving mechanics, sagacious and prudent farmers, sober and industrious laborers. The aspiring youth, too, were in the crowd, the respected matron, and the nymph, "whose soft smiles uncultured man subdue." In the assembly were persons from almost every state in this happy Union. The hardy son of the East, with principles as pure as the air he breathes in his native forests, and a spirit of freedom as unyielding as the rocks which bind his native shore; — the Southern, of more courtly manners, of warmer and more active temperament, and in whose bosom the fire of liberty burns with inextinguishable flame; — and the Western emigrant, whose character partakes of the generous wildness of his untrodden woods, the broad magnificence of his lakes, and the richness of his immeasurable savannas. A hundred greetings we received from that city which claims (and has her claim allowed) to be the Queen of the Western Continent. Equal in cordiality, though less in number, were the salutations from the city of William Penn, where the directness and parallelism of the streets may be emblematic of the uprightness of its citizens, though the right angles of its squares find no corresponding corners in their hearts and hospitalities. Neither were the monumental city and the capital which bears the

honored name of the Father of his country, and other cities still further removed to austral climes, without their representatives in our gay and smiling assembly ; but Time would fail, and Patience, that “ young and rose-lipped cherubim,” would grow faint and weary, were we to pursue this enumeration.

Of the friends who thus appeared to offer their felicitations, there were some whom we knew to have hearts of oak, — hearts which had been brought to the test and found faithful, — hearts which, though fraught with sensibility, are not of the species of the sensitive plant, to shrink from the slightest touch of the hand of adversity. Before we had shaken hands or exchanged salutations with half of the assembly, which thus surrounded us, we perceived that a tear would sometimes start from our eyes, and more than once a friendly pressure of the hand caused a swelling in our bosom, which checked the audible expression of affection, that would have found its way to the lips but for this untimely intervention. As the friends who were most familiar, who lived in our own native New-England, and especially those whom we recognized as inhabitants of this munificent metropolis, gathered around us, and almost overpowered us with their good wishes, and other more enduring testimonials of their kindness, we quite forgot the customary forms of speech, and our feelings rushed forth from the heart in these imperfect numbers : —

O fair is the clime where the Cedar and Pine  
Are found on the hills of the free and the brave,  
Where the Oak shades “ the land of my fathers and mine,”  
And carries her Standard in pride o’er the wave.

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O know ye the valleys where Plenty abides ?  
The graves where devout Contemplation retires ?  
The bowers where Love in his glory presides,  
And where Beauty confesses what Virtue inspires ?

'*Tis the land where we live*, — and the rivers that glide  
By her forests of brown and her meadows of green,  
Behold on their banks and reflect in their tide  
More fortunate fields than Pactolus has seen.

One stream,\* like the youth of a stripling gay,  
Dances and glides in joy away, —  
Till it comes to the dash of the fall below,  
As a youth of pleasure to guilt and wo ; —

Then winding away, in the meadows green,  
Its current gentle and slow is seen, —  
Like a man, when youth has passed away,  
And his heart is sad and his locks are gray.

Anon it reflects, in its deep serene,  
Skies of azure and banks of green,  
And the trees and the flowers, inverted there,  
Show a world beneath, without sorrow or care.

This gentle stream, where the innocent lave,  
With ocean mingles its silver wave,  
And, spreading wide, in the friendly sea,  
Is lost, as Time in Eternity.

But just where the kindred waves unite,  
They reflect, in their bosom, a City bright,  
On whose summit proud is a temple seen,  
Like a circlet of gold on the brow of a queen.

In its courts is Wisdom, with tresses gray,  
And Learning is there with steady ray,  
And Wit, and Humor, and Courtesy fair ;  
And the Patriot's altar is flaming there.

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\* Charles River.

O long may that city of splendor stand,  
The fairest and best in this happy land ;  
O long may the son of the patriot sire \*  
Preside in her halls and her sons inspire.

In her bowers are all that is good and gay,  
And Honor is there, like "a pilgrim gray,"  
And the lute, and the lyre, and the harp are there,  
Sounding the praise of the Brave and Fair.

There Charity walks in a robe of white,  
And Malice shrinks from her holy light ;  
There Bounty scatters what Industry gains,  
And Justice with Mercy for ever reigns.

There Beauty is breathing her chastest sighs,  
And listens to Love with averted eyes ;  
But *such* eyes! to read Hope, in a page so fair,  
Overpays for an age of a lover's care.

Of these eyes so bright in bower and hall,  
Should the eloquent glance on our columns fall,  
We ask, as a boon for our wishes kind,  
They may be to our faults and errors blind.

I never made any pretensions to the character of a poet; though I have, a thousand times, like Audrey in "As you like it," prayed that the gods would make me poetical; but with all my praying to Mr. Apollo and his nine prudes, they never bestowed on me the faculty to get much beyond the acquirement of Baron Piffleberg, whose life-long labor at rhyming ended in the production only of *puffing* and *dumpling*. The *matter* of the preceding verses, — machinery and sentiment, — I prepared in rather ambitious prose, and my friend

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\* The Hon. Josiah Quincy, then Mayor of the city of Boston.

Silas P. Holbrook,—always ready to aid a friend in extremity,—*put in the rhymes.*

In the autumn of this year (1827) a controversy arose between the editor of the *Galaxy* and the editors and correspondents of certain other newspapers, the origin and nature of which were of a character so singular, and produced at the time so much excitement,—and, in one particular, was deemed of sufficient importance to be made the subject of investigation before an ecclesiastical tribunal,—that a sketch, somewhat in detail, of the whole affair, may be properly introduced in this place.

THE PRIZE PROLOGUE. In the course of the summer a new theatre had been erected in Boston, which was to be placed under the management of William Pelby. In the month of July, Mr. Pelby advertised a premium of one hundred dollars for a Prologue, to be spoken at the opening of this new institution for public amusement. The productions sent in, in consequence of this notice, were to be submitted to the examination of a committee, of five gentlemen, who were to award the premium to that which, in their judgement, was best entitled to receive it. A few days after the appearance of this advertisement, a gentleman, with whom I enjoyed a friendly intercourse, said to me, *in substance*,—If, in consequence of Mr. Pelby's offer, a poem intended as a candidate for the premium should be confided to your care, will you take the trouble to see that it have a fair chance with other competitors?—to which, of course, I replied, Yes. On the 19th of the same month I received, by

due course of mail, a letter, (post-marked, "Hartford, Conn. July 17, 1827,") of which the following is an exact copy.

Hartford, Conn. July 16, 1827.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, Esq.

Sir, — By the same mail which brings you this, I send to Mr. Pelby of the new theatre in your city, an address, in poetry, — or perhaps I should say in rhyme, for the opening of the theatre, in some faint hope that it may be the "Prize Poem" on that occasion. "Theron" is the signature of the piece; and the name, inclosed and sealed in it, is the same by which I hereunto subscribe myself.

I have to ask of you a favor, Sir, which I trust you will grant me, so great is my confidence in your good-nature. It is this. Should my piece be successful, and "bear the palm alone," I wish you to act as my representative, and receive the prize-money, *in money*, on my account; and when I have a convenient season, I will call, or send for it; at which time, having the pleasure, perhaps, of seeing the distinguished Editor of the Galaxy, — of which, to *gain your grace*, I aver that I am a diligent reader, though not a subscriber, I may arrange the commissions to your satisfaction. To this end, I refer to "Mr. Buckingham of the Galaxy," in my sealed "address" accompanying the rhymes.

But — ay, *but* if Theron's piece be cast aside, into the place of "Rejected Addresses," O painful thought! — then, I wish you, *as my representative*, — proud office! — to call upon Mr. Pelby, and, with your hat under your arm, *reclaim* the *abject*, in Theron's injured name. Who knows but — although lightly esteemed by the judges, — who, in the case now supposed, must be any thing but "upright judges" — any thing but "Daniels come to judgement" — it may yet make a figure in the "Poet's Corner" of the Galaxy! Ay — you, perhaps, *may* "print it, and shame the fools."

Mr. Buckingham, I have no doubt of your doing this business infinitely to my satisfaction. You may rely upon finding your account in it; for you don't know how valuable an acquaintance I may prove to you.



If you get the money and never hear from me again about it, you may consider it as entrusted to you, as almoner to *poor* poets, — poor fellows they must be! — and devote it according your discretion, to *pious uses*.

With very great respect,

I am, Sir, yours,

J. JAMIESON.

The committee, appointed by Mr. Pelby to decide upon the merits of the respective productions, (more than forty in number,) which were transmitted to him on the occasion, consisted of Messrs. Charles Sprague, Nathan Hale, Ebenezer Bailey, Franklin Dexter, and Dr. John Ware. After an examination, — such as these gentlemen of acknowledged taste and undoubted fairness thought proper to bestow, — it was unanimously decided that the poem by “Theron” was superior to all the rest, and entitled to the prize of one hundred dollars. The theatre was opened on the evening of the 24th of September, and the Prologue was recited previous to the dramatic performance. It is here printed as originally written. It was thought too long to be recited entire, and the lines here enclosed in brackets were omitted. It will be perceived that the object of the writer was to furnish a defence of the stage against the unjustifiable though fashionable attacks of rigid moralists, and that his argument suffers much from the process of abbreviation. It was published in full in the *Galaxy* of September 28: —

#### PRIZE ADDRESS.

Friends of the Stage, whose brilliant ranks to-night  
Burst on our view in loveliness and light,  
The *Drama* comes before you with her cause,  
And asks your ear: — she dares not ask applause;

But she *does* crave your smile upon her train,  
Herself, her priests, and this her virgin fane.

Friends of the Stage — the friends of Virtue, too,  
The suppliant Drama brings her suit to you.  
Long has she borne reproach ; — for though her brow  
Of old was luminous, and burns e'en now  
With Heaven's own fire, — the intense and hallowed flame,  
That Genius kindles round a deathless name —  
We hear her still denounced as Virtue's foe :  
Still, round her shrines is muttered many a wo ;  
Still, at her name the superstitious sigh ;  
The grave look graver as she passes by ;  
The bigot's ban on all her priesthood falls,  
And pulpit thunders shake her temple walls.

Has, then, the Stage become a battle-plain,  
Where Honor bleeds, and Innocence is slain ?  
Where Lust lies gorged, and on whose reeking pale  
Birds of ill omen sit, and snuff the tainted gale ?  
Grant, for a moment, — what is yet denied —  
Grant that, in this, the stage is *not* belied ;  
Grant that its scenes are those of sin and shame ; —  
Whose is the fault ? — and where shall fall the blame ?  
Rests it with those old Bards, whose " Muse of fire "  
Hath strung and waked the everlasting lyre ;  
Who gave to Tragedy her poisoned bowl,  
And, with it, empire o'er the human soul ?  
Rests it with him, who, with heroic airs,  
The plume, the bonnet, or the buskin wears,  
Whose only hope, as Bashaw, or as Don,  
Is " bread to eat, and raiment to put on."'  
[And who is happier, welcomed as a star,  
Than real kings and real heroes are ?]  
Or, must it fall, at least in part, on those  
Who on the stage pour out their vial'd woes,  
Then trumpet it, with all its purest scenes,  
As the fit haunt of vagabonds and queans ?

[Ye wise, ye fair ones, we appeal to you ;  
 Whose were the fault, were all this scandal true?  
 Tell me, ye sternly just, which is the worse,  
 He who inflicts, or he who bears, a curse?  
 And tell me, — who can with the righteous stand,  
 When all the righteous join to drive him from their band?  
 Who can be valiant, on whose head are poured  
 By all the brave, “ The dastard ! ” — “ Craven ! ” —  
 “ Coward ! ”]

Who honest, — when he hears, in every street,  
 The whispered “ Swindler ! ” and the bolder “ Cheat ! ”  
 Which of your daughters, — tell me, ye who throw  
 Your poisoned shafts, and seem so well to know  
 The “ Road to Ruin,” — which, of all the fair  
 And stainless ones of your parental care,  
 Had parents cursed, had sisters shunned, or shamed,  
 And brothers named her as the *lost* are named,  
 Would now have sat, thus honored, at your side,  
 A blooming maiden, or a happy bride ?]

[The kindest cur that bounds along your streets,  
 And wags his tail at every child he meets,  
 Let mobs pursue, let sticks and stones assail,  
 And let “ Mad Dog ! ” behind him load the gale ; —  
 Round every corner let the rabble swell,  
 In every alley let him hear the yell,  
 And let him find *no* hospitable door,  
 He *must* go mad, “ that was not so before.”]

So, were the Stage as pure as Dian’s fane  
 When pearled with dew and washed with vernal rain,  
 Let honest zealots call it Belial’s throne,  
 Let pulpits fulminate, let presses groan  
 Their woes and warnings — and what need they more  
 [To drive from grace the whole dramatic *corps*,]  
 And cause the curse they piously deplore !

Then, at the Drama’s pomp, her stole, her veil,  
 Let not the serious frown, the righteous rail ;

But let them come, at evening's sober hour,  
And prove her pathos, and confess her power :  
[Nor let them tremble, as her courts they tread,  
Lest sin, among them, show her shameless head.  
Sin is *not* shameless ; for, though Satan still  
Goes to and fro in earth, intent on ill,  
Though on his brow — with many a thunder-scar  
Rugged and seamed — “ the bright and morning star ”  
Burns as it burnt of old, he *dares* not now,  
Among the sons of God, that godless brow  
Unveil, and hold, unblushingly, a place —  
With angels and the ministers of grace.]  
So let the good, the graceful, and the grave,  
The wise, the pure, the beautiful, the brave,  
The reverend even — to this proud temple turn,  
And judge the Drama from her “ words that burn.”  
Let them, her Censors, in the Boxes sit,  
Rush to the Rows, and pour into the Pit,  
[Let them applaud aloud, aloud condemn,  
And Rows, Pit, Boxes, will be left to them ;]  
Each boding bird, unfed, will sail away,  
In outer darkness to pursue her prey,  
While all the sons and daughters of the light,  
Rapt by the Drama's spell, shall cheer her, as *to-night*.

To such, this night, her doors are open flung ;  
On such, her priests their proudest hopes have hung : —  
Hopes, that they, here, the soul may wake and warm,  
The good encourage, and the bad reform : —  
Hopes, that within these wide and towering walls,  
(On which Heaven's boon—the rain and sunshine—falls,  
As on the Church's roof it falls the while,)  
It may be theirs “ to share the good man's smile : ”  
And hopes, that Beauty may with grace regard  
The mortal Actor, as the immortal Bard,  
And the same largess on the living shed,  
That she has showered for ages on the dead, —  
That witching *smile*, that has for ever played,  
Around the lips of matron and of maid ;

And that more treasured tribute, that repays  
All labor and all love ; — that singly sways  
Man's passions in the strength of their career,  
And bows him to the earth — *a woman's tear.*

Ye fair ones, and ye wise, to virtue true,  
A smile, a tear, — the meed to Genius due, —  
Is all the Drama hopes — is all she asks of you.

Great and terrible was the consternation of the unsuccessful candidates, when they heard from the manager that the sealed paper accompanying the successful Prologue contained the name of J. Jamieson ; great was their wrath and unspeakable their indignation, when they discovered that it was a fictitious signature, and that the prize-money was to be paid to "Mr. Buckingham of the Galaxy," as the representative of this anonymous poet. Bitter and vulgar were the curses vented upon that unfortunate individual, for not revealing the name of the author. Some supposed that he was himself the author, and others attributed the authorship to a son of his, — though that son had but just returned from a year's residence in Europe. But the most atrocious act perpetrated by the disappointed poetasters was the charge they made against Mr. Sprague, — that he was the author, and that he had availed himself of his prerogative as one of the committee, to award the premium to a production of his own pen. One or another of these ill-founded and malicious imputations, with variations to suit the several authors, appeared in the Bunker-Hill Aurora, published in Charlestown, — the Newburyport Herald, — the Literary Casket, published at Providence, — the American Traveller, published in Boston, — and in

two or more Philadelphia papers. In the paper first mentioned above, (Sept. 27,) it was said:—"This piece, for a prize poem, is one of the weakest productions we ever read. . . . We cannot perceive one spark of poetic genius in it, nor has it even the beauty or smoothness of a more than ordinary composition to recommend it. We are glad that some of the rejected addresses are to be published, but it would be peculiarly unfortunate if a better one should appear, which is certainly a very *possible* thing."

In the same paper (Oct. 4) it is said,—“The credit (a kind of negative credit, to be sure) of this production seems to attach to one of the editorial corps of Boston, [*meaning the editor of the Galaxy,*] whose very particular friend [*alluding to Charles Sprague,*] deposited it in the post-office in Hartford, where it is ascertained he was at the date of the post-mark. It appears that there is no such person as Mr. James Jamieson, *als.* Theron—one fictitious name—was not enough to cover this real Simon Pure, and even two are likely to prove insufficient.” . . . “The erasures which the committee made is the most creditable part of their duty which has yet come to the public eye.” . . . . . “We should really like to know why some of the rejected addresses are not published. Do they *fear* comparison? If they are not published soon, we hope the authors themselves will give them to the public.\*

Again, the same paper, (Oct. 11,) after repeating

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\* Notwithstanding this imperious and pertinacious call for the publication of the rejected addresses, it is not known that any of them were ever published.



from the Boston Gazette the question whether the author's name was not necessary before the prize could be awarded, — whether the manager's advertisement did not so specify, — and whether the public have not a right to the true name, — goes on to say, — “ We should like to ask who the money was given to, and whether the person who received it was not known to bear a different name to the one announced? The fact is, there has been some unfair doings about this poem, and we are much mistaken if a certain distinguished poet of Boston [*again referring to Charles Sprague,*] cannot explain. The reputation of the whole committee suffers, and we should not be surprised if the public should yet learn who argued for a long time in favor of the successful poem, and pertinaciously adhered to *h*is choice.”

These quotations are specimens (and by no means the most offensively cruel and vulgar) of the remarks that were made in reference to the Prize Prologue. The excitement looked quite appalling in the newspapers, but it was only in the newspapers where the subject really produced any excitement whatever. It was not very extraordinary that disappointed candidates for a prize of one hundred dollars should feel a little mortification, and they might be pardoned a few private murmurs vented in the bitterness of defeated expectation; but it was rather extraordinary that a warfare, apparently systematic and resulting from a convention of malecontents, should have been waged in the public journals against five gentlemen, whose characters and positions in society should have been a guarantee for their fairness and impartiality. With

every one acquainted with their reputation, — and they were extensively known beyond the limits of the city of Boston, — the annunciation of their names was all that was necessary to put down at once the charge of “unfair doings about the poem.” But the charge against the chairman of the committee, Mr. Sprague, that he, as the friend of the editor of the *Galaxy*, deposited in the post-office at Hartford an address, to which he afterwards awarded and induced others to award, against their judgement, (for such, substantially, was the allegation,) the prize offered by the manager of the theatre, seemed to me to be too serious a charge to pass without notice. I knew it to be utterly false and groundless ; and to give Mr. Sprague an opportunity to contradict it for himself, I wrote a note, requesting him to state at what time in the summer he was at Hartford, and to let the authors of the ungenerous imputation see whether *that* time corresponded with the date of the post-mark on the cover of the address. He returned the following reply : —

MR. BUCKINGHAM, —

You ask me at what time, during the last summer, I visited the city of Hartford. Make such use as you please of the following.

*On the twenty-second of August*, three weeks after I had read certain theatrical poems, and while they were in the hands of another member of the committee, I left Boston on a short visit to some friends in Connecticut. I passed through Hartford on the twenty-third ; and on the twenty-fourth rode back thither from East-Windsor, to secure a place in the stage homeward. On the twenty-fifth, I left East-Windsor, by a private conveyance, and took the stage a few miles this side of Hartford.

While in Hartford, I was guilty, — truth drags out the confession, — I was guilty of being highly pleased with all that I saw of that industrious and intellectual city. I was guilty, for the first time, of paying my devotions to the ancient and venerable *Charter Oak*, from which “I piously stole” three leaves and an acorn. I was further guilty of visiting the well-ordered *Retreat for the Insane*, — for a residence in which, by the way, under the prudent care of Doctor Todd, one or two of your editorial brethren seem to be marvelously well fitted. The Doctor is a humane man, and seldom whips the poor demented creatures who are confided to his care.

The head and front of my offence had this extent, no more. I was not guilty of dropping your friend’s address into the post-office at Hartford, *a number of weeks after it had been received* in Boston; and this I must have done, if I had placed it there at all.

The young man who has published the atrocious falsehood, respecting the time and purpose of my visit to Hartford, has committed an offence more unpardonable, if wilful, than many of the convicts in his vicinity had been guilty of, whose hammers were probably clinking in his ears while he was penning the libel.

With reference to the proceedings of the committee, about which such a poor effort has been made to get up an excitement, there is a single point upon which one obscure knave shall receive a little light. He has asserted that the committee exceeded their power, in selecting a poem of more than *seventy* lines. He is as ignorant in this respect, as he has shown himself to be malignant in others. There is a taint of meanness in all that has fallen from this man, which betrays the unwholesome character of his mind, and proves that though he possesses turpitude enough to be guilty of injustice, he has too little shame to acknowledge and repair it.

In a word, then, I possess the written instructions of the manager, for the government of the committee. In regard to his limitation of the number of lines, he writes “*that he leaves this with deference to the committee’s better judgement, — having no wish beyond the full exercise of their discretion.*”

And now, Mr. Buckingham, it remains for you to remove the key-stone of all the charges against the committee ; charges which they have deigned to repel, only by opposing character to calumny.

You are not the author of the preferred address, and I think you are bound to say so ; if you can conquer your aversion to inform those whose impertinence has deprived them of any claim to an answer, I pray you do it, — not to gratify, but possibly to shame, and certainly to *brand* them in the eyes of the community. Who the author is, I know not, — but you are not the man. You have not lived fifty years, to turn poet at last. Whatever may be thought of your prose, I do not believe that any one has yet been able to judge of your verse. Speak plainly, then, at least, as far as you can, in justice to your fastidious, unknown friend, — and throw back, to their original nothingness, the indecent slanderers, who feel a depraved gratification at being lifted into any notoriety, however disgraceful.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

To this letter the following remarks were added : —  
“Of the truth and fairness of the criticisms in the Bunker-Hill Aurora, either on the poem itself or the style of the recitation, the public who read will judge. If it were permitted to dissent from a judgement emanating from such a high court, perhaps there are persons that could testify to the blunders made by the gentleman who recited it in almost every line, and some others who might have thought there were lines in the poem not inferior to any equal number of lines in some of its predecessors.

“And now, at parting for a season from the gentleman, who, more than all his cotemporaries, enjoys the honor of having afforded an opportunity for explanation, it is proper that he should be entrusted with a

secret, — a secret of which there is no doubt he will be the faithful repository. Be it known to you, then Sir, that, in the composition of the Prize Poem, you had as much agency as the editor of the *Galaxy*, and all the reproaches cast upon him as the supposed author, may be appropriated to yourself with equal force and propriety. You are equally guilty, too, Sir, with the editor of the *Galaxy*, of insulting the respectable committee, by practising the arts and management you have [falsely] attributed to him. But, pray, do not communicate this truth to the gentlemen with whom you have acted in this business, and whose purposes you have been the willing instrument of promoting; for you know, Sir, that this truth is that which, above all things, they dread to know. And for yourself, Sir, ‘seek to know no more;’ the spirit which possesses this secret ‘will not be commanded;’ and all your endeavors to unravel the mystery will terminate in unavailing toil and time misspent.”

Several anonymous and scurrilous letters were sent to me from Philadelphia, the only conceivable apology for which was that I did not choose to betray the confidence reposed in me by the author of the Prologue; and sundry communications of a similar character appeared in the papers of that city. The following appeared in the *Aurora*, the writer of which assigned the authorship to me with an admirable air of sagacity, and an insight which was unequaled even by the clairvoyants of the present day: —

A correspondent in the *Aurora* and *Franklin Gazette* of yesterday wishes to know who is the author of the address delivered at the opening of the Tremont Theatre, Boston? I

answer, it is Mr. Buckingham, editor of the *Galaxy* and *Courier*. He had the address mailed at Hartford and signed with the fictitious name of JAMES JAMIESON, his real name at the time being known to one of the committee, who was tenacious in awarding him the prize. It is to be hoped that the best among the rejected addresses will be published, that the public may judge of the equity of the decision.\*

To this article I published in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*,—whose editor, Mr. Hale, was one of the awarding committee,—the following reply:—

It is well that some disappointed rhyming Tag has at length assumed confidence enough to vent his murmurs in a tangible shape, and to assert directly that which the weaker and more cowardly members of his fraternity have only ventured to utter in impalpable innuendoes. The writer of the article quoted from the *Aurora* alleges, in reference to the author of the address in question, what he does not know to be true, and for which he cannot produce the shadow of a proof. The charge against the committee of collusion with the author is also unfounded, and could originate only in defeated expectation or wanton malignity. One member of the committee, who has been the object of these accusations, as ungenerous and unmanly as they are absurd and groundless, may feel proud,—and justly, too,—of the distinction thus conferred upon him by these anonymous slanderers. No member of the committee, before their decision was concluded, knew the author by any real or fictitious name; they do not now know him; and, in all human probability, neither they, nor the *gentlemen*, who clamor so loudly at

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\* It is not only a curious fact, that no one of the rejected addresses was published, as I have before mentioned; but it is equally curious that these discontented scribblers should have discovered that *Mr. Jamieson's* Christian name was "James." He had himself only indicated that name by the initial letter "J," which might have stood for twenty others as well as for James. It is also a curious coincidence, that the editor of the *Bunker-Hill Aurora* and the writer in the *Philadelphia Aurora*,—striking coincidence of names, too,—published at a distance of three hundred miles apart,—should have published this discovery of the Christian name on the same day!



his success, will ever be any wiser in this respect than they are at the present moment.

This was strangely misconstrued by some as equivalent to an acknowledgement that I was the author of the Prologue. My only intention was to vindicate the whole committee, and especially Mr. Sprague, from the base imputation of collusion and dishonesty.

Here, for a time, the matter was allowed to subside, so far as the newspapers were concerned ; but there were grumblings and scolding among the interested and disappointed candidates for the prize. On receiving the award of the committee, Mr. Pelby had informed me that he was requested by the author to confer with me ; and, on comparing the manuscripts, which had been separately transmitted to us, he was satisfied that the letter to me, mailed at Hartford the same day as the address, was written by the author. He expressed his readiness to pay the sum awarded, on the morning after the opening of the theatre. I neglected, however, to call for it, till reminded by a letter from the author, of which the following is a copy : —

Hartford, Conn. 14th Nov. 1827.

MY DEAR SIR, —

So far as I can judge, the controversy in the papers concerning the character and the author of the Prize Poem on opening the Tremont Theatre seems to have come near to a close ; and I hope that by this time those papers which have spoken disparagingly of it and him are convinced, as I am sure that the public is, that whatever may be its faults, or his sins, *you* have nothing to do with the one or with the other. And I hope that those editors who have spoken against the committee awarding the prize, or who have lent their presses to disappointed competitors, are by this time satisfied that the

course of the committee was perfectly honorable, and that, if he ever doubted, (which I do not learn that he ever did,) the manager can no longer doubt, that the author of the Prize Address is honorably entitled to the prize-money: for I suppose it formed no part of his object to get a name, but to get an address; the only use of a name being to enable the manager to forward the money to the writer, whoever or wherever he might be.

I freely acknowledge to you, Sir, that J. Jamieson is a fictitious name, as much as Cæsar, or Cato, or Junius would have been. There are reasons why a citizen of this goodly city should not wish to be known as the author of a piece, the whole argument of which was to set forth the claims of the legitimate Drama to the countenance and support of the best portion of the community. But I do not see that this is any reason why such an argument, or such a plea for the Drama, should not be favorably regarded, or honorably paid for, by those whose interests are identified with those of the Drama. Indeed, I feel somewhat ashamed of hinting that any manager, many of whose engagements, and all of whose feelings, must, — if he hopes for success, — be purely of an honorary character, would be so far influenced by the captious quibblings of disappointed bards, as to delay for an instant the performance of his engagements to the rhymers who should be approved by a committee of honorable men. Whatever may have been said to Mr. Pelby's prejudice, by any of the *genus irritabile natura*, who are disappointed in not getting the prize themselves, I am sure that *he* has too high a sense of the obligations of his office, — not to say of the course dictated by honor, — to suffer himself to withhold the prize-money in compliance with their suggestions, and thus make himself as much an object of their contempt as he would be of his own.

But I presume that nothing of this kind has occurred, or can or will occur. I should consider the supposition that it *could* as a supposition injurious to Mr. Pelby, and as a just ground of complaint by him.

The cause of my addressing you this note is to say, Sir, that I shall probably be in Boston in five or six days, when I shall

do myself the honor to call upon you, and receive the prize awarded to my piece, — which, after all that has been said against it, I maintain is a good piece, — rhyming well, and, what is more, reasoning well, — a piece, indeed, that suffered much by dissection, but that, as printed in the *Galaxy*, was worth being rehearsed twice on the stage, and of being seriously considered by all those who do any thing towards giving an impulse or a direction to public opinion, — by all who wish well to the stage, or to the public morals.

Should Mr. Pelby not yet have handed you the prize-money, as I learn by your *Galaxy* that he told you he should be ready to do “on the next Tuesday” after the rehearsal of the poem, — and which he may since have done, — I must beg of you, in performance of the commission entrusted to you in my note of the 16th July, to let him know, that in a few days you expect to be called upon by Mr. Theron or Mr. Jamieson in person, and that you wish to be ready to give a good account of your trust, — and, when I see you, as suggested in mine of 16th July, I shall endeavor to satisfy you on the score of commissions.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your faithful servant,  
and an humble follower in the train of the muses,

J. JAMIESON.

J. T. BUCKINGHAM, Esq.

I had already received the money from Mr. Pelby. A few days after the receipt of this letter, it was given into the hand of the gentleman, who, in July, had requested me to act as the representative of the author, in case any address should be entrusted to my care, and received from him a receipt in the words following: —

BOSTON, Nov. 12, 1827. Received of W. Pelby, Esq. One Hundred Dollars in full for the Prize Address delivered at the opening of the Tremont Theatre, in behalf of J. T. Buckingham, agent for

J. JAMIESON, the author.

Nothing was said, by either party, as to "commissions," and here my agency in the affair ended. But, with respect to another person, this was not the *end*, but merely the *beginning*, of a scene of trouble and vexation, that was not entirely set at rest till some years after. Circumstances, that took place soon after the award of the committee was made public, gave rise to a suspicion that the real J. Jamieson, the author of the Prologue, was the Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, then the minister of the church in Hollis-street, Boston. He was openly accused of the authorship, but, I believe, never either admitted or denied the accusation. Some years after, when a disaffection between Mr. Pierpont and the people of his pastoral charge resulted in the organization of an ecclesiastical council, an attempt was made to prove that he had been guilty of falsehood, in denying that he was the author of the Prologue, and I was summoned as a witness to *prove that he was the author*. The testimony drawn from me on the occasion, (which is very inaccurately stated in a printed report of the Trial,) substantially corresponded with the preceding statement. The only additional facts that I *could* state were, that Mr. Pierpont was the gentleman who bespoke my agency in regard to the Prologue, and that the prize-money was paid to him. I could not, of course, testify that he was the author, whatever might have been my belief, or the inferences drawn by others from the circumstances attending the case.\*

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\*I am conscious that some of the preceding details may seem to be out of place, and unnecessarily tedious ; but they are so closely connected with the history and character of the Galaxy, that they could not well be omitted.

From the beginning of November to the middle of the next March, the *Galaxy* was entirely under the care of S. P. Holbrook and Edwin Buckingham, — a lad of seventeen years, who left the English High School about three years before, for the purpose of learning the trade of a printer. This interval of editorial labor was spent by me in Washington. Observation and conversation while there, supplied material for a number of personal sketches of members of Congress, which were written out in the form of a dialogue, and published in the *Galaxy* in April, 1828. The following are a part of these sketches, with no other alteration than is necessary to divest them of the conversational character : —

That tall gentleman, standing in front of the clerk's desk, is Mr. WEEMS, of Maryland. He has acquired the name of the Great Talker. Great talker he may indeed be called, for he will out-vociferize any man on the floor. He will talk longer and louder than any stump orator that ever electioneered for himself in the states where self-electioneering is in fashion. He is sometimes sprightly, always ready, and as effervescent as a barrel of beer. He is a man of good intentions, but has become so deeply diseased with the itch for talking, that he is never easy, never satisfied when he is *not* talking, nor much more so when he *is*, unless he makes his auditory listen. He speaks upon almost

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Beside, the controversy and the facts attending it form a chapter, which some future D'Israeli may find it convenient to introduce into a record of the "Quarrels," or "Calamities of Authors," and which may be as interesting to posterity as the quarrels and calamities of some of the literary pugilists of the eighteenth century.

every subject. He thinks the question is not in its proper shape, and seems to wonder that the House is so stupidly inattentive to what he is saying, considering the vast importance of the subject and the new light in which he is placing it. He is well read in the Scriptures; that is, he has read them with great attention, and quotes them to prove that John Randolph is insane, and that slavery is ordained by Heaven. On the subject of slavery, Mr. Weems is himself hardly sane. At the bare mention of it, he foams and rages, till many pity his raving, and more laugh at his folly. In a debate, not long since, he spoke with a Bible in his hand, and read a portion of the book of Genesis, to show that Abraham had an illicit connection with his wife's handmaid, Hagar; — that Ishmael was the fruit of that connection; — that Sarah, Abraham's wife, was somewhat uneasy at his connection with the maid; — that such kind of illicit intercourse is apt to produce uneasiness in families; — and, finally, that the American Indians might be the descendants of Ishmael. From this very conclusive argument he inferred that it was best for our people to have no connection with the Indians; for, (said Mr. Weems, throwing a significant glance at Mr. Randolph's vacant seat,) I never liked the *cross-breed*. He is a sturdy advocate for economy, and entertains great fears that the West-Point Academy will make the national treasury bankrupt. In private life he is said to be hospitable and generous, and, though so great a stickler for slavery, treats his *live ebony* as well as any slaveholder in the country. On the whole, he appears to be a good sort of a man; but would be of much more



consequence, and probably much more useful, as a town-meeting orator or a field-preacher, than as a member of Congress.

Mr. CHILTON, the author of the famous "Retrenchment Resolutions," is writing at his desk, on the outer circle of seats. He is truly a great man; — *great let me call him, for he's six feet high*. He came here (from Kentucky) with some reputation for talent, but he has unfortunately lost it, as most young men do, who begin their career with extravagant notions of self-importance. He is a partizan of the military chieftain, and his election was considered as the criterion of the strength of the Jackson party in his district. He has declared, on the floor of the House, that he came under a pledge to his constituents that he would put down the expenses of the government, abridge the number of officers and clerks, razee the salaries of the secretaries, and epitomize the *per diem* allowance of the members of Congress. No one can deny that he has faithfully labored to redeem his pledge, — that is, as far as he could, consistently with that remarkable trait of good-nature so prominent in his composition, which disposed him to adopt amendments and modifications, till no part of his original resolutions was left, except the initial word "resolved." Mr. Chilton, as I have been told by one of his colleagues, has been a Baptist preacher, and since, a lawyer. By the courtesy of John Randolph, he is now a doctor. When he first took his seat in the House, he ventured to prescribe remedies for our national plethora, even before the learned faculty, which guides the opposition, had given him a diploma. His right to practise

was disputed by Mr. Randolph ; the old experienced professors cried out *Quack !* and not a scullion in the camp would suffer the young doctor to phlebotomize, or would even swallow one of his retrenchment pills, till it had been analyzed by an old practitioner, and the nature, power, and effects of its ingredients ascertained. He was rather uncourteously treated by the Speaker, who compounded the select Committee on Retrenchment without taking the claims of Mr. Chilton into consideration. Some men, of less meekness, might have taken offence at such a sign of neglect ; but he gave no public sign of resentment. He did indeed keep silent for several days ; but if any inward grief preyed upon his mind, he has since recovered his wonted self-complacency, and started again in the cause of retrenchment with renewed vigor. As if he had not done enough to redeem his “pledge,” he has brought forth a second resolution, having retrenchment for its object ; and, as he had found he had taken in hand the wrong patient, when he assailed the fifth auditor, he felt doubly confident of success in his last attempt, which was directed to the Academy at West-Point. His speech in favor of his resolution for reducing the number of cadets at the academy, was the most successful effort to amuse the House that has been recorded during the session. The administration members, like a set of grumblers as they are, retired to the sofas without the bar to indulge their *spleen* and *ill nature*, while the other party enjoyed the *triumph*. Hamilton burst into a convulsive laugh, and even the severe countenance of M'Duffie was distorted to a broad grin. Mr. Chilton's speeches have

one peculiarity, which has been kept entirely out of sight by the reporters; and this is the more to be regretted, since the peculiarity alluded to is indicative of the innate kindness of his heart, and of a desire to impart liberally of all his gifts to those who are less favored by the lights of science and the advantages of education. He never uses Latin or other foreign words without subjoining a translation for the benefit of the unlettered members. Thus, all his "*ergoes*" are followed by "*or, therefore;*" and one of his favorite phrases, which he never fails to introduce in every speech, is "this *amor patriæ*, or, *love of country*." How unlike to some of the lawyers! how unlike to Mr. Randolph and the other "*dialecticians*!" who throw out Latin by the page and French by the paragraph, without caring to be understood by the House. But one can never truly estimate the calibre of this opposition gun till he shall have heard an explosion.

There is Mr. CULPEPPER, of North Carolina, who is not so inattentive to the business of the House as one might imagine. His personal appearance is somewhat indicative of the qualities of his mind and heart. He is rough, blunt, and fearless; but he is a man of good sound sense, most unquestionably as honest as any member of the House, and *I* like him none the worse that he is one of the old-fashioned Federalists of the school of Ames, Hamilton, and Marshall. He does not appear to be much of a partizan, and never a tool. Political managers find it difficult to control him; not that he is *insensible* to kindness, but he cannot be *overcome* by courtesy nor *seduced* by blandishment.

He pursues his own course with great directness. If he is not a member of great influence, he certainly is a sober and exemplary one, and enjoys the respect of every one who loves an honest-hearted politician. A few such men may be the salt of the nation, in a body where party has such influence as to warp the understanding and direct the votes of an immense number who are weak or wicked enough to do any thing to further the views and promote the policy of their party. Mr. Culpepper is a preacher, of the Baptist persuasion. He has been several times elected to Congress. He was one of those who voted for the act called the "Compensation Law," and suffered the penalty of his independent vote, as many others did. The law was unpopular, and many, who voted in favor of it, were superseded at the subsequent election; but Mr. Culpepper's constituents had understanding enough to perceive that he was right and they were wrong, and, with the exception of that one term, they have continued to send him as their representative to every Congress since his first election.\*

Mr. WRIGHT, of Ohio, Randolph's "evil genius," is a ready debater, and well initiated in the politics of the day. He takes a very decided stand in favor of the administration, and is one of the most useful soldiers in their ranks; but on many questions, he is a thorough *western* man, though he originated in the

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\* *Buncombe* county, in North-Carolina, was a part of the district which Mr. Culpepper represented, and the place of his residence. In advocating the "compensation law," he said he was *not speaking merely for Buncombe*, but for the nation. Hence the phrase, *speaking for Bunkum*, when reference is made to a self-electioneering speech, has grown into a proverb.

*north.* The great characteristics of his mind are shrewdness and perseverance. In argument he is fearless, ingenious, and inexhaustible. There are few men, who can, on a passing topic, make a more pertinent speech. He is *at home* in the business of the House, for he suffers no subject to escape him. He goes further than this ; for he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the capacities and the opinions of the members of both branches of Congress, and can form a very accurate judgement of the course they will take on almost any given measure. He is regardless of labor, and is ever ready to take hold of the most complicated subject. He speaks often, but he is as much a working member as a talking one, and the House will always listen with more complacency to one who has made the committee-room the place of his investigation, than to those who pick up their information as it floats upon the surface of common conversation and the irresponsible gossip of the day. His boldness in debate is proverbial, and he has been accused of sometimes exceeding the limits of prudence as well as the rules of the House.

In a body of two hundred men, so many of whom are men of intellect, it is not surprising to find a few of a coarse and vulgar cast ; and, of this class, Pennsylvania has the misfortune of furnishing the most conspicuous in GEORGE KREMER. He is clownish in his appearance, *lopeing* in his gait, and slovenly in his dress. His hair looks, for all the world, like a mass of oakum, used until it was bleached to the color of a light, dirty yellow. The features of his face were naturally strong, and, probably, were not unseemly,

when he was young, and before they were bloated and discolored as they now are. He often speaks for a short time. His phraseology is tasteless and vulgar, and almost every word he utters is falsely pronounced. His elocution is that of a mountebank, such as we sometimes meet with on holidays, attempting to recommend a puppet-show. He rises to the highest note, and then sinks as low as possible, for effect. This he probably learned from the great orator, the late Mr. Pinkney, — but the living speaker forgot, or never knew, that a vulgar imitation of the sublime is for ever ridiculous; or, perhaps the finishing touch was given to Kremer's style of eloquence by an intimate acquaintance with camp-meetings, where every thing depends upon the loudness of the screams and the coarseness of the denunciations. Such a member is worse than useless. He is often made a cat's-paw, when wanted by those more cunning than himself; and when he is not wanted for a tool he answers well for a buffoon; for no sooner does he give intimation that he is about to speak, than many gather around him to enjoy a good laugh. . . . This wretched declaimer is as full of self-complacency as any one that ever was heard. He watches the sounds of his own voice, and they seem to come back to his ear full of eloquence; and, when he has finished, he retires to let the House recover from the ecstasies of their admiration. At such intervals he wanders in the library, or visits the apple-women, to refresh his exhausted frame, which has suffered like that of the Pythia with his paroxysm of inspiration. This does well enough for a momentary amusement, now and then, but such ex-



hibitions are a blot on our national character, and ought not to be tolerated a moment. If such speakers were kept to the subject under discussion, they would soon exhaust themselves and desist; but when they are incapable of discriminating between the laugh at folly and the smile at wit, and are suffered to ramble wherever they choose, they are encouraged to exhibit themselves as often as they have a chance. The reporters should give these speeches as they are, and not attempt to put them in a decent shape for publication. A few correct, that is, *exact* reports would make the constituents of such men ashamed of their representative, if he was destitute of shame himself.

Turn we from this character to one of a different complexion, Mr. BURGESS of Rhode Island, — that venerable looking man with white hair, whose form bears the marks of age. He is not, however, an *old* man; certainly he does not exceed fifty-eight, though at a distance, from the appearance of his head, one would think him seventy, at least. He was a native of Massachusetts, but was educated at the college in Providence, and, while a student, was, probably, more celebrated as an orator, and a fine classical scholar, than any one that had ever graduated at that seminary. Mr. Burgess has, for many years, been at the bar of Rhode-Island, and one of the first advocates in that state, which can boast of several of high standing. He has continued to cherish literature while surrounded with business, and has done much to create and encourage a taste for learning in the town where he lives. He is now professor of elocution in Brown University, and does credit to his *alma mater* by in-

spiring her sons with a taste for polite literature. In Congress his career has been honest and dignified. He has voted as he thought just and right, at all times, without regard to party. He is now laboring for the old Soldiers of the Revolution, and he fights for them most manfully. Some of his speeches in relation to their claims have been uncommonly eloquent; but it is feared that all appeals, however pathetic, and all arguments, however forcible, will be unavailing. If the attempt to obtain justice should fail, it will not be the fault of Mr. Burgess; he has not yielded an inch of ground, but has contended for their rights with all his powers, and adopted the doctrine that there should be no statute of limitation in the code of national justice.

Mr. GORHAM, of Massachusetts, has made but few speeches since this session begun. There are not many lawyers here, who have been so economical of the people's money, and as compassionate to the patience of the House. Yet Mr. Gorham's powers are not the less known. When he was in Congress a few years ago, they were as fully developed as occasions demanded. He gave proofs *then* of his abilities, that are not easily forgotten. His manner is spirited and bold, — his arguments direct and forcible. He is well acquainted with commerce and commercial law, and there are but few in the House that know any thing about either. In his speech in opposition to Mr. Barbour's resolution providing for the sale of the stock held by the government in the United States Bank, he threw the whole argument into a nut-shell. The impolicy of the measure was so clearly and forcibly

demonstrated, that the mover of the resolution, with all his metaphysico-financial doctrines, was left with a lean minority of eight members, himself the ninth ! Mr. Gorham was a son of that Nathaniel Gorham, who assisted in forming the Constitution of the United States. He was educated at Harvard, — graduated in 1797, — and read law with Parsons, so renowned in New-England, as a lawyer, scholar, and judge. The officers of the college and his class-mates spoke of him as a youth of fine talents and of a most gallant spirit, and Parsons said that he possessed a logical mind of most extraordinary acuteness ; and his subsequent career has proved that these opinions were not baseless. It is said that he did not, at first, rush into business with that ardor and with those foolish expectations of sudden distinction, which lead to the destruction of many young men of talents ; but he pursued his course steadily and firmly, and secured, apparently without an effort, the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. At the bar Mr. Gorham is a manly advocate. No little tricks ever disgraced his practice. No miserable syllable-catching at any inadvertence of his opponents was ever charged upon him. He rests upon the strength of his cause and his power to make that strength apparent. He was always gentlemanly and liberal to junior counsel, nor ever attempted, like some of his professional brethren, to frighten the timid from the field before the battle began. He has been frequently elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and, on all questions before that body, while a member, maintained a character for independence, boldness, and honesty. Many men,

in such cases, are swayed by local interests or regard to the interests of friends. Not so with Mr. Gorham. He never, as a legislator, looked to the particular interest of his friends, but took up the question on its true principles, and decided as he thought justice would demand and conscience approve. Such stern independence of character sometimes makes men unpopular. It made Mr. Gorham so, perhaps, with a few who could neither perceive his motive nor estimate its worth; but this gave him no anxiety. He is one of those men, for whom it is enough to know that they have done their duty. The people, who murmur at him for opposing their wishes, when they want an independent and fearless advocate for any great and important purpose, are among the first to name him as the man. As a member of Congress, he has no ambition to offer a score of resolutions to be sent to the committee-rooms and to be forgotten, nor to make a speech upon every resolution offered by others, which he can foresee is taking that destination. He has too much respect for himself and the people that sent him into the House of Representatives, to mingle with the small tribe, who are ready to talk *to*, *at*, and *of* each other, on every trifling question,—who enjoy their own sport, but tire out the patience of all the other members with their perpetual croaking. But on all important occasions he is at his post, ready to take his share in the labor and responsibility of his station. His unconquerable integrity, his moral and physical courage, are well known, and protect him from the reproaches and indignities, which some of the insolent, the narrow-minded, and the malicious are ever ready

to cast upon superior merit, when they can do it without fear of chastisement. . . . Mr. Gorham is not only a good lawyer and a sound statesman, but he is a man of extensive reading, of pure taste, and excellent judgement in matters of literature and science. He is among the patrons of letters and the fine arts in his native state, and would be among the first in Congress to devise liberal things for the arts and sciences in any part of the nation, if there were any chance of success in any movement for that purpose. Mr. Gorham entertains his friends with liberality, and obtains respect from all his acquaintance, by a free, unconstrained, and courteous deportment. He is presumed to be in easy circumstances, and passes through life with that generous temper and contented mind,

Which envy none their pageantry and show,  
Which envy none the gilding of their wo.

Mr. DWIGHT, of the county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, is, in person, a fine exhibition of health and strength; his frame, though large, appears to be compact, and the combinations of ease, grace and muscular power seem to be well developed in his form. He is not yet forty years of age. He moves down the dance with ease and elegance, and can, like the Greek, carry the ox on his shoulders without bending under its weight. His manners are courteous and bland. At times he appears, to strangers, to have in his composition a little of that sin for which the angels fell, but this impression soon melts away in his frankness and his obliging disposition. When he first came to Congress, it is said that he did not do justice to his talents in the House, but he has since buckled to his

duty and labored so ardently and constantly, that he takes rank among the first and most intellectual members of the body. In the last session of the nineteenth Congress, Mr. Dwight performed a great share of the labor of the Committee of Ways and Means, and was so perfect a master of every item in his appropriation bills, and so clear in every exposition required, that the opposition soon gave up carping, — from a fear of exposing their own deficiencies, by attacking those so well prepared for defence. Mr. Dwight's elocution is as much admired by the critics in the gallery, and the people of taste who are often found there, as that of any member of the House, from whatever point of the compass he may come. His voice is sweet, his utterance easy, and his enunciation distinct. His phraseology is classical without any tincture of pedantry, and free alike from pains-taking or negligence, — such as one naturally acquires from an intimate knowledge of good books and intelligent and refined society. He is as bold and intrepid as any man in the House, but has not in his nature a particle of that insolence, or that air of defiance, which is so much the characteristic of some members, who give themselves a factitious importance, and affect to be men of great personal bravery. He has a large circle of friends, but few personal enemies, and, it is believed, he never flinches from the latter nor deserts the former. In this shuffling world of politics and policy, this is no mean praise, —

For Honor travels in a strait so narrow  
Where one but goes abreast.



In public life Mr. Dwight has been true to the interests of New-England, and these interests are seldom other than those of the nation,—for when they have been sacrificed, the nation has always suffered. From such men New-England derives character and importance. A man, who treats all kindly and permits no man living to treat him insolently, cannot but obtain respect for his constituents as well as himself. Mr. Dwight is well acquainted with the men from the west and the south; there are no differences between him and them; they know him and respect his talents and independence.

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Here is a sketch of Mr. VERPLANCK, a member from the city of New-York, drawn by a friend, who professes to “know all qualities with a learned spirit.”\* He bears the marks of intelligence in his countenance. It is one of those faces that show the Dutch and English outlines pretty fairly united. He has made some very sensible speeches since he has been in Congress; but, although he is fluent and his voice is sweet, yet, according to the notions which prevail in the House, he is not a great debater; for he is too refined to use the common-place phraseology, which is so much in vogue at the present day among talking politicians. Mr. Verplanck is a literary man of a good, yea, a great, share of knowledge and refinement. His information on most subjects is well arranged and ready for use; but he particularly excels in a knowledge of the institutions, laws, and literature of his own country;—a

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\*The sketches of Messrs. Verplanck and Oakley were written by Samuel L. Knapp.

species of information of rare occurrence among the literati of the United States. He is, by profession, a lawyer, and is well grounded in the great principles of that science; but he began early in life to discipline his mind and form his taste by an intimate acquaintance with some of the first writers of modern times, as well as by frequent perusal of the classics. He was quite young when he first appeared as a writer in the periodical journals of the day. The columns of the Port Folio have often been enriched by his pen, and the North American [Review] owes something of its early celebrity to his productions. He has not confined himself to any one branch of writing;—history, criticism, and biography, as well as the fine arts, have come within his scope as an author; and some of his productions are gems of rare worth. How far ambition may urge him on in his political career, I am unable to conjecture; but one would think that he would find himself happier any where than in the House of Representatives, listening to dull and tedious harangues of tasteless and ordinary men, attempting to push themselves into notoriety and consequence. There is talent enough in this body for any purpose or for any exigency; but then such a vicious taste prevails there, that a refined intellect is pained at every day's business, and it is still more painful to see the first men attempting to descend to this level. It offends one to the soul to hear the scholars of the House using sectional vulgarisms, in order to sink the scholar, for fear some Iago should say of him that "*he is a great arithmetician*," or that he is acquainted with other than his vernacular tongue.

To hear some polished man courting popularity by saying, “I *reckon* I care but *mighty little* about it,” — or, “I shall not speak any more on this subject for the *balance* of the session,” — when it is, perhaps, only the first week of it, — must be horribly offensive to a man of education and taste, or to an independent spirit; for it is in itself ridiculous. I would not be understood as charging Mr. Verplanck with any thing of this sort, for, to do him justice, I never heard him use one of these *sinking courtesies*. He always presents his views in his own language, which is always choice and gentlemanly. With his politics I have nothing to do at this time; but I am happy to see him in Congress, because I think there has been too much of that disposition, that underrates learning among political men, and in selecting a candidate for Congress, in some districts, intelligence scarcely makes an item in the requisitions of a statesman. Mr. Verplanck will, I have no doubt, soon get tired of the life of a politician, and return to that employment which will give him sufficient opportunities of indulging a love of elegant literature, which he has done so much to diffuse among his countrymen, and which he is so well calculated to advance by his pen and his example in mingling in those circles of taste and intelligence which he may enlighten and adorn.

There is another gentleman from New-York, to whom I have heard applied the appellation, “The strong man,” — Mr. OAKLEY, from the county of Dutchess. He, too, is a lawyer, of about the same age as Mr. Gorham, precisely in the prime and strength of judgement. He, too, has said but little this session.

There has not yet been any subject on the tapis which required all the strength of the whole corps of talents; in fact, there is such a disposition to talk among the small fry of the House for the purpose of seeing themselves in print, and by the aid of that "slave of the lamp," the *Reporter*, they are enabled to send home to their constituents five or six columns of fine type in a newspaper, one half of which they never imagined, and the other half they never so expressed as it appears,—that a man who *can* speak and confine himself to the subject under debate, has hardly a chance to obtain the floor. Mr. Oakley's fame at the bar is of the first order. Learned in his profession, clear in his arrangements, deep in his researches, powerful in his arguments, he exhausts his subject, and throws all the light upon it that court or jury can require, without exhausting himself or seeming to make any great mental effort. He has been in Congress before, and gained a substantial if not a brilliant reputation. If he is ambitious, he has given no proofs of it; but seems to be governed by the maxim,—“Let things take their turn, all will come right.” He makes no attempt at splendor of diction or beauty of illustration, but goes straight forward without turning to amuse an audience or scatter a flower. This, it must be confessed, is the true business style, and the most successful in public debate; for such an audience, laboring from one motive or another, and constantly thinking on themselves, have no relish for fine speaking, and, if they knew, they would not stop to consider, a difference between the beauties of a passion-flower and the *blows* of a dandelion. The pulpit is the only place

for the warm, delicate, and impassioned charms of divine eloquence. If it was not now and then found there, it would be lost to the world; for it is banished for ever from the ordinary business of life. Mr. Oakley's style has nothing slovenly about it, but resembles the strong rich connection which was the leading feature in the writings and speeches of Sir Samuel Romily, which is becoming a model in this country. This, like all other styles, will be imitated by ordinary minds, who will attempt to pass off rude heaps of sand-stones for a castle built of huge, massy, solid blocks of granite,—and, at the same time, these imitators will affect to despise the polish, beauty, and magnificence of a marble temple.

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That thin, tall man, of a dark complexion and a bright eye, on the right of the President of the Senate, is WILLIAM H. HARRISON of Ohio. He is about fifty years of age,—a Virginian by birth, and son of that Mr. Harrison who was in the Continental Congress in 1776, and who, afterwards, was governor of Virginia. The son, the gentleman now before us, was first known to the public as a subaltern under that good old honest soldier, Gen. Anthony Wayne. Having served one or two campaigns, he was selected as the aid-de-camp of that veteran officer. He served some time in that capacity, and, in 1797, was made secretary of the Northwestern territory, under Gen. St. Clair, who had in some measure, been broken down by his unfortunate Indian campaign, and was appointed governor of that immense region. Harrison was active and faithful in this office; and, in 1799, was chosen to represent the

territory as its delegate in Congress. That territory included what now forms the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and the territory of Michigan, together with another vast expanse of mountains, woods, and rivers, which will soon be erected into another territorial government.\* The changes that have taken place in the western country since that period, are truly amazing ; and no man on earth can have had the experience of Gen. Harrison — *once* a mere *delegate* from a region which now sends to the national legislature *twenty-one representatives* and *six senators*. The world never saw, in any other age, such a rapid increase of population. In 1800, soon after the admission of Ohio to a participation of the union as a state, Harrison was appointed governor of Indiana, which was then erected into a separate territorial community. This difficult and responsible situation he held for several years, through a troublesome period. The country was then filled with Indians of a fierce and warlike character, who had often driven their foes before them, — who had a perfect knowledge of the use of fire-arms, and procured ample munitions of war by means of their intercourse with British and American traders. These savages had many causes of complaint, to instigate them to war, and the policy of *soothing* and *buying* had but just commenced. The history of Governor Harrison's life

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\* In less than twenty years after this was written, the prediction was more than verified : — the *territory* of Michigan became a *state* ; two other states and a territorial government have been constituted out of the “ vast expanse of mountains, woods and rivers ; ” and still a “ vast expanse ” remains, awaiting a similar destiny.



at that period is as interesting as any other in his eventful career. It was under his direction and government, that the battle of Tippecanoe was fought on the seventh of November, 1811. It is to be regretted that, in this brilliant affair, Generals Harrison and Boyd should have quarreled for *all* the laurels, when there were sufficient for all the officers who fought the battle. The truth probably lies between them; for it is seldom, in such a case, that either is precisely correct. Those who know the latter will never doubt *his* courage, any more than that of the former. In 1812, Gen. Harrison was appointed to command all the forces on the western and north-western frontier, and ample powers were given for attack and defence. He had, around him, the elements of a fine army, but it required no small skill and judgement to put them into effective order. The war of 1812 being over, General Harrison returned from the camp to enjoy the sweets of domestic life in Ohio, from whence he was sent to Congress. His course in that body has been mild, gentlemanly, and active. He has, at all times, shown to the world that the true interests of his country have been his aim in all his acts and debates. In private life he is easy and courteous in his manners, a pleasant associate, and a warm-hearted friend. These traits of character even General Harrison's enemies allow him to possess. If he has weaknesses, (and who is without them?) they consist in suffering, at times, his partialities to influence his judgement, and in allowing his flatterers to blind his eyes to the merits of the unbending.

On the opposite side of the chair is Mr. PARRIS of

Maine, — a gentleman, who is supposed to have filled more public offices than any man of his age, which is about forty-five. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1806, and was early sent to the Legislature of Massachusetts, — first to the House of Representatives and then to the Senate. He was next sent as a representative to Congress from Maine, — was afterwards appointed a judge of probate, and also a district judge of the United States Court, — and was chosen governor of the state of Maine on the resignation of Governor King. He has been popular from his boyhood, and has experienced none of those political gusts and whirlwinds so common in political life. When he entered the field as a candidate for political distinction, there was a scarcity of men of talents and acquirements in the party to which he belonged, (the old *Republican*, technically speaking,) and intellectual and moral worth like his were wanted. Naturally bland and conciliatory, he espoused the cause of his party with zeal and sincerity, without offending his opponents by caustic remarks or bitter personalities. He discharged the duties of the several offices he has held in a most satisfactory manner. Good sense, a good disposition, with strict integrity, are his characteristics. He has never discovered that selfishness which dries up the politician's heart and often renders him an object of suspicion and hatred. He has kept more of that generous feeling, which is often found to glow in the youthful bosom, and which makes the happiness of others a part of his own, than is generally preserved by men who have filled so many public offices. It may be said, however, that he has had fewer perplex-

ities in political life than others. He has had no occasion to electioneer for office ;— all have sought him ; he has taken them as a sort of birthright, without any struggle for possession, or question of tenure when possessed of them. He enters into business with alacrity and discharges it with fidelity. Would that this could be said of every statesman ! but there are some whose apathy says, or seems to say, — I have no country, and I think of no constituents ; and there are others, whose animosity is visible on every slight irritation. A *sweet-tempered politician* is a “*rara avis*,” in a deliberative assembly, or even in executive or ministerial offices.

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Beside the correspondents, whose names are recorded in a former part of this volume, there were others, who, in later years, favored the *Galaxy* with the products of their hours of leisure.

The Hon. EDWARD EVERETT furnished a humorous story, entitled “That Gentleman,” which has been several times republished, and may be found in *The Boston Book*, 1850.

JOHN EVERETT, — a brother of the last-mentioned gentleman, — was the author of a few bagatelles, that were published in 1826. An arrangement was made by which he was to become a regular and constant contributor, and increased popularity was anticipated from his connection with the paper ; but these anticipations were defeated by the death of Mr. Everett a few days after the arrangement had been completed.

HENRY C. KNIGHT, a graduate of Harvard College, then a student in theology, wrote the “Sybilline

Leaves and Wayward Criticisms," which fill several columns. These articles are a collection of maxims and proverbs, rather superior, in my estimation, to Martin F. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. Mr. Knight afterwards took orders in the Episcopal Church. He was the author of two volumes of Poems, which are less known than many volumes of far less merit.

HENRY J. FINN, the celebrated actor, wrote a number of poetical trifles, rich in quibbles and puns,—commodities in which he was a wholesale dealer on all social and convivial occasions. As an actor, Finn was *respectable* in tragedy, but in low comedy and broad farce he was utterly *unapproachable* by any of his cotemporaries. He was a passenger in the steamer Lexington when that vessel was burnt in Long-Island Sound, and shared the horrible fate of more than a hundred companions in death by fire or water. The following is one of his latest contributions to the Galaxy:—

THE CURSE OF THE COMPETENT:

*Or, The Lay of the Last Genius.*

My spirit hath been seared, as though the lightning's scathe  
 had rent,  
 In the swiftness of its wrath, through the midnight firmament,  
 The darkly deepening clouds; and the shadows dim and murky  
 Of destiny are on me, for my dinner's naught but — *turkey*.

The chords upon my silent lute no soft vibrations know,  
 Save where the moanings of despair — out-breathings of my  
 wo —

Tell of the cold and selfish world. In melancholy mood,  
 The soul of genius chills with only — *fourteen cords of wood*.

The dreams of the deserted float around my curtained hours,  
And young imaginings are as the thorns bereft of flowers ;  
A wretched outcast from mankind, my strength of heart has  
sank

Beneath the evils of — *ten thousand dollars in the bank.*

This life to me a desert is, and kindness, as the stream  
That singly drops upon the waste where burning breezes teem ;  
A banished, blasted plant, I droop, to which no freshness lends  
Its healing balm, for Heaven knows, I've but — *a dozen friends.*

And Sorrow round my brow has wreathed its coronal of thorns ;  
No dewy pearl of Pleasure my sad sunken eyes adorns ;  
Calamity has clothed my thoughts, I feel a bliss no more, —  
Alas! my wardrobe now would only — *stock a clothing store.*

The joyousness of Memory from me for aye hath fled ;  
It dwells within the dreary habitation of the dead ;  
I breathe my midnight melodies in languor and by stealth,  
For Fate inflicts upon my frame — *the luxury of health.*

Envy, Neglect, and Scorn have been my hard inheritance ;  
And a baneful curse clings to me, like the stain on innocence ;  
My moments are as faded leaves, or roses in their blight —  
I'm asked but once a day to dine — *to parties every night.*

Would that I were a silver ray upon the moon-lit air,  
Or but one gleam that's glorified by each Peruvian's prayer !  
My tortured spirit turns from earth, to ease its bitter loathing ;  
My hatred is on all things here, because — *I want for nothing.*

Of all the individuals that have been named as  
writers in the Galaxy, not more than four are now  
living to read this acknowledgement of their favors.  
Many other contributors are with the nameless and  
forgotten dead. But there yet remain to be noticed  
two, that were friends to the Galaxy, from the begin-

ning, and occasionally, though too rarely, enriched its columns with the production of their genius. They are the authors of the next two articles, — which, though both have often been published, are here placed together, for the reason, that I would have all, who honor this volume by reading it, lay it down with the agreeable sentiments they impress on the mind left “unmixed with baser matter.” Long may these true and constant friends live

. . . . . To enjoy  
The soul's calm sunshine, . . .

and as much of consolation in affliction, (if affliction should be their lot,) as their friendship and kindly intercourse have imparted to me.

#### LINES

*Written on visiting the beautiful Burying-Ground at New-Haven.*

[Originally published in the Galaxy, November 28, 1817.]

BY THE REV. NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

O where are they, whose all, that earth could give,  
Beneath these senseless marbles disappeared ?  
Where even they who taught these stones to grieve, —  
The hands that hewed them, and the hearts that reared ?  
Such the poor bounds of all that's hoped or feared,  
Within the griefs and smiles of this short day ;  
Here sank the honored, vanished the revered ;  
This the last tribute love to love could pay, —  
An idle pageant pile to graces passed away.

Why deck these sculptured trophies of the tomb ?  
Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane ?  
Hope ye, by these, to avert Oblivion's doom, —  
In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain ?



Go, rather, bid the sand the trace retain  
 Of all that parted Virtue felt and did.  
 Yet powerless man revolts at Ruin's reign :  
 Hence blazoned Flattery marks P'ride's coffin-lid,  
 Hence towered on Egypt's plain the giant Pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die !  
 Be lowly as the relics ye o'erspread !  
 Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,  
 To tell who slumbers in each narrow bed.  
 I would not honor thus the sainted dead,  
 Nor to each stranger's careless ear declare  
 My sacred griefs for Joy and Friendship fled.  
 O let me hide the names of those, that were,  
 Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there.

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#### THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

*Addressed to two Swallows that flew into the Meeting-House in Chauncy-Place, during the public service of the Sabbath, and for a long time fluttered round the dome, and, at length, perched on the rim of it.*

[Originally published in the Galaxy, July, 1827 ]

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Gay, guiltless pair,  
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?  
     Ye have no need of prayer ;  
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
 Where mortals to their Maker bend ?  
     Can your pure spirits fear  
 The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew  
 The crimes for which we come to weep,  
     Penance is not for you,  
 Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 't is given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays ;  
    Beneath the arch of Heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

There spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
    And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
    Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
    I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were Heaven, indeed,  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
    On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

Mr. Sprague also wrote for the Galaxy the piece entitled "Emmeline's Grave," occasioned by the sudden death of a beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of his personal friends, — and the Carrier's Address for the New-Year, 1821. This piece sparkled with wit and satire ; but the persons and occurrences which sharpened the arrows of the satirist are gone and forgotten.

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This seems to be a suitable place for the following article, which was written and published in the autumn

of 1824, — soon after I had undertaken to conduct two papers, entirely of different characters, and wholly unlike in their contents. The scenes and incidents it describes, were scenes and incidents of real life, without exaggeration. The words of the speakers are preserved as nearly as they could be recollected on the day after the conversations occurred.

#### AN EDITOR AT HOME.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ; —  
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,  
Is a hard sentence of an ancient date :  
And, certes, there is reason for it great ;  
For though, sometimes, it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come an heavier fate.

About seven o'clock on the morning of a certain day, as I was about sitting down to my breakfast, the door-bell was rung with a jerk, which all but pulled off the handle from the wire. I went to the door, and met a portly looking gentleman of about fifty, dressed in a dark blue coat and black waistcoat and pantaloons, (I am thus particular, that you, gentle reader, may, if you see the *bore*, avoid him as you would the tax-gatherer, if you are a poor man, or as you would a custom-house harpy, if you are a rich merchant,) who asked if my name was Buckingham, and who, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, seized my hand, and gave me a most hearty *pump-handle* shake, which was continued till I began to think he never intended to release me from his grapple. Quitting, at length, his hold, he entered the door, and with a most enviable gravity of gait, marched

before me into my parlor, the door of which stood invitingly open. I followed him, with some hesitation, uncertain whether he were a sheriff, or an old friend, whose countenance I had forgotten. As he had made a sort of forcible entry, and obtained possession of my premises, without an invitation, it was fair to conclude that he was a sheriff, and wishing to treat the gentleman with all possible civility, (not knowing how much my future destiny might depend upon the favorable opinion he might form of me from this initiatory interview,) I requested him to be seated. Having taken possession of a chair, and remarked that it was a fine morning, and that my dwelling was in a pleasant and retired situation, to both of which propositions I replied, with a trembling *Yes, sir, very fine*, and *very pleasant*, he drew from a side-pocket, a paper, very neatly folded, something in the shape of a *writ*, held it towards me, and asked me if I had ever seen *that*. The conscience-stricken Macbeth was not more amazed when he saw the air-drawn dagger, with 'the handle toward his hand;' and I exclaimed, mentally, 'thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,' as I extended my hand to 'clutch' the paper which might, for aught I knew, be a *lettre-de-cachet*. But these gloomy presentiments soon gave way to others, not less vexatious, perhaps, though not quite so killing to hope and the love of liberty and independence, when I perceived that the paper was neither more nor less than a 'PROSPECTUS!' Reader, if thou hast ever known, by sad experience, what sort of relief that is, which is obtained by a *change* of evils; if thou knowest any thing of that delightful sensation

which a criminal feels when he finds his sentence commuted from hanging on the gallows by the neck, to hanging by the hand to a sledge-hammer in the state-prison for life ; if thou hast ever chewed an ounce of assafœtida to relieve thyself from the nauseating effluvia of thy onion-eating companion's foul breath ; in short, if thou hast ever, in the agony of desire to mitigate a present and overwhelming calamity, jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, thou mayest guess to what degree my forebodings were alleviated, as the positive conviction flashed across my brain, that the unknown gentleman, then in my house, was not a sheriff, nor a constable, nor yet a custom-house pimp, seeking what he might devour, but one of those *gentlemen* employed by certain booksellers to collect subscriptions. The pangs of Prometheus, when, chained to his adamantine pillar, he perceived

The firm earth rock ; the thunder's deafening roar  
Roll with redoubled rage ; the bickering flames  
Flash thick ; the eddying sands whirled high ;  
In dreadful opposition the wild winds  
Rend the vexed air ; the boisterous billows rise,  
Confounding sea and sky ; the impetuous storm  
Roll all its terrible fury on his head ; —

were nothing, less than nothing, in comparison with my horrible imaginings. O how my soul panted to get forth,

To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air !

But since to complain, or not to complain, were alike unavailable, I endeavored to buffet the 'sea of troubles,' with all the philosophy I could summon to my aid. To the question, 'Have you ever seen

*that?*’ I replied, ‘Yes, sir; and published it some months ago.’ ‘Did you, sir? I didn’t know that. What do you think of it?’ ‘Think, sir?’ ‘Yes, sir. What is your opinion of it?’ ‘My opinion of what, sir? The prospectus, or work proposed?’ ‘O the work, sir. Isn’t it likely to be a very good work?’ ‘Did Mr. — send you here, sir, to get my opinion of his work?’ ‘No, sir, I am employed to get subscribers; but I should like to know your *ideas*, and to put your name down as a subscriber.’ And here he took from the side-pocket before-mentioned, a subscription-book, which he opened and laid upon the table, and an ink-stand, from which, unscrewing it at the top, he took out a pen and dipped it in the ink. I laid hold of the handle of the door-lock. The gentleman did not take the hint, but proceeded, ‘Shouldn’t you like a copy of the work, sir?’ ‘I purchase almost every book that comes from the American press, and shall probably buy that when it is published.’ ‘Shall I put your name down as a subscriber?’ ‘No, sir; I never subscribe for any thing. I never solicited subscribers, but in one instance. I shall not do it again. I “owe no subscription,” nor ask it of others.’ ‘What is your opinion of the work? Isn’t Mr. — a man of talents? He is called a man of talents.’ ‘I presume, sir, he didn’t send you here to get a certificate of his genius, or testimonials of his talents.’ ‘No, sir; but if you will subscribe, your name will induce others to subscribe, as your opinion has great weight.’ ‘My opinion, in this case, can have no weight.’ ‘It will have great weight, sir. Here are the names of all the editors. They think highly of the work?’ [There



was a noise in the next room, like the clattering of coffee-cups, but the gentleman did not hear it, and kept on.] ‘Perhaps you think I ought to have called upon you before; I have called, when you were not at home.’ ‘No, sir; I have no ambition to receive the first offer in such a case.’ ‘Are you determined not to subscribe?’ ‘Positively, — I shall doubtless purchase the book when it is published.’ ‘The work is spoken highly of by men of talents. I am sorry you refuse to subscribe. Is there any of the people about here that would be likely to subscribe?’ ‘I cannot tell, sir.’ ‘Who are the principal men about here, that would be most likely to patronize the work?’ ‘I am not able to say, sir.’ ‘It would be doing a great favor, sir, if you would put your name down for a copy.’ ‘I cannot, sir; and I am very sorry that you compel me to be more peremptory; — I will not.’

Finding there was no clearing my house of this pestilent vagabond, so long as I held conversation with him, I withdrew from the parlor to the entry, and saw him reluctantly prepare to follow. In the entry, nearly all the preceding conversation was repeated. After thrice assuring the gentleman that I would not subscribe to his prospectus, and perceiving that he was not inclined to leave me, I advanced to the outer door, determined that he should not *speak to my face*, unless he took a position on the outside of the house. With slow and mournful movement, he at length made his exit through the door, and, lingering on the steps, looked toward me with such ‘piteous action,’ that he almost converted my stern intent. There was really so much disappointment figured forth in his counte-

nance and gesture, that it “cowed my better part of man;” I felt more than half inclined to relent, and was about to give the poor devil a favorable word, (not so much from pure benevolence, however, as from pure curiosity, to see what a wonderful change might be wrought in his wo-begone face, by an encouraging smile from mine;) but at this instant, a boy belonging to my office, coming in, whispered to me ‘This is the gentleman that called every day last week at the office, to see you.’ This little interruption gave me time to recover from the act of kindness into which I was fast falling, and when I looked again upon the personification of baffled perseverance that was before me, I felt too much contempt for this species of beggars, to suffer any feeling of complacency to get the better of my indignation. I had hardly closed the door, and put an end to his importunity, when a domestic informed me, that *that* was the gentleman who had called for me, *so often* last week. I ascertained, on inquiry, that the gentleman had actually called, during the preceding week, six times at my office, and from twelve to fifteen times at my house,—and all for what? Provided he had been successful in his application, the most he could have gained for his labor, would have been ten per cent. on the price of the book, which was five dollars. If perseverance is a virtue, how supremely virtuous must that man be, who can undergo all this labor for *fifty cents*! But “the labor, we *délight* in, physics pain;” the gentleman had, doubtless, a partiality for his profession, and heaven grant him joy in the pursuit of it.

. . . . .

Let us now take the reader into Congress-street, and give him an interior view of an editor's closet. In doing this, we shall observe with religious scrupulousness the maxim of the immortal bard, —

Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice.

If the reader, after viewing this exhibition, should wonder how *we* manage to publish a daily and a weekly paper, keeping the two entirely distinct, and preserving their *individuality*, he may be assured that he is not *solus* in his admiration; for it is a fact that has frequently confounded *us*; we only know what the reader knows, too, that it *is done*, but how it is done, we can tell him nothing about it, except that it is *not done* without some hours of hard labor, and at hours when he probably is frolicking or asleep.

Our room, (or rather *one* of our rooms,) is about five feet square, one side of which is occupied by a narrow table and a desk, over which are some shelves for papers, pamphlets, &c.; and in one corner is a small book-case, containing our library, consisting chiefly of Fourth-of-July orations, election and ordination sermons, two old dictionaries, Fessenden's Law of Patents, Holt's Law of Libel, Degrand's Tariff of Duties, an odd volume of Stewart on the Mind, Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, Joseph Bartlett's Aphorisms on Men and Manners, Paul Allen's American Revolution, an odd volume of Morse's Gazetteer, Dictionary of Quotations, Laws and Resolves of Massachusetts for the year 1820, two copies of Billings's Music, a few odd volumes of plays, all the numbers of the New Monthly Magazine which the *punctuality* and

*honesty* of borrowing friends have returned, a piece of Chambaud's French Grammar, Maffitt's Tears of Contrition, and a few, a very few others, equally valuable standard works, but still too numerous to be here particularized. Surrounded by this superb collection of the literature of *past* ages, with about seventy or eighty newspapers received by the morning's mail, we seated ourself at the aforesaid table, on which were scissors, paste-dish, pen and ink, the indispensable implements of our profession, to commence our ordinary labor. And first, to prepare the subject-matter of the next day's *daily* journal. Having cast our eye over the New-York Gazette, and the Daily Advertiser, (our invariable standards for news from that city,) and clipped out a few paragraphs, the Washington papers were next put in requisition. An article in the National Journal, or the National Intelligencer, we undertook to *remanufacture*, (giving the Journal, or the Intelligencer, credit for the *raw material*,) and having written two lines and a half, a gentleman in the outer apartment inquired if the editor was within, and having stated to the attendant at the clerk's desk, that his business was *very* particular, he was shown into the closet. He wished to know what was the price of the Galaxy. 'Three dollars a year, sir.' 'I thought it was only two and a half.' 'How many times a week is it printed?' 'Once a week, sir,' 'You have raised the price.' 'No, sir.' 'I thought the weekly papers were only two dollars and a half. Two or three of my neighbors thought they should like to take it,—we will subscribe for it for one quarter, if you will put it at two dollars and a half.' 'The price is the same it ever was; if

you subscribe by the quarter, it is one dollar for the quarter.' 'That is too high; but I suppose you make a deduction if I pay in advance.' 'No, sir, the condition is payable in advance.' 'I suppose you pay the postage?' 'No, sir.' 'I don't like to pay in advance. I paid in advance once for a paper, and it stopped in two or three weeks. [Here we took up our pen, finished the third line of our paragraph, and began upon the fourth.] Do you think the paper won't stop in three or four weeks?' 'I hope not, sir.' 'Suppose you should die before the quarter is up, what will become of the paper? We can get nothing paid back.' 'That is a subject, sir, which must be left to time and chance.' 'And so, we may lose half our subscription money. I don't like the plan of paying in advance; it's a good pay-master that pays when the work is done. Shall we get the papers regularly?' 'They shall be mailed according to your directions; if they are not received, the fault will not be in this office.' 'Well, I've a great mind to take it one quarter, and try it, but I suppose it will stop before the quarter is up.' 'I hope not; the young man at the desk will take your directions, sir.' 'Shall you continue to send it after the quarter is up, if I pay you a quarter in advance?' 'That shall be as you direct. The paper is never discontinued when a subscriber has complied with the conditions, without his order.' 'Well, I will take it a quarter, and you may direct it to the Postmaster. He lives close by us, and it will save the postage. I suppose he will get the first reading of it.'

The gentleman was again referred to the clerk at the desk to transact his *very particular* business, and

as he left the room very reluctantly, another stranger passed by him, and wished to know if we would be kind enough to let him look at the Worcester Spy of week before last. 'We have n't it here, sir.' 'Do n't you take it?' 'Yes, sir, but it would be impossible to find it now. We doubtless had it, but it is put away with other papers that came at the time.' 'I should think it might be among *them*; may I look among them and seek for it?' 'It is not there,—those are the papers of this morning.' 'My gracious! do you take all them papers in one day? I should like to look at them a few minutes, if it wo n't interrupt you, [seating himself in a vacant chair, and seizing hold of the paper which contained the article I had been endeavoring to make use of,] I should think it would cost you a good deal for postage.' 'Printers are allowed to exchange papers free of postage.' 'Oh, oh! How many papers do you take in this way?' 'Perhaps a hundred.' 'A hundred! I did n't think there were so many printed in America. I don't see how you get time to read 'em all. Which do you consider the best paper you take?' 'That is a difficult question to answer.' 'I wish to gracious you could find the Salem Register of last Thursday. What do you do with them all?' 'They are the perquisite of one of the boys, who sells them, after I have done with them.' 'How much does he get for them?' 'A trifle, sir.' 'How many papers do you print?' 'Two thousand.' 'Gracious father! where do they all go to? I suppose you send 'em all over the country. How many of 'em are taken in Boston?' 'Probably half of them.' ['Is there any copy ready?' said a workman at the door; and we



gave him the few paragraphs cut from the papers before mentioned.] ‘How many hands do you keep employed?’ Before we had time to reply, a military company passed, and the gentleman, eager to gratify his curiosity, rushed down stairs, and left us once more to ourself; but carried with him the paper he had so *ceremoniously* pulled from our table. Our paragraph, being unfinished, of course, was useless, and we resumed the examination of our mail papers.

After spending three minutes and five eighths in lonely solitude, during which time we had selected a few straggling articles, and seized the pen with an intention of writing a paragraph or two for ‘the daily,’ another gentleman called for the editor. He was told the editor was engaged, but that would not do, see him he must, and in he bolted. It was a gentleman who had been arraigned at the Police Court, on Saturday, for an assault and battery, and came to request that his name might not be mentioned in the paper. He was told we had no report of his case, and expected none, but if one was offered, we should adopt the usual course. He said he was a peaceable man, that he got a little groggy, and in one of his *turns*, he committed the offence for which he had been fined in the court. He thought it hard that a *gentleman* should have his name published, and was going on to give a history of his birth, parentage, education, temper, and various good qualities, but was interrupted by a call for ‘more copy.’ Proceeding with his tale, another man came in and wished to look at the *Eastern Argus*; but, as we had it not, he took the liberty of casting his eye on the paper we were writing upon, and seeing a line begin-

ning with 'PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS,' asked if we were going to support the general ticket, or the Crawford ticket. Not receiving a very direct reply, he entered upon a discussion of the expediency of Congress providing by law for a uniform mode of choosing electors in all the states. Just as he was letting off a most terrific explosion to blow up Crawford, hang Jackson, and annihilate Clay, two or three customers called for papers, and, as was very natural, stopped to listen to his eloquence, and one of them stepped into our closet. Recollect, reader, this editorial *retreat* is but five feet square, and now contained, beside the furniture beforementioned, *ourselves*, the assault-and-battery gentleman, who had not finished the history of his life, the Adams-man, and the spectator, whom his eloquence had attracted. Four of us in a *five foot* room! Seeing the boy approach for 'more copy,' we thought it a good opportunity,—under pretence of handing to him, what it was impossible for him to get near enough in our present situation to take,—to endeavor to make our escape, which with some difficulty we effected, leaving our whole *cargo* of mail papers to the mercy of those who had possession of our room. The company filed off, one after another, and left the Adams-man in quiet possession, who stopped about two hours to amuse himself at our expense.

Driven from our own appropriate domains, we retired to another apartment, and took refuge among the workmen. Here, in our elbow-chair, we again went to work, and the door being closed, in the course of half an hour, wonders were accomplished, the im-

mediate demands for 'more copy' were satisfied, and we commenced writing a most *glorious* description of 'National Feeling;'\* when, the door being accidentally opened, a friend coming up stairs, espied us in our retreat, came up and very deliberately looked upon our manuscript, and asked what we were writing about, — wondered how we could ever write enough to fill up the paper, interrupted as we must be, and expressed his astonishment that people could be so uncivil as to call upon an editor, and intrude into his private apartment. Having read that part of our manuscript which was before him, he expressed his approbation; asked what we thought of the parade in honor of La Fayette, if we had shaken hands with him, &c. &c. and after an hour's chat upon things in general, very politely took his leave.

We had scarcely resumed the pen, when a message came that a gentleman wished for an interview. He wanted to know whether job-printing was done there, and what it cost to print a hundred hand-bills. We referred him to the clerk and continued scribbling. In about five minutes, another called to ask it as a favor that a certain article in the Statesman might be inserted next day; and another to say, that there was an error in the price-current of that morning in the article of *Fish*, and that a price-current, if it was not correct, was good for nothing. He was told that the gentleman who corrected the price-current was responsible for its correctness, and did not send it into the world anonymously. He animadverted with great

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\* An article describing the public reception of General La Fayette.

earnestness on the utility of a good price-current, the advantage it would be to the public, and the benefit it would be to the proprietor, and the great detriment it was to all parties to have goods quoted at a higher or lower price than they could be bought for; to all of which we assented and kept writing. After he had gone, information was received that there was a note in the bank to be provided for. This was a damper to the imagination, and 'National Feeling' was thrust into the desk, till the rites of Mammon were performed. It was now dinner-time.

On our return at three o'clock, 'National Feeling' was again spread upon the table, another paragraph nearly finished, when a stranger inquired for the editor. It was a celebrated 'DRAMATIC VENTRILOQUIST.' He produced a card, containing a specification of what he was going to perform at the Pantheon, and desired to know the charge for advertising. For this information he was referred to the clerk, and having settled that matter to his apparent satisfaction, he took from his pocket-book three or four pieces cut from Canadian and Portland papers, containing some choice puffs upon his performances in various places, which he wished us first to read, and then to publish, or to write something similar to them. Our reply was, 'It is contrary to our practice to publish such articles in advance.' 'Will you write an editorial paragraph, pointing the attention of the public to the advertisement?' 'I cannot, sir; were I to adopt such a practice, there would be no end to similar applications.' 'The advertisement will be of no use without such a paragraph; no one will read it, unless

you direct their attention to it. Three lines under the editorial head will be of more service than a whole column of advertisements.' 'I am aware of that, sir; but is it fair to beat down the price of advertising to its lowest possible terms, and then make a demand upon the editor for a puff?' 'It was never refused to me before; and I expected you would do it without hesitation, for one of your own countrymen. I understand you are a countryman of mine.' 'What country is yours, sir?' 'England; I have understood you are an Englishman.' 'Indeed, you have been misinformed; I am an American, sir, a Yankee; was never out of New-England but once in my life.' 'What do you ask for writing a paragraph of three or four lines, just referring to the advertisement?' 'Nothing, sir; I cannot consent to do it.' 'Will you not publish it as a communication?' 'No, sir.' 'The first people of Quebec and Portland have spoken highly of the performance, and' — 'I dare say the performance will be very good; if I see it, and think it deserves a paragraph, I shall perhaps be disposed to give it one.'

It is not necessary to tire the reader with a continuation of this *small talk*. Suffice it to say, that the gentleman's importunities for an editorial puff were unsuccessful; and after exhausting his persuasive eloquence to no purpose, he left us. It may be proper to add in this place, that his advertisements were published for several successive days according to his orders, and that he left the town shortly after, *forgetting to pay his trifling bill*. We thought it possible that he might have forgotten us, because we refused to write and insert the puff preliminary; but we have

since ascertained that two or three of our neighbors who did give him the *editorial paragraph*, are equally the objects of his *inattention*. Advertisements in the Worcester and Hartford papers, accompanied by the puff editorial, indicate that the ‘dramatic ventriloquist’ is wending his way to the south, where we hope he will find pliant editors, generous audiences, and lots of the *shinery*.

We could extend this journal of our editorial life to a most appalling length ; but it would be only a repetition of similar interruptions, vexatious calls on *important* and *particular business*, and equally profitable conversations ; and, not to speak it profanely “The world itself could not contain the books that should be written.”

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#### OBITUARY NOTICES.

And must the man of wondrous mind,  
(Now his rich thoughts are just refined,)      Forsake our longing eyes ?  
Reason a while submits to wear  
The wings of Faith ; and, lo ! they bear  
    Her prophet to the skies.  
Go, friend ! and wait the prophet's flight,  
Watch, if his mantle chance to light,  
    And seize it for thy own.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we record in our columns the death of the Rev. HORACE HOLLEY,—an event which happened at sea on the thirty-first of July. Mr. Holley was a passenger on board the ship *Louisiana* from New-Orleans to New-York, having with him his wife and son, a child about eight years of age. We have yet learned but few



particulars respecting his death. The cause is supposed to have been the yellow fever, as three other passengers died of that complaint on the passage.

Mr. Holley was born at Salisbury, Conn. (at which place his parents are still living,) in the month of February, 1781. He was a graduate of Yale college. During his college life he was a favorite pupil of the late President Dwight. After having been admitted to the ministry, agreeably to the customary forms of the Connecticut churches, he succeeded Dr. Dwight as the minister of the parish in Greenfield. His residence there was not of long continuance. He was installed pastor of the church in Hollis-street, Boston, in March, 1809, and remained in that situation about ten years. Having received an invitation to become the President of Transylvania University in Kentucky, he was induced to remove from Boston to Lexington, and to assume the new and responsible duties of that office. Circumstances, unnecessary to relate, produced a dissolution of his connection with that institution about six months since. Tempted by liberal offers, he consented to travel in Europe as the private tutor of several young gentlemen of Louisiana; but the project was abandoned, as we understand, in consequence of the failure on the part of the parents of the pupils to fulfill their part of the contract. What further purposes he had adopted for future life, we presume are unknown to his friends; since, on his way to visit them, he has been overtaken by disease and death, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and removed from all further intercourse with a world of which he was one of the brightest ornaments.

Such is the brief history (with all that our present information enables us to record) of Mr. Holley. Such a man cannot be struck from existence without producing emotions of sorrow in a wide circle of acquaintance and friends. . . . .

“ In the death of Mr. Holley, the *capital of mind* on earth has suffered a shock, which years cannot repair. A chasm is made, which no one attempts to measure, much less to fill. Genius, learning, science, friendship, and religion mourn. . . . His imagination was rich beyond description or comparison, and yet mellowed by the finest moral feeling and the most cultivated taste. He was ardent but not glaring, lofty but not extravagant, animated but not boisterous, free but not loose, original but not wild nor eccentric. He looked not only under the lineaments of native energy and boldness, but as they might appear in their elegant and polished forms. In the prospective which he threw before you, the sun became more mild and genial, the arch of heaven was spread with a more delicate blue, the meadows were clothed with a fresher verdure, the fields waved in a more enchanting grace, the streams murmured in sweeter harmony, the forests rose in greater majesty, the tempest howled with increasing terror, or the west wind breathed in sweeter melody. His conceptions were always filled with life and motion. He never gave us the stiff standing picture, but the living, breathing, moving figures of nature, as they were reflected from the mirror of truth and taste. The simplicity of his intentions and the purity of his life kept his mind always open to the language of beauty and elegance, which the Deity every where speaks in the works of creation. . . . He loved to look forward into the improvements and virtues of distant ages of the world. He particularly delighted to contemplate the increasing facilities for the education and formation of minds ; and saw, in his glowing prospective, one generation succeeding and improving upon another ; till the spirit of religion should be restored to all its purity, simplicity, and beauty ; the prejudice and bitterness of mankind done away, and all become faithful

in their hearts and lives to the knowledge they should gain of the truth. . . . His understanding was rapid, clear, comprehensive, and marked by the soundest ultimate views; his imagination ardent, splendid, chaste, and abounding in the richest illustration; his taste was discriminating, cultivated, delicate without affectation, accurate without fastidiousness, and simple while it was classical. His affections were open, generous, natural and benevolent, for his pursuits and acquirements corrupted not, but exalted and enlarged what his Maker had bountifully given him. His sympathies were accustomed to frequent exercise, not where they would be hackneyed and blunted by the temptations of avarice and selfishness, but where they would be fostered, and refined, and ennobled; while they were consecrated by the offices, the hopes, and the promises of religion. His mind was endowed with that humility and piety, which spring not from mysticism and fear, but from the most noble, intelligent, and affectionate views of the divine character and government. His eloquence was the combined expression of all these talents, sentiments, and motives, supported by the varieties of general and sacred literature, employed in the most holy and momentous of all concerns, — the improvement and salvation of souls.\*

August 17, 1827.

*“There was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre.”* The thornless rose is a miracle among the works of nature. According to the ordinary dispensations of Providence, man finds that “the web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.” The brightest morning ushers in a day overcast with

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\* These quotations were made from a sermon delivered by Mr. Holley on the death of the Rev. J. S. Buckminster, — a manuscript copy of which was long in my possession. I believe the sermon was never printed. In delineating the character of his friend, Mr. Holley might, himself, in some striking traits, have been the original of the portrait. The resemblance was so complete, that no one acquainted with Mr. Holley questioned the propriety of the application.

the gloomiest clouds; the fairest fruit contains the deadliest poison; the serpent lurks beneath the sweetest flower; the earthquake is preceded by a treacherous calm; the unruffled surface of the ocean is but the deceitful covering of a watery grave; the balmiest breeze wafts the dart of the destroyer to the heart of the appointed victim; even the "wine of life," when presented by the hand of Temperance to the lip of Virtue, is dashed with wormwood, and drunk by many a wretch with bitterer agonies than death can give. A volume could not contain the emblems of disappointment and mortality, with which Imagination has for ages labored. The brevity of life and the certainty of death have been the theme of preachers, poets, and moralists in all periods of time. The Man of Uz likened human existence to the shadow which fleeth and continueth not;—the Royal Minstrel of Judah's line wept because the wind passeth over it and it is gone; the wisest of Preachers proclaimed it the vanity of vanities; and the beloved Apostle seems to admonish us that there is but a step between us and death, for in the garden there was a sepulchre.

These metaphors are old and trite, and seem to communicate listlessness or inspire indifference by daily repetition. The great congregation of mankind acknowledge their aptness and propriety; but it is only when we individually suffer that they are felt in all their power, and the omnipotence of Truth compels us to wither and faint under the application. Our sympathies are affected in proportion to the remoteness of the fatal blow which removes a fellow-mortal from our sight. We heed not the fresh mound that

covers a stranger; we glance at the name of an acquaintance on a newly-erected stone, perhaps with a sigh; we stop at the monument of a friend, we read his epitaph, and drop a tear to his memory. The garden of the world invites us; we go forward; we step into a new sepulchre;

We sigh, we sink, and are — what we deplore.

The reader, if any one should have accompanied us thus far, will doubtless have anticipated a tale of sorrow. His forebodings have not deceived him. A fatal accident, which has shrouded a once happy dwelling in sackcloth, destroyed the hope of parents, and excited the general sympathy of our fellow-citizens, must be the sequel to our gloomy prologue.

WILLIAM WATSON STURGIS, son of William Sturgis, Esq. of Boston, was at Provincetown last week on a tour of recreation. He went out, with a number of other persons in a sloop for the purpose of fishing. By a sudden motion of the vessel he was thrown violently upon the deck, his head struck with great force, and he was taken up apparently lifeless. Efforts were made to restore animation, and with partial success. His senses, however, were not restored. A messenger was immediately despatched to his father, who, with surgical assistance, hastened to the relief of his son. The slight hope that the young man might recover proved delusive. He expired the next morning, and the afflicted parent arrived there, only to receive the lifeless body of his child, and to return with it to his home. The character of the deceased, the suddenness of his removal, and the feeling of

friends, may be told in a single line. He was, in truth,

The morning's envy and the evening's sigh.

To attempt, under such circumstances, to alleviate the grief of the mourner, would be absurd ; to invade the sacredness of private grief with the feeble but sincere efforts of friendly sympathy, would be cruel. Under such an agonizing bereavement, the father will not share his grief, — the mother will not admit a partner to her sorrows. Only the hearts that are broken can know their own bitterness. Those, who have endured like calamities, we trust, may be permitted, without impertinence, to express their sympathy in the exclamation of a quaint and pious poet, —

ETERNAL POTTER ! whose blest hands did lay  
Our coarse foundation from a clod of clay, —  
We are but dying dust ; our day's a span :  
What pleasure tak'st thou in the death of man ?  
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere ;  
Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.  
O look with gentle eyes, and in thy day  
Of vengeance, Lord, remember we are clay !

August, 1827.

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From the spring of 1828 the Galaxy was managed by Charles H. Locke and Edwin Buckingham. Mr. Locke had written many articles for it during the winter. He was a young man of talent, — well, though not “liberally” educated, — and a rapid and copious writer. He wrote the series of criticisms on the paintings and sculpture in the Boston Atheneum, which were admitted to be evidences of judgement



and taste. While he was acting as assistant editor, Mr. Locke wrote a variety of articles which are worthy of a place in any collection of moral miscellanies. He was the son of the Hon. Joseph Locke of Billerica. He was some time in a mercantile counting-house in Boston; but his taste for literary pursuits prevailed over all the advantages that trade could offer, and he became a writer and critic by profession. But his career was cut off by death before his powers had attained to full maturity.

While the *Galaxy* was thus conducted, the labors of the editors were lightened by the contributions of MOSES WHITNEY, jun. a young gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits. His pieces are signed "Trismegistus." He had written many brief paragraphs for the paper in years preceding, under various signatures, generally on light and transient topics, which had no other importance or claim to notice than that they afforded opportunities for the exhibition of the wit and humor for which their author was celebrated.

Neither of these young men, except Mr. Holbrook, had enjoyed the benefit of what is called "a liberal education;" but they possessed talent, industry, and perseverance, which gave to their friends delightful promise of eminent usefulness and reputation. A collection of all their writings,—though it would contain much that is crude and unfinished, would yet be honorable to their memories. Yes! THEIR MEMORIES! for they are all gone, — Buckingham, Holbrook, Whitney, Locke: — such was the order of their going. Thus, in the early summer of life,—almost before their buds of spring had unfolded to the blossoms of summer,—they

vanished from the earth, as dew before the ascending sun :—all leaving parents and friends to mourn the ravages of the Great Destroyer of the hopes of man.

At the commencement of the New Year, 1828, Edwin Buckingham introduced himself and some typographical improvements in the paper, to the subscribers, in the following article, which parental partiality may be permitted to place among the productions of older and more practised writers :—

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY. This number is presented to our readers in a new form and on much smaller type. Why we have made this alteration, if we were disposed to be pithy, we should say with William Tell, “concerns thee not.” But we are *not* disposed to be pithy ; for this is a subject whereon we can dilate and be tedious with much convenience to ourself.

In opposition to this measure were arrayed the expense of new materials wherewith to *typografty* this *milky-way* ; the increased number of workmen, consequently of cross faces and calls for copy ; and the time to be spent in the necessary editorial arrangements. The last was the greatest difficulty ; for where *all* our time was before bestowed, how could we spend *more* ?

In support of our administration came a desire not to be surpassed by our contemporaries in quantity or quality, a desire to insert many things which our previous limits did not allow, and a desire to give “the very age and body of the time his form and pressure :” —all which desires, when fulfilled, being for our own personal benefit and behoof, as well as for that of our readers.

These arguments, pro and con, when thrown into the balance, made both dishes swing free, and neither seemed disposed to kick the beam ; whereupon we threw into one scale many genteel longings, and the fact, that new type must be procured, — that then in use being quite imbecile from its great age. The fact settled the question at once ; and we proceeded forthwith to

invest this Northern Light in these new robes, which it is hoped, are typical of "lots of satisfaction" to all parties: — the reader, that he has got more than he can read before breakfast on one of these cold mornings: — the proprietor, that he has given to his readers, that is, the subscribing part of them, the worth of their money.

. . . . .

We know not how it is with others, but it takes us longer, — being but a green hand, and unskilled in the profession, — to select a theme for our remarks, than to talk upon it after selected. Thus, while our pen is upon the foolscap, the various news of the week passes in quick review before the imagination, and we write a few words upon each, which, as they make but little in the end, are unprofitable, and, withall, "not fully concocted in the intellect." But as we have, for the present, made it our profession to scribble and select for the amusement of our readers, we are under the necessity of sending before them many things in an unfinished state, and many, which we should probably, upon a reconsideration, turn away as altogether unfitting "our station and our place."

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The New Year, — we can state no facts concerning it, save that it has made its beginning with fair prospects; what will be the events, it will be our endeavor to journalize as they happen. Take the year as a picture, and the front-ground is filled with all the festivities of the season; — balls of snow and dancing assemblies, beauteous belles and sleigh-bells, fiddlers, pirouettes and hot suppers; then appear some of the consequences, — sighs, soft words, blushes, love, and — Ah! we are a bachelor; behind that dash will be heard squalling children, teeth to cut, the cat noisy o' nights, the house-girl lazy in the morning, bills to pay, in short, an end of courtship. Thank Heaven! We are a bachelor. A change in our picture shows another scene of life; — politics and *ticks* for money; peace and war; the happy faces of the successful, and the deeper marked and sorrowful phizzes of the unsuccessful; contentment in poverty and discontent in riches, — which is very sentimental, there being few of the first kind now about. . . .

The weather is so changeable, that we can tell no truth about it ; what is written in good faith on Thursday, being most absolute falsehood on Friday ; pray ye, better it. However, the residents in the city know what it is by their own scraped extremities and calloused protuberances, occasioned by the coagulation and congelation of much dirty water in the streets ; the non-residents cannot be supposed to care a great deal about it, and therefore we let that pass.

After making many strange marks upon the paper, which would answer as well for ideas as did Uncle Toby's upon the sand, we destroyed them all, and concluded that we would relate this marvellous history of our editorial troubles. . . . And now, Venerable Spinsters ! for none but you, time-honored wall-flowers ! can have patience to wade through so many words "of learned length and thundering sound," are you satisfied with our search for a subject ? If you are not, seek redress in the extra quantity of deaths and marriages, with which it is our intention to favor you weekly ; if still unsatisfied, we shall be waped indeed.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

Let me pause to consider, and sadly, to-day,  
The current of Time, — how it drifts me away ;  
And that *I* am almost on the sorrowful shore  
Of that ocean of darkness we all must explore.

I look back on the stream, where it seems but a rill  
Between flowery banks, at the foot of the hill ;  
In its bosom reflecting, ere tempests arise,  
The green of the earth and the blue of the skies.

But passion arises, as deepens the stream,  
While the pilot is lost in a beautiful dream ;  
And, in fancied security, downward we go,  
But the storm is above and the rock is below.

I have suffered, and sorely, in many a gale,  
For, alas ! I have carried less ballast than sail ;

Then let others be warned by my folly and fate,  
Though to save my own hulk it is warning too late.

Yet the Sea of Eternity fearless I sail,  
And, though waves would engulf me, they cannot prevail ;  
For, to guide and to save, in the darkness of night,  
My *pilot* is FAITH, and the GOSPEL my *light*.

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☞ In November, 1828, Messrs. WILLARD PHILLIPS and THEOPHILUS PARSONS became proprietors of the *Galaxy*, by purchase. It was not without regret that a relation which subsisted more than eleven years between the editor and proprietor and the subscribers to the paper, was dissolved ; but he felt that his undivided attention was due, and it was then unceasingly applied, to the *BOSTON COURIER*.

END OF VOL. I.













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